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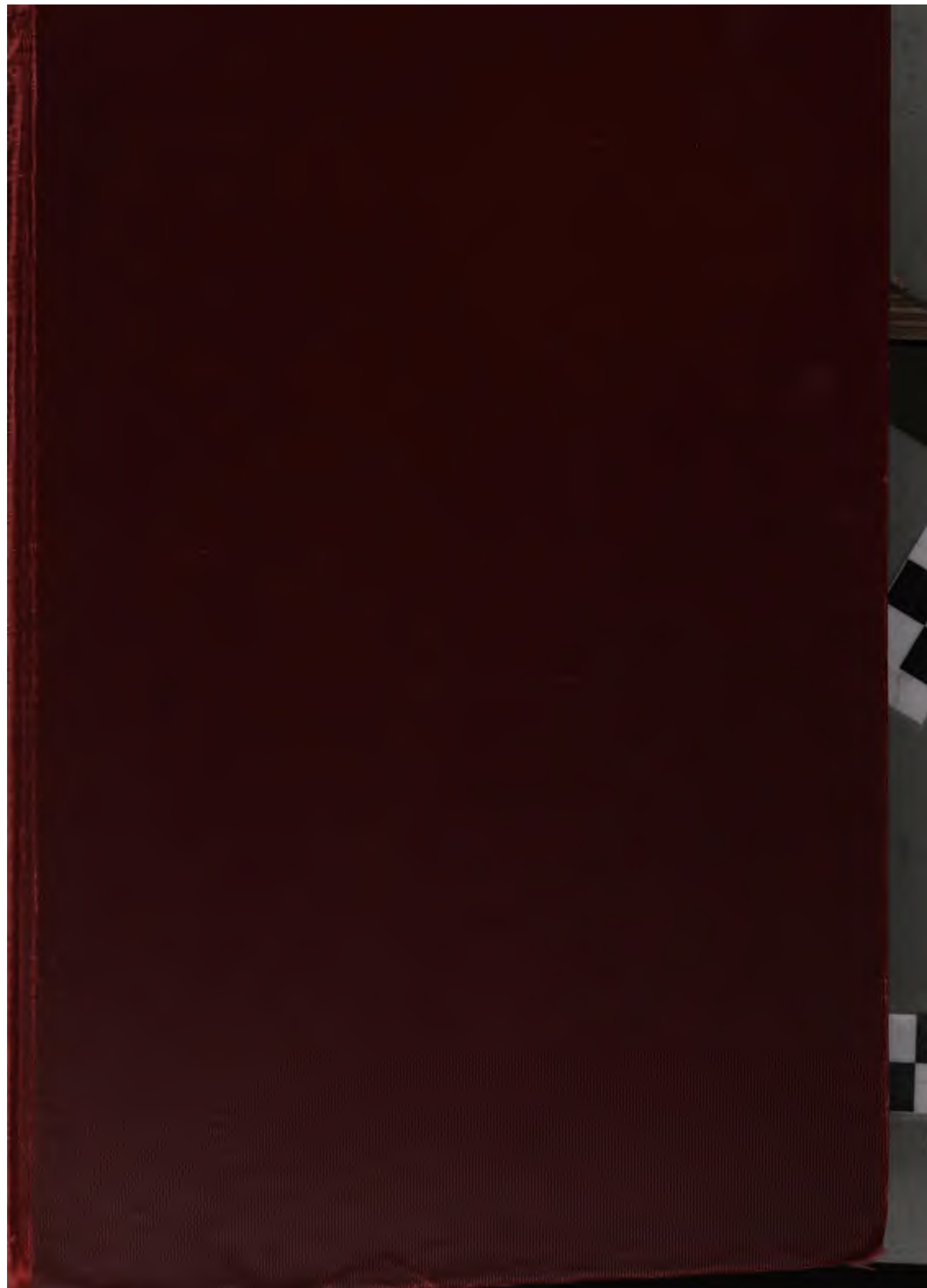
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NO. 268



DON QUIXOTE  
OF  
THE MANCHA









*Don Quixote.*

THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION  
AND THE KNIGHTS OF THE

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THE HISTORY OF THE VALOROUS  
AND WITTY KNIGHT-ERRANT  
DON QUIXOTE  
OF THE MANCHA

BY

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS SHELTON

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY

DANIEL VIERGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

IN FOUR VOLUMES VOLUME I



NEW YORK  
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS  
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1906

V.1.

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## INTRODUCTION









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#### IN THE COURTS

**T**HE COURTSHIP of the two nations is still in the hands of the libel laws. The courts are busy deciding the propriety of the various questions that have come up in the course of the various publications. The courts are also deciding what is the proper standard of conduct for the press. The courts are also deciding what is the proper standard of conduct for the press. The courts are also deciding what is the proper standard of conduct for the press.

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## INTRODUCTION

**T**HE supreme classics of literature have not always fared well at the hands of the illustrators. They have repeatedly engaged the powers of men of genius, yet it may be questioned if any one of them has heretofore inspired a set of illustrations perfect not only from the literary or artistic point of view, but from that which insists upon the principles of form involved in the making of a book. The independent pictorial interpretation of a great literary



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theme has been more or less successfully accomplished by many draughtsmen, painters and engravers, but the artists who have known how to adjust an illustration to the conditions imposed by the printer make a smaller group. How important the distinction is the reader will immediately recognize on looking at the Dantesque illustrations of Botticelli. The conjunction of those two spirits enriched the world of art with some enchanting designs, and gave a stimulus to the analysts of the poet. But the celebrated drawings in the Berlin Museum and the Vatican Library are seen to the best advantage in those places, or in Dr. Lippmann's book of facsimiles; their appearance in an edition of the "Divine Comedy" would scarcely comport with our modern ideas of book-making. They need, for their proper presentation, a calligraphic and not a typographical environment. When Botticelli executed them for Lorenzo di Piero Francesco dei Medici, he may or may not have intended them also to serve the purposes of the engraver with whose plates in the Florentine Dante of 1481 they have, on points of composition, been identified. The fact remains that in spirit they are linked to the work of the early illuminators and miniaturists, who were not "early" then, but were still holding their pride of place with a tenacity which the invention of printing had only confirmed. As for the engravings, whether they were produced by Baccio Baldini or by some less skilful craftsman, they come no nearer than the drawings to the style befitting a printed book.

The first stride in that direction was to be made by the master whose identity still eludes the scholars, the illustrator of the "*Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*," and it is significant that that landmark in the history of our subject bears the stamp

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of Aldus, whose genius for the exploitation of the press as the natural successor to the pen and to the illuminator's brush no traditional influences could hamper. He had three associates in the task of bringing out the folio at Venice in 1499. There was the Dominican author, Francesco Colonna. There was the "onlie begetter" of the volume as we know it, the Veronese Leonardo Crasso, who settled the printer's bill and wrote the dedication to the Duke of Urbino. There was the unknown artist—unknown to us, but not improbably a man as important to his contemporaries as his designs are to the modern student. Did they meet in some studio, three in the group obedient to the picture-maker's will, and acquiescing in all his suggestions? Or did artist, editor, and printer listen respectfully to the friar in his cell at the convent of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, promising that his ideas would be developed with zealous care? Had Crasso, perhaps, with his money, and his air of the indispensable patron, the casting vote, and did he command that whatever the illustrator drew should straightway be adopted? For my own part I prefer to think of the quartette as assembled in the workshop of Aldus, his types and presses close at hand, and discussing the matter in the light of his professional experience and prophetic eye. At all events, the printer's art here re-acts upon the illustrator's—that much is plain from the truly decorative character of so many of the engravings, some of them tracings of architectural or arabesque forms which, if symbolical in any degree, are far more to be valued for the element of linear charm which they add to the page without destroying its typographical integrity. Use is made of those processional effects, of chariots drawn by centaurs, unicorns or elephants, amid the pomp of music and banners, with which the

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“Trionfi” of Petrarch flooded Italian art. The motive is one for the painter rather than for the printer, but it is employed with so much judgment that the illustration of the book, if not wholly conclusive, is nevertheless on the safe side.

Aldus and his draughtsmen then, had the root of the matter in them. They understood that fidelity to an author's text and the elaboration of really artistic designs, full of liveliness and character, were compatible with an ideal of book-making. Others of the period, and, of course, many since, are to be reckoned with for high achievements in the same field; and if this essay were concerned with the history of illustration at large, any number of excursions might be made into chapters of the richest interest. I have glanced at Botticelli's Dante and at the “Hypnerotomachia” simply to enforce the point—important to remember in approaching the illustrators of Cervantes—that there has always been a great difficulty in the way of embellishing a book with the right plates; not the difficulty of finding a sympathetic and competent artist, but that of composing the natural quarrel between him and the printer. Only in one country and at one period has this quarrel long subsided, under the pressure of a convention, the limitations of which are, to this day, obscured by unique merits. The French illustrator in the eighteenth century was in harmony with the social spirit of his time. Books, like paintings and statues, chairs and tables, fans and sedan chairs, were part of the furniture of life. The prevailing taste was for a consummate decorative elegance, and in the matter of book-making this happily coincided with the ideas of the printers and binders. Hence the production of a work like the famous Fermiers-Généraux edition of La Fontaine, with the illustrations of Eisen and the decorations

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of Choffard, meant the production of a symmetrical work of art, a superb *objet de luxe*. No one concerned in the making of it dreamed of violating the current *mode*; the artist and the engraver were craftsmen, working in amity with the makers of books; they were themselves, in the strict sense, makers of books. Indeed, so far did they carry their feeling for what was charming and *convenable* in things appealing to the eye, that they sometimes forgot their author a little and handled the themes of Ovid or Tasso with the same courtly, pseudo-classical and intensely French touch which they used in adorning a book by Dorat. It does not matter. The French of the eighteenth century were the Cellinis of book-making, and they can be forgiven anything. There never were such illustrators before them. Those who have flourished since have done so by virtue of new conditions, which in fixing new responsibilities have opened new resources, as we shall see in following the illustrators of "Don Quixote" from the first who endeavored to portray the gentle Knight down to the late Daniel Vierge.

Cervantes at least gave his illustrators something to work on. Speaking of the Brussels edition of 1662, Mr. Henry Edward Watts remarks with sarcasm that it has the distinction of being the first which was "embellished" with plates, and adds that these embellishments "herald the long line of vile attempts to make 'Don Quixote' a picture-book." "Don Quixote" was a picture-book before the first illustrator touched it, a fact which, indeed, has contributed largely to its fame. That is to say that the author really visualized the creatures of his imagination, saw them as he saw the men and women among whom he moved, and gave them a reality upon the printed page equal in vividness to that which we

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expect from the brush of a painter. The artist attacking his text has never been in that case in which Botticelli found himself when in the presence of Dante's great work. The Italian poet is as rich in ideas as in images, and one must be something of a metaphysician to put almost any passage of his into pictorial form. Cervantes was nothing if not concrete; the whole drift of his narrative was aimed at showing that Don Quixote's imaginings were to him tangible truths, and with perfect sympathy the author made his book an affair of almost minute representation. That which he desires us to see either because it actually existed or because Don Quixote thought he saw it, that he describes in plain terms. If so many of the attempts made to illustrate him have been, as Mr. Watts called them, "vile," it has not been in any sense his fault. Take, as an example of his descriptive style, the passage in which he portrays the man "who by his attire showed that he was a Christian newly returned from among the Moors." It runs in this wise:

"He was apparelled with a short-skirted cassock of blue cloth, sleeves reaching down half the arm, and without a collar; his breeches were likewise of blue linen, and he wore a bonnet of the same colour, a pair of date-coloured buskins, and a Turkish scimitar hanging at his neck in a scarf, which went athwart his breast. There entered after him, riding on an ass, a woman clad like a Moor, and her face covered with a piece of the veil of her head; she wore on her head a little cap of cloth of gold, and was covered with a little Turkish mantle from the shoulders down to the feet. The man was of strong and comely making, of the age of forty years or thereabouts; his face was somewhat tanned, he had long mustachios and a very handsome beard; to conclude, his mak-

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ing was such as, if he were well attired, men would take him to be a person of quality and good birth."

Cervantes might have borrowed the thoroughgoing method of this bit of realism from the Primitives who exerted so much influence upon the earlier Spanish painters, and his illustrators might have taken the hint, which was really more than a hint. But for a long time they remained strangely insensitive to the panorama stretched out before them in "Don Quixote," and especially they ignored its wealth of detail. At the outset they grasped little beyond the circumstance that Cervantes had supplied them with a hero of sharply defined lineaments, accompanied everywhere by his foil. They learned from a line in the very first paragraph of the book that Don Quixote "was about fifty years old, of a strong complexion, dry flesh, and a withered face," and with the aid of many similar suggestions in the text they were prepared to body forth at least the rough types of lean knight and fat squire which the merest school-boy would know enough to put on paper, if his drawing-master gave him "Don Quixote" to read for the first time. But a malign fate appears to have kept the illustrators from doing more than this. On the title page of the edition of the first part of "Don Quixote," which was published at Valencia in 1605, there is a tiny wood-cut showing a medieval warrior with lance and plumed crest. In its allusion to the hero of the book it is naïveté itself, but between it and scores of the more ambitious designs which followed it in later years there is little to choose. The archaic figure, not altogether unlike some image from a child's toy box, was the precursor of many a lifeless and characterless puppet. The truth is that if the first printers of the romance had been wise they would have confined their deco-

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rative efforts to the formalism of such a device as Cuesta put upon the title-page when he printed it at Madrid in 1605. His edition, the first of them all, contains no work of art beyond this modest cartouche enclosing a lion and a hawk perched upon a hand. But a book so abounding in illustratable material, was certain to attract artists whether they were fitted to deal with it or not, and out of the hundreds of editions which have seen the light a large proportion has been brought out "with sculptures," to use the phrase of the old English publishers.

I have indicated what one high authority, Mr. Watts, thinks of these. Another, Mr. H. S. Ashbee, whose "Iconography of Don Quixote," published by the Bibliographical Society, is an invaluable guide, observes, in regard to the many illustrations he has traversed, that "those that are beautiful . . . are not Spanish; those that are Spanish lack artistic merit." My own adventures among piles of dusty volumes, bearing the faded imprints of Continental and British presses, have not, I must confess, inclined me to take a more favorable view of the matter. Mr. Watts's impatience with the plates in the Brussels edition of 1662 may have made him unduly resentful of the idea of looking at "Don Quixote" as a picture-book, but there is no denying the ineffable badness of the plates in question. Neither the hero nor his squire, as portrayed in these heavy designs, bears any appreciable relation to what we may learn from the text. In fact the text seems to have been more of a stumbling block than anything else to most of the old illustrators. Having seized upon certain salient episodes like the charge upon the windmills, or the tossing of Sancho in the blanket, they have gone on repeating them in stereotyped fashion, never even pretending

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to express the broad atmosphere of the book, and never delineating the knight or his squire with any feeling for character. The first set of illustrations with qualities well calculated to excite admiration is, paradoxically, admirable for everything save accuracy. This is the set painted by Coypel and engraved by some of the first craftsmen of the time. It is a charming sequence in the gracious manner of an artist with whom a certain polish was instinctive. He could not have emulated the realism of Cervantes, I imagine, if he had tried to do so. What could he have known, in the midst of the merely fashionable folly of the Paris of his day, of the heroic sincerity of a Spanish gentleman, mad, no doubt, but born to execute even the wildest deed in a spirit of austere simplicity? What touchstone could he find, in the world in which he lived, making him free of the secret of Sancho's humors? His sense was sealed to all that gives "Don Quixote" its romance, and, above all, its pathos. But, on the other hand, Coypel is to be relied upon for a rich theatrical effect, and he never falls below the fine rhetorical standard of the early plate in which he shows how "Don Quixote led by Folly, and Inflam'd by an Extravagant Passion for Dulcinea, Sets out upon Knight Errantry." Never was there a doughtier Paladin than this one; poor Rozinante is transformed out of all knowledge, from the sorry steed of the text, into a very respectable charger, and the artist is as generous in his treatment of the other figures introduced. He arranges them all in a stately composition and leaves everything, in short, nicely groomed and made presentable in the most fastidious of Parisian circles. It is magnificent, but it is not the way of Cervantes, and Coypel, like the crudest of his predecessors, suffers defeat on the plain of La Mancha.



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The challenge which betrayed him to his fall was next taken up—to confine ourselves to the illustrated editions which have any serious standing at all—under circumstances on which the lover of Don Quixote must always be glad to linger, since they prefigure the affectionate and even pious enthusiasm which has been more characteristic of our own time than of the past. Lord Carteret, one of the ministers of George II, wanted the Queen to add the masterpiece of Cervantes to her library. This was more than a hundred years after the first appearance of the book, and many printers had been busy with it; but looking over the fruits of their labours we can well understand that none of the available editions could commend itself to this accomplished courtier as a suitable gift. Shelton's translation had long been in the field, and, even then, was being reprinted with engravings after Coypel. But something much better was required in all externals and, moreover, Lord Carteret wished to offer his Queen the book which he considered "the most agreeable and witty ever written in the world," in its original form. He took the pains to see that the Spanish text was well edited by Mayans y Siscar, and that it was well printed by Tonsen in four noble quartos, and he saw to it that the work was illustrated after a fashion which must at the moment have seemed sumptuous indeed. What a curious fashion that was may be gathered from the history of the resplendent portrait of Cervantes included. There were no legitimate pictorial data accessible then, and, in fact, the only authentic portrait we now have is the one which Cervantes himself drew in the prologue to his "Exemplary Novels." The two portraits which are conjectured to have been made by Jauregui and by Pacheco, the father-in-law of Velasquez, disappeared (if

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they ever really existed) before anyone had a chance to copy them, and though Senor Asensio has with much ingenuity sought to identify Cervantes with one of the figures in a painting by Pacheco at Seville, it cannot be asserted with finality that this or any other painted, sculptured, or engraved image represents the man who thus delineated himself:

“He whom you see here, of aquiline feature, with chestnut hair, a smooth, unruffled forehead, with sparkling eyes, and a nose arched, though well proportioned,—a beard of silver which, not twenty years since, was of gold,—great moustaches, a small mouth, the teeth of no account, for he has but six of them, and they in bad condition and worse arranged, for they do not hold correspondence one with another; the body, between two extremes, neither great nor little; the complexion bright, rather white than brown; somewhat heavy in the shoulders—this, I say, is the aspect of the author of ‘Don Quixote of La Mancha.’”

Cervantes was past sixty when he thus presented himself to his readers. But William Kent, the artist commissioned to prepare a counterfeit presentment of the great Spaniard for Lord Carteret’s edition, undertook, with the lines just quoted before him, to exhibit Cervantes in his prime. He turned him into a curled darling, luxuriously be-ruffed, and seated, quill in hand, with the air of a man of letters of whom you could say anything save that he had the soul to do what Cervantes did, to fight at Lepanto, to bravely suffer the woes of a captive in Algiers, and to deal with all the relations of life no less as a soldier than as a gentleman. Kent’s diletante Marquis sits hard by a window through which we see, against a Gothic background, a gaunt Crusader on horse-

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back, with a single follower. These two, of course, are supposed to be Don Quixote and Sancho; but they are so wooden that we take them on faith, not as bearing unblemished credentials, and the entirely factitious character of this plate, which Kent designed and Vertue engraved so conscientiously, is typical of all the plates that follow. These were designed by Johan Vanderbank, a painter who enjoyed some repute in the early eighteenth century, but is now only faintly remembered, and they were engraved by Gerard Vandergucht, whose powers and whose destiny were no more brilliant than his own. Between them they produced a series of illustrations which, from their picturesqueness and technical excellence, at once commanded respect; and in view of the generally imposing style of this edition, it is not surprising that their work was received with lively satisfaction. Vanderbank and Vandergucht shared in the honors accruing to an enterprise which, from the nature of its inception, was certain to flatter British pride. The modern eye, looking without prejudice at what they did, is more amused than pleased or impressed. Only the conventional head-pieces and initials fit into their places; the full-page illustrations, for all the devoted purpose underlying them, would go with the work of almost any author save the one they pretend to illustrate. The Don, in his library or in the field of adventure, is a tawdry cavalier, strayed from some feebler canvas of the school of Van Dyck. Sancho everywhere is a stage fool, squat, inflated, and robbed of all his unctuous, original human traits—he is as artificial as is that other miniature figure of comedy, Ragotin, in Oudry's noted plates for the "Roman Comique." Vanderbank had, struggling about in his consciousness, a certain feeling for beauty, and this comes out

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in some of his feminine types. One of the girls in the scene of the overhauling of the books of chivalry is a lovely creature; and he gives to Marcela, looking down from her rock upon the body of Chrysostom, the ravishing air of a prima donna singing from her balcony. There are gleams of fun in Vanderbank, too, in a few plates like the one exhibiting the knighting of the Don. Yet the fullest tale of merits that can be drawn from these illustrations is insufficient to outweigh their defects, which are those of eighteenth century art in pastoral-comical vein, too clever to be disdained, but too academic to even echo the true gusto of Cervantes. It needed a man of ten times Vanderbank's ability to legitimize such theatrical designs in the pages of "Don Quixote." As for his backgrounds, they recall the Italianized plains of Berchem or the hills of Salvator Rosa, but they never suggest the landscape of Spain. "Local color" had unmistakably still to be invented.

Lovers of Don Quixote probably thought it was to be vouchsafed them when it was announced, late in the century, that an edition of the book would appear, fathered by the Royal Spanish Academy and adorned by Spanish artists. If they were not disappointed in what was put before them it must have been because they were less exacting then than they are to-day, and could be thankful for small mercies. That was all they received in the designs of Antonio Carnicero, Joseph del Castillo, and the other zealous but quite ineffectual contributors to Don Joaquin Ibarra's finely printed quartos. Some of the little head- and tail-pieces and initial letters are pleasing, but the full-page illustrations disclose no better understanding of the text than foreigners had developed; and although now and then some evidences of obser-

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vation of nature creep into the backgrounds these pictures might as well have been executed in England as in Spain for all that they tell us of Don Quixote's native environment. Mr. Ashbee remarks that "They are valuable, however, on account of the costume." A dress worn by a lay figure is a sorry substitute for the habiliments of a human being, no matter how anachronistic they may be, and the archaeology of Carnicero and his colleagues might well have been spared for the sake of a greater vitality in their dramatic conceptions. Moreover, the Academy's edition is not by any means as conclusive on points of dress as the illustrators may have meant to make it. When it shows the Knight sheathed in metal, for example, it does this so stiffly, with so much more pedantry than art, that it deprives his armor of all vraisemblance.

Ibarra printed his four volumes in 1780, and from this point the story of the illustration of "Don Quixote" is related in modern terms. The influence of Coypel died hard. His designs were of service to engravers everywhere, and there were no forces at work in criticism or in the art of illustration to free the book from the pictorial tradition in which it had been enveloped. Hayman, in the plates he had made for Smollett's translation, first published in the middle of the eighteenth century, had revealed some graceful traits but none of the originality and vigor needed to displace the current theatrical ideal; nor had the fecund Chodowiecki demonstrated on entering the field that he had entered it to conquer. The tribe of illustrators was swelled without the appearance in the ranks of any man ready to take a higher post. Names promising new and interesting things remained only names. Who cares to-day for what Smirke and Westall

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and Corbould and Stothard made of the ideas they gathered from the Spanish classic? Collectors care, of course, and I can readily understand their solicitude, at least where Smirke is concerned, for he drew with an almost Parisian refinement of style, and the four volumes in which his plates were published in 1818 have not yet lost their charm. But it is a charm quite independent of the text, and there still lingers in it the savor of that artifice which seems to have pursued the illustrators of "Don Quixote" from one generation to another. Cervantes did not have to fight harder against the falsities of the romances of chivalry that were so harmful to Spanish literature than his hero has since had to fight against the incapacity of the illustrator.

A brighter prospect opened with the dislocation of artistic conditions under the revolutionary influences of the last century. French painting, as it inhaled the invigorating airs of the romantic movement, learned anew the importance of the lesson that individuality is the sure fountain of excellence in art, and with its expansion in a hundred different directions the likelihood of a really serious chance for "Don Quixote" was practically assured. If it was long in coming, if it suffered discouraging delays due to the intrusion of mediocrity, it was nevertheless certain of the ultimate triumph. Old formulae were being abandoned and the general enthusiasm for the free play of temperament re-acted even upon those who were not destined to achieve indestructible fame. The impetus for the right illustrator of Cervantes was in the air. It is forever to be regretted that it did not prove urgent enough in the case of Daumier to make him take the book thoroughly in hand. His genius was suited to the task and the paintings by him in which the Knight and

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his Squire figure show that if he had ever enriched an edition of "Don Quixote" with a full set of plates it would have been a masterpiece in many ways. It would have given us poignantly sympathetic portraits of Don Quixote and Sancho. Its compositions would have been dramatic. It would have exerted the appeal of a powerful and distinguished style, and, finally, it would have been filled with that which is most elusive, the glamour of the book. It is this glamour which, more than anything else, has defied the resources of successive illustrators. It altogether escaped Tony Johannot, who made a great quantity of vignettes for the Louis Viardot version of 1836. These clever black-and-whites deserve warm praise for the high animal spirits shown in them and for the vivacious, even sparkling technique with which they are rendered. But they are not near enough in sentiment to the work on which they are based. It was in their elasticity rather than in their atmosphere that they helped to lift "Don Quixote" out of the limbo of dry stagecraft in which it had been so persistently suspended.

The work of rehabilitation was advanced by Doré, whose familiar illustrations, likewise drawn for Viardot's version, were brought out by Hachette in 1863. Their astonishing vogue is explained by a virtue in the artist brilliant enough to counterbalance grave weaknesses and mannerisms. Doré had invention, which covers a multitude of sins. His characterizations are beneath contempt. No one who reckons Don Quixote and Sancho Panza among his cherished intimates could dream of accepting Doré's portraits of them as valid except in the most superficial particulars. In their scenic aspects his illustrations lose in melodramatic contrast what they gain in a certain facile romanticism, and espe-

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cially in his lighting does he provoke ideas of the pantomime rather than make us feel that we are actually under a southern sky. Yet there was good reason for Doré's immense popularity. His conception of the book, such as it was, was his own. He had intelligence, his ideas developed rapidly, and flowed with ease to the point of his pencil. It was the simplest thing in the world, for him, on his return from the Spanish journey which he had made with the intention of illustrating "Don Quixote," to fuse into vivid, animated pictures, his impressions of the country and the episodes that took his fancy in the book. He might fritter away his powers of draughtsmanship in weak, meaningless lines; he might communicate a tinge of vulgarity to his style; but he could not lose his plastic, formative gift, his faculty for somehow flinging his figures into expressive groups and giving the whole series of drawings a swing which has borne them through many changes of public taste and has only in recent years failed to stem the tide of criticism. Doré's day is ended. The feverish quality of his imagination, the shallowness of his technique, and the cheapness of his style can no longer be tolerated save in the back waters of provincialism. But just because he illustrated "Don Quixote" with so much *élan* and thereby deepened discontent with academic interpretations of the book he will be not ungratefully remembered.

The two Frenchmen had English contemporaries who also dealt with Don Quixote. Tony Johannot's rival was George Cruikshank, but there is nothing more to be said of his contributions to our subject than that they are commonplace in conception and hopelessly ugly into the bargain. The work of Arthur Boyd Houghton, whose illustrations were published in London three years after Doré's appeared in Paris,



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belongs in a very different category. It is, indeed, so superior to all that modern draughtsmanship had up to that time produced in honor of Cervantes, that it is difficult to understand why it has been allowed to fall into neglect. Houghton belonged to the old "Once a Week" school, and had the thoughtful, refined qualities so characteristic of that group. Technically he had only two equals among his colleagues, Keene and Sandys, and neither of them had quite his qualifications as an illustrator of "Don Quixote." He was the first to bring a certain literary feeling to the task, to make his public realize that he had not only an eye for the pictorial possibilities of his material, but a love for the book as a book. Though he was not a masterly draughtsman, though he had not extraordinary brilliance of style, he had precision as well as fluency, and his designs are, in a subtle, delicate way, very attractive. Their humor is never exaggerated. When the dignity of Don Quixote is in question they are entirely adequate. The individuality they possess, though not forceful is agreeable, and perhaps the best that could be said of Houghton is that he is not only a skilful but a friendly, companionable illustrator of "Don Quixote," one whose ministrations never jar. To say that is, in the circumstances, to say a great deal; but more must be said of the ideal illustrator, and this one does not quite extort the final words. He did not put enough of Spain into his types or his compositions, and furthermore, he lacked the last touch of genius, the power to give his designs a stamp, significant at once of Cervantes and of himself, so fresh, so strong, and so beautiful as instantly to captivate the imagination and be unforgettable. That achievement was all the time being reserved, I believe, for Daniel Vierge.

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The biography of this remarkable draughtsman is rounded out as though with a predestined felicity, by the series of drawings reproduced in these volumes. He began life on Spanish soil, breathing the air that Cervantes breathed, and he closed his brilliant career with a tribute to his great countryman which promises to remain a monument to them both. The making of it was a labor of love for which the fates conspired to prepare him from the date of his birth. That occurred at Madrid on March 5, 1851, under the roof of a father who was himself a devoted artist. Vincente Urrabieta Ortiz was an illustrator as prolific as Doré. There was not enough merit in what he did to spread his fame outside his native land, and, indeed, his very name is unfamiliar, for the member of the family in whom we are most interested chose to go by his mother's patronymic, calling himself Vierge. But we owe a debt of appreciation to the busy draughtsman of Madrid. He delighted in encouraging the gift which almost immediately declared itself in his son. Vierge has recorded that he knew how to handle a pencil in his third year, and thenceforth he was constant in its use. The central fact in the story of his childhood is his pleasure in the exercise of his artistic faculty, a pleasure so keen that its pursuit was not even moderated by physical disabilities. He was but thirteen when he was put under the instruction of the elder Madrazo and of others in the Academy at Madrid, and he was only sixteen when he had begun to tread in his father's footsteps, undertaking to make the drawings for Blasco's "Madrid la Nuit." When we consider the encouragement offered in this commission, the honors bestowed upon him by his masters at the Academy, and the sympathetic atmosphere in his home, it is a little surprising that he should not have re-

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mained in Spain. But, apparently, he thought that his ambitions as a painter would be better served in the studios of Paris, than beneath the shadow of Velasquez, and on the eve of the war with Prussia we find him in the French capital. Though the moment seemed unpropitious and Vierge was, in fact, nearly driven back by disappointment to Madrid, in the clash of circumstance he actually fell into his true metier. He definitely gave himself to the art of illustration, and his future was secured.

He could hardly have asked for a better conclusion to his apprenticeship than that which he reached in this period. In making the drawings of contemporaneous episodes which he was engaged to supply to "Le Monde Illustré" and other periodicals, he perfected his control over a technique which had amazing vitality in the earliest stages of its growth, and only needed experience to be developed into an instrument as sure as it was original. There is a phase in the formation of a style, during which an artist will charm you without convincing you of his authority. Vierge emerged from this phase with startling celerity. He had to study his subjects under grave difficulties, amid the turbulence of the Paris of war-time; movement, and violent movement at that, was often the predominant element in the scenes he was called upon to depict. It was ideal discipline for his genius, steadily strengthening the powers of eye and hand required for his task. The illustrations fluttering into a collector's scrap-books from that arduous stage of Vierge's career, disclose a facile but not a superficial draughtsman. They show that by the time he was twenty-one he had laid foundations broad and deep for his life's work, and had only to go on in the path he had hewn for himself to take rank as a master. Authors

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and editors sought him out. Books, as well as periodicals, employed his pen, and he brought not only manual dexterity, but imaginative resources to their embellishment. The extent of his activities was enormous, and the first ten years of his life in Paris culminated in the production of a set of illustrations transforming him from an admired, but not commanding member of his profession into a figure of European repute. This was the set that he made for "El Gran Tacaño," the picaresque masterpiece of Quevedo, which Germond De Lavigne had translated early in the forties under the title of "Pablo de Segovie," and which had long clamored for an illustrator. The set was incomplete when Bonhoure published it in 1882, for, just as Vierge was reaching the last chapters of the old narrative, he was stricken with paralysis. In his thirtieth year his right hand was rendered useless, and he was put temporarily out of the race. How he resumed it will presently be told, but it is fitting that something should first be said about the work with which Vierge turned a new page in the history of modern illustration.

It is always unwise to claim pre-eminence for any artist, however brilliant he may be. The German Menzel was producing masterpieces of draughtsmanship when Vierge was a child, and not a few of the Spaniard's contemporaries (among them a compatriot of his, Fortuny) had done, or were doing things as fine and as interesting in their different ways as anything of his own. But this does not diminish the significance of Vierge's way as it manifested itself in the "Pablo" drawings. What makes these unique is a rare and apt linear quality. Line with Vierge was at once a means of distinguished personal expression and a medium cultivated with close reference to modern reproductive processes, and, in

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short, all of the conditions of modern book-making. The processes have been slowly developed. Vierge was never quite satisfied with the Bonhoure edition of his "Pablo," and welcomed the opportunity, offered to him not long before his death, to have the drawings reproduced again, this time in heliogravure—and then he insisted upon retouching the plates. But even in the modest octavo of 1882 it is plain that he had modelled his style with the deliberate purpose of meeting the publisher half way; the drawings are in their very essence illustrations, with everything in them, grouping, scale, distribution of light and shade, and character of line, calculated to fit naturally into the framework of the printed page. All can raise the flower now for all have got the seed, and it is no uncommon thing to meet in the books of the day pen drawings which are in harmony with their surroundings. Neither, I repeat, are we to forget that Vierge did not invent pen-draughtsmanship. He did, however, produce in "Pablo" an application of the pen to the illustration of a book which for fullness and richness of technical balance, stands alone.

That sterling instrument of his was not only completely under his command, but he knew just what he wanted to do with it, and he let himself go in a burst of inspired virtuosity. He drew scenes of picturesqueness, of humor, of drama, and he filled them with types not audaciously improvised, but based on exhaustive knowledge of the national traits they are meant to illustrate. He sketched landscape and architecture. He devised head- and tail-pieces, using the human figure or bits of still life for the purpose. He plunged a narrow street into the gloom of night, or he carried his personages out into the blazing sunshine. Whatever he did he made his figures live, in a palpable environment, and he

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so manipulated his pure and sinewy line, his delicate greys, or his velvety blacks, as to make them yield a radiantly vivid, animated, and at the same time decorative effect. While there is not a trace of formality in the work, while each drawing is a free, spontaneous allusion to the text, it is precisely the drawing to fill its appointed place in the manufacture of the book. He had studied his problem and grasped it as a whole. The homogeneity of his "Pablo" is one of its greatest merits. There was a tragic cruelty about the blow dealt by Fate to the man who could conceive such a scheme of illustration as this, when he was on the point of putting the last touches to its execution, and it might have crushed an ordinary soul. The Spanish nature, fortunately, is made of enduring stuff. Vierge bravely faced the Herculean task of beginning life all over again, of training his left hand to the craft of which the ruin of his right had seemed to have robbed him forever. To the cheerfulness of his demeanor under so grievous a burden I can testify from personal knowledge.

I met him when he was slowly reconquering his place in the world as an active draughtsman. Walking one day on the outskirts of Paris with the late Philip Gilbert Hamerton, who had long and intimately known Vierge, and, in "The Portfolio" and elsewhere, had generously recognized the value of his work, I spoke of the drawings for "Pablo." Hamerton eulogized the technique in them, but he was almost more fervid in what he had to say about Vierge as a man. "Be sure you go to see him," he said, "you will find him one of the gentlest and sunniest of afflicted men." In his simple studio at Boulogne-sur-Seine, the studio of a worker in the fullest sense of the term, I soon discovered how justly Ham-

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erton had described him. Moving with difficulty across the room, the stalwart frame answering tardily and as though with pain to the indomitable will, he had a greeting positively gay for the visitor just come from his beloved Spain. There was no bitterness in the strained lips. There were no shadows in the fine eyes—the “magic mirrors” of his friend Heredia’s phrase. He was as modest, too, as he was plucky. He had been forced to surmount heartrending obstacles. The paralytic stroke had for some time affected his memory; the printed word would not stay in his mind, but had to be read aloud to him in order to make its full impression. It was not his left hand alone that he had been training in all those weary years. Yet he was not in the least inclined to make a martyr or a hero of himself. He had superlatives no more for his sufferings than for his art. What there was of pathos in his state was lightened by the sweetness and simplicity of his nature. His resignation had the gallant, winning strain in it which marked him as of the race of Don Quixote. Looking back at him in his peaceful retreat, with the sounds of summer faintly heard through the door opening on his sunny garden, I seem to see him learning, as the “gentle knight and stout” learned, to persist against all odds in his great endeavor. The splendid effort was repaid. He revived his old powers in more than their original force, and, dying after ten years of hard but happy labor, left behind him the drawings for “Don Quixote,” in which we have the perfect interpretation of one Spanish master by another.

If he understood Cervantes it was because there was in him, as in the writer, an instinctive appreciation of the human comedy. “Velasquez and Goya, these are the ancestors

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and the true masters of *Vierge*," says Heredia. All the types of sincerity and truth in Spanish art—and literature—were his ancestors. He carried on the tradition of uncompromising realism which has ruled for centuries in Spain, and character, Spanish character, is the very life-blood of his work. This he expressed in a thousand different ways, and even under circumstances which were sometimes not altogether favorable. When Heredia made his French version of that narrative on which De Quincey based his account of "The Spanish Military Nun," Catalina de Erauso, and published it under the title of "*La Nonne Alfarez*," *Vierge* had to adjust his illustrations to the exigencies of a miniature page. Yet those illustrations are among the raciest he ever drew. It was no accident, I think, that led to his dealings with Catalina's story, and with "Pablo." Such picaresque stuff was the natural stimulus for his Spanish temperament. He loved the open road, the hot sunshine, the tattered vagabond and all the ups and downs of a life free from restraint. The very dogs and donkeys of Spain, the pigs and the crows, move through his pictures just as they move across the Spanish horizon—they are part of the Spanish world which he saw so clearly and so sympathetically. Atmosphere was brought without effort into his art. He used local color almost without knowing it; it was to him simply an affair of stating the truth as a matter of course. There is one drawing in "Pablo" which is especially characteristic of the easy and absolutely convincing way in which he knew how to reproduce a given scene. The figures in it have behind them *El Puente del Diablo*, the Segovian aqueduct which is one of the most heroic survivals of Roman architecture. To introduce the lines of this colossal structure into a little illustra-



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tion drawn with the pen was to risk overwhelming the figures or robbing the masonry of half its weight. Vierge did neither of these things; and in establishing a perfect relation between his personages and their background I believe he used more than a technical aptitude in the balancing of blacks and whites. Knowing the landscape he recreated the whole scene in his imagination. With Pablo he mounted his long-eared steed and started for Madrid. With Pablo he paused to chat with the superficially gorgeous but really poverty-stricken son of Don Toribio Rodrigues Vallejo Gomez de Ampuero, and we almost hear the talk. The Cyclopean aqueduct becomes an incident. We are fully aware of it, but look at it with divided attention; our eyes are chiefly for Pablo and the other actor in his chance encounter. So Vierge gives us a glimpse of Spain and at the same time fulfils the dramatic intent of his author's story.

To do this in illustrating Cervantes he had studied and re-studied the life of the Manchegan plain and the contents of many a sketch-book went to the preparation of his drawings. But there is no set of illustrations for "Don Quixote" more free than this one from signs of a pedantic solicitude for accuracy in details. Vierge was accurate because he could not help himself. His sketch-books were aids to memory, a means of reviving in his brain the whole panorama unfolded in the country of his hero, and since he knew the book by heart and loved it, his pictures took shape as if with no constructive labor whatever. It is not simply that the figures in them are alive. They must have carried themselves, we feel, just as Vierge has made them carry themselves; they must have worn just such clothes, used just such furniture, lived in just such houses as he has supplied for them. This natural-

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ness of his was partly a matter of observation and even more a matter of insight into the spirit of Cervantes. It is impossible to read the first two or three pages of "Don Quixote" without realizing what an inspiration the author drew from the very heart of human kind. We rub elbows with his peasants. The poorest of them is a man and a brother. The great book is, in a word, of sympathy all compact. Vierge knew this and it deepened his own understanding until he seemed to get inside the characters of his author's men and women. How otherwise could he have arrived with such unerring force at the one physical envelope, the one revealing gesture, which in every case makes indisputable the portrait that he draws? Not merely the knight and his squire, with Rozinante and Dapple, but all the other actors in the drama are made to look like themselves, as though Vierge had actually known them, and to act in the picture as they act in the text. This seems small praise until we recall what Don Quixote and his train have suffered at the hands of other artists, how far we have hitherto been from recognizing in the illustrations the originals so clearly drawn by the author. Where so many of his predecessors have stopped at making the Knight bony and Sancho fat, turning the subordinate figures into a nondescript crew, Vierge has given individuality to even his nameless supernumeraries. The discursive character of "Don Quixote" is one of its greatest charms. Some readers, I believe, are so unfortunate as to resent the intrusion in the narrative of the individuals who from time to time appear for no very obvious reason and exhaust long chapters with the recital of their woes. The reader whose good fairy marked him in his cradle as one of the loyal servants of Cervantes, settles in his chair with a new sensation of com-

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fort and of joy whenever he re-encounters one of these inimitable episodes—the largesse bestowed upon him by the author out of an abounding genius, over and above the dramatic sequence, such as it is, that is entered in the bond. Vierge seized with avidity upon these episodes and made the most of them.

The absorption of Cervantes in sheer human nature could never keep romance from tugging at his heart strings. He loved to give his imagination rein, and Vierge loved to follow its flights. Let the artist assist at the burning of the books and he builds you a bonfire in the yard, bringing the dogs to keep the old woman company in her task, and, in fact, delineating a scene of the plainest realism. But let him dream with Don Quixote in the fields of Montiel and his pen gaily follows the Knight's wanton fancy, weaving strange forms out of the fleecy clouds. He draws the windmills of his hero's challenge with the touch of one who has spent long days lazily watching the sweep of their great arms, but he sets his mind and his pen to work with as keen a fervor when it is time for him to realize that delightful vision of the fair lady between the two giants. He makes great play with the fantastic whenever occasion invites, as witness his picture of Pandafilando of the Dusky Sight, and the spirit of fun with which he puts the magic horse, Clavileno, through his paces. We know what the venter thought of the puppet-master's "Melisendra and Don Gayferos." It is, quoth he, "one of the best histories that hath been represented these many years in this kingdom." Vierge shared his opinion and sketched the marionettes with a demure gravity that is irresistible. It did not matter whither any of the stories within the story took him. He readily exchanged the sky of Spain

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for the sky of Italy when the curate began to read the strange tale of "The Curious-Impertinent," the tale of the "two rich and principal gentlemen called Anselmo and Lothario" who were so sublimely ignorant of the art of letting well enough alone. The Captive's story finds in him an eager listener, Zoraida and Aguimorato a portrait painter qualified to his finger tips to do them justice. He is equally at home at the Court of the Duchess, and at the tavern in which he shows us the fat jowl of Maritornes turned amiably upon Sancho. Nothing baffles him in the rich texture of the book, nothing in its motley company of Spanish and alien types, nothing in its situations ranging from pure farce to the comedy that goes near to the edge of tears. Most of all has he succeeded where success was the hardest to attain. Leaning toward neither caricature nor bathos he drew Don Quixote not as a lay figure but as a man, and restored him, as a subject for art, at once to romance and to humanity.

Don Quixote as Vierge bodies him forth is never in himself ridiculous. In the worst predicament he preserves a certain dignity. Once, in a particularly evil moment, he assumes a posture with which impressiveness is utterly incompatible. When he proceeds to give Sancho his famous exhibition of gymnastics the reader, like the faithful squire, would fain turn his head away. But Vierge is equal to the occasion. He mercifully stages the episode amidst rugged mountains, and draws the poor mad acrobat on such a small scale that, in the vast scene, his plight loses much of its cruel absurdity. Vierge does not anywhere understate the gaunt picturesqueness of the hero's frame; neither does he spare us anything of the ugly, wrinkled throat, the formidable nose, the deep-set eyes, and the shaggy brows. The air of melan-

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choly, too, is always there. But if this Don Quixote touches the imagination, it is more especially for the reason that Vierge has not crystalized him in a single mould. His is not a wooden dignity, nor is his forlornness a matter of conventionally hollowed cheeks. The dreary features are mobile, the eyes have light in them, and as we turn from one portrait to another in the long series, we see that the play of a new emotion is constantly being mirrored in the face, and that the artist has been quick to grasp it. Thus interpreted Don Quixote is brought nearer to our comprehension, his behavior in the stress of fortune is thrown into a sharper light, and the lesson of his character is driven deeper home. Vierge found in this book, as all must find in it who read it understandingly, a world of suggestion. He found in it the material for sketches of courtly and rustic figures; it carried his imagination not only into Spanish, but into Moorish and Italian scenes, and it gave him hints of fairyland. But he was dominated, as we are all dominated, by the soul of gentleness that is in the book, and his pen is worthiest of Cervantes in what it has done to interpret the bravest and the saddest, the noblest and most lovable of all the heroes of romance.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

June 1, 1906.

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[*The Translator's Dedication.*]

*To the Right Honourable His Very Good Lord,*  
THE LORD OF WALDEN, ETC.

MINE HONOURABLE LORD,—

HAVING translated, some five or six years ago, the *History of Don Quixote*, out of the Spanish tongue into English, in the space of forty days,—being thereunto more than half enforced through the importunity of a very dear friend that was desirous to understand the subject,—after I had given him once a view thereof, I cast it aside, where it lay long time neglected in a corner, and so little regarded by me, as I never once set hand to review or correct the same. Since when, at the entreaty of others my friends, I was content to let it come to light, conditionally that some one or other would peruse and amend the errors escaped, my many affairs hindering me from undergoing that labour. Now, I understand by the printer that the copy was presented to your Honour, which did, at the first, somewhat disgust me; because, as it must pass, I fear much it will prove far unworthy either of your noble view or protection. Yet since it is mine, though abortive, I do humbly entreat that your Honour will lend it a favourable countenance, thereby to animate the parent thereof to produce in time some worthier subject, in your honourable name, whose many rare virtues have already rendered me so highly devoted to your service, as I will some day give very evident tokens of the same; and till then I rest,—

Your Honour's most affectionate Servitor,

THOMAS SHELTON.



## THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE READER

**T**HOU mayst believe me, gentle reader, without swearing, that I could willing desire this book (as a child of my understanding) to be the most beautiful, gallant, and discreet that might possibly be imagined; but I could not transgress the order of nature, wherein everything begets his like, which being so, what could my sterile and ill-titled wit engender but the history of a dry-toasted and humorous son, full of various thoughts and conceits never before imagined of any other; much like one who was engendered within some noisome prison, where all discommodities have taken possession, and all doleful noises made their habitation, seeing that rest, pleasant places, amenity of the fields, the cheerfulness of clear sky, the murmuring noise of the crystal fountains, and the quiet repose of the spirit are great helps for the most barren Muses to show themselves fruitful, and to bring into the world such births as may enrich it with admiration and delight? It oftentimes befalls that a father hath a child both by birth evil-favoured and quite devoid of all perfection, and yet the love that he bears him is such as it casts a mask over his eyes, which hinders his discerning of the faults and simplici-



## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

ties thereof, and makes him rather deem them discretions and beauty, and so tells them to his friends for witty jests and conceits. But I, though in show a father, yet in truth but a step-father to Don Quixote, will not be borne away by the violent current of the modern custom nowadays, and therefore entreat thee, with the tears almost in mine eyes, as many others are wont to do, most dear reader, to pardon and dissemble the faults which thou shalt discern in this my son; for thou art neither his kinsman nor friend, and thou hast thy soul in thy body, and thy free-will therein as absolute as the best, and thou art in thine own house, wherein thou art as absolute a lord as the king is of his subsidies, and thou knowest well the common proverb, that 'under my cloak a fig for the king,' all which doth exempt thee and makes thee free from all respect and obligation; and so thou mayst boldly say of this history whatsoever thou shalt think good, without fear either to be controlled for the evil or rewarded for the good that thou shalt speak thereof.

I would very fain have presented it unto thee pure and naked, without the ornament of a preface, or the rabblement and catalogue of the wonted sonnets, epigrams, poems, elegies, etc., which are wont to be put at the beginning of books. For I dare say unto thee that, although it cost me some pains to compose it, yet in no respect did it equalise that which I took to make this preface which thou dost now read. I took, oftentimes, my pen in my hand to write it, and as often set it down again, as not knowing what I should write; and being once in a muse, with my paper before me, my pen in mine ear, mine elbow on the table, and mine hand on my cheek, imagining what I might write, there entered a friend of mine unexpectedly, who was a very discreet and pleasantly-witted man, who,

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

seeing me so pensative, demanded of me the reason of my musing; and, not concealing it from him, said that I bethought myself on my preface I was to make to Don Quixote's history, which did so much trouble me as I neither meant to make any at all, nor publish the history of the acts of so noble a knight. 'For how can I choose,' quoth I, 'but be much confounded at that which the old legislator (the vulgar) will say, when it sees that, after the end of so many years as are spent since I first slept in the bosom of oblivion, I come out loaden with my grey hairs, and bring with me a book as dry as a kex, void of invention, barren of good phrase, poor of conceits, and altogether empty both of learning and eloquence; without quotations on the margents, or annotations in the end of the book, wherewith I see other books are still adorned, be they never so idle, fabulous, and profane; so full of sentences of Aristotle and Plato, and the other crew of the philosophers, as admires the readers, and makes them believe that these authors are very learned and eloquent? And after, when they cite Plutarch or Cicero, what can they say, but that they are the sayings of St. Thomas, or other doctors of the Church; observing herein so ingenious a method as in one line they will paint you an enamoured gull, and in the other will lay you down a little seeming devout sermon, so that it is a great pleasure and delight to read or hear it? All which things must be wanting in my book, for neither have I anything to cite on the margent, or note in the end, and much less do I know what authors I follow, to put them at the beginning, as the custom is, by the letter of the A B C, beginning with Aristotle, and ending in Xenophon, or in Zoilus or Zeuxis, although the one was a railer and the other a painter. So likewise shall my book want sonnets at the beginning, at least such sonnets whose authors be dukes, mar-

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

quises, earls, bishops, ladies, or famous poets; although, if I would demand them of two or three artificers of mine acquaintance, I know they would make me some such as those of the most renowned in Spain would in no wise be able to equal or compare with them.

‘Finally, good sir, and my very dear friend,’ quoth I, ‘I do resolve that Sir Don Quixote remain entombed among the old records of the Mancha, until Heaven ordain some one to adorn him with the many graces that are yet wanting; for I find myself wholly unable to remedy them, through mine insufficiency and little learning, and also because I am naturally lazy and unwilling to go searching for authors to say that which I can say well enough without them. And hence proceeded the perplexity and ecstasy wherein you found me plunged.’

My friend hearing that, and striking himself on the forehead, after a long and loud laughter, said: ‘In good faith, friend, I have now at last delivered myself of a long and intricate error, wherewith I was possessed all the time of our acquaintance; for hitherto I accounted thee ever to be discreet and prudent in all thy actions, but now I see plainly that thou art as far from that I took thee to be as heaven is from the earth. How is it possible that things of so small moment, and so easy to be redressed, can have force to suspend and swallow up so ripe a wit as yours hath seemed to be, and so fitted to break up and trample over the greatest difficulties that can be propounded? This proceeds not, in good sooth, from defect of will, but from superfluity of sloth and penury of discourse. Wilt thou see whether that I say be true or no? Listen, then, attentively awhile, and thou shalt perceive how, in the twinkling of an eye, I will confound all the difficulties and supply all the wants which do suspend and affright thee

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

from publishing to the world the history of thy famous Don Quixote, the light and mirror of all knighthood-errant.'

'Say, I pray thee,' quoth I, hearing what he had said, 'after what manner dost thou think to replenish the vacuity of my fear, and reduce the chaos of my confusion to any clearness and light?'

And he replied: 'The first thing whereat thou stoppedst—of sonnets, epigrams, eclogues, etc., (which are wanting for the beginning, and ought to be written by grave and noble persons)—may be remedied, if thou thyself wilt but take a little pains to compass them, and thou mayst after name them as thou pleasest, and father them on Prester John of the Indians or the Emperor of Trapisonde, whom, I know, were held to be famous poets; and suppose they were not, but that some pedants and presumptuous fellows would backbite thee, and murmur against this truth, thou needest not weight them two straws; for, although they could prove it to be an untruth, yet cannot they cut off thy hand for it.

'As touching citations in the margent, and authors out of whom thou mayst collect sentences and sayings to insert in thy history, there is nothing else to be done but to bob into it some Latin sentences that thou knowest already by rote, or mayst get easily with a little labour; as, for example, when thou treatest of liberty and thralldom, thou mayst cite that, "*Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro*"; and presently quote Horace, or he whosoever else that said it, on the margent. If thou shouldest speak of the power of death, have presently recourse to that of "*Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas, regumque tures.*" If of the instability of friends, thou hast at hand Cato freely offering his distichon, "*Donec eris foelix multos numerabis amicos; Tempora si*

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

fuerint nubila, solus eris." If of riches, "Quantum quisque sua nummorum servat in arca, tantum habet et fidei." If of love, "Heimihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis!" And so, with these Latin authorities and other such-like, they will at least account thee a good grammarian, and the being of such an one is of no little honour and profit in this our age. As touching the addition of annotations in the end of thy book, thou mayest boldly observe this course: If thou namest any giant in thy book, procure that it be the Giant Goliah; and with this alone (which almost will cost thee nothing), thou hast gotten a fair annotation; for thou mayst say, "The Giant Goliah or Goliath was a Philistine, whom the shepherd David slew with the blow of a stone in the Vale of Terebintho, as is recounted in the Book of Kings, in the chapter wherein thou shalt find it written."

'After all this, to show that thou art learned in human letters, and a cosmographer, take some occasion to make mention of the River Tagus, and thou shalt presently find thyself stored with another notable notation, saying, "The River Tagus was so called of a King of Spain; it takes its beginning from such a place, and dies in the ocean seas, kissing first the walls of the famous City of Lisbon, and some are of opinion that the sands thereof are of gold, etc." If thou wilt treat of thieves, I will recite the history of Cacus to thee, for I know it by memory; if of whores or courtezans, there thou hast the Bishop of Mondonnedo, who will lend thee Lamia, Layda, and Flora, whose annotation will gain thee no small credit; if of cruel persons, Ovid will tender Medea; if of enchanters or witches, Homer hath Calypso, and Virgil Circe; if of valorous captains, Julius Caesar shall end himself in his Commentaries to thee, and Plutarch shall give thee a thousand Alexanders. If thou dost

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treat of love, and hast but two ounces of the Tuscan language, thou shalt encounter with Lion the Hebrew, who will replenish thy vessels with store in that kind; but, if thou wilt not travel for it into strange countries, thou hast here at home in thy house *Fonseca of the Love of God*, wherein is deciphered all that either thou or the most ingenious capacity can desire to learn of that subject. In conclusion, there is nothing else to be done, but that thou only endeavor to name those names, or to touch those histories, in thine own, which I have here related, and leave the adding of annotations and citations unto me; for I do promise thee that I will both fill up the margent and also spend four or five sheets of advantage at the end of the book.

‘Now let us come to the citation of authors, which other books have, and thine wanteth; the remedy hereof is very easy; for thou needst do nought else but seek out a book that doth quote them all from the letter A until Z, as thou saidst thyself but even now, and thou shalt set that very same alphabet to thine own book; for, although the little necessity that thou hadst to use their assistance in thy work will presently convict thee of falsehood, it makes no matter, and perhaps there may not a few be found so simple as to believe that thou hast help thyself in the narration of thy most simple and sincere history with all their authorities. And, though that large catalogue of authors do serve to none other purpose, yet will it, at least, give some authority to the book, at the first blush; and the rather, because none will be so mad as to stand to examine whether thou dost follow them or no, seeing they can gain nothing by the matter. Yet, if I do not err in the consideration of so weighty an affair, this book of thine needs none of all these things, forasmuch as it is only an invective against books

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of knighthood, a subject whereof Aristotle never dreamed, St. Basil said nothing, Cicero never heard any word; nor do the punctualities of truth, nor observations of astrology, fall within the sphere of such fabulous jestings; nor do geometrical dimensions impart it anything, nor the confutation of arguments usurped by rhetoric; nor ought it to preach unto any the mixture of holy matters with profane (a motley wherewith no Christian well should be attired), only it hath need to help itself with imitation; for, by how much the more it shall excel therein, by so much the more will the work be esteemed. And, since that thy labour doth aim at no more than to diminish the authority and acceptance that books of chivalry have in the world, and among the vulgar, there is no reason why thou shouldest go begging of sentences from philosophers, fables from poets, orations from rhetoricians, or miracles from the saints, but only endeavour to deliver with significant, plain, honest, and well-ordered words, thy jovial and cheerful discourse, expressing as near as thou mayst possibly thy intention, making thy conceits clear, and not intricate or dark; and labour also that the melancholy man, by the reading thereof, may be urged to laughter, the pleasant disposition increased, the simple not cloyed; and that the judicious may admire thy invention, the grave not despise it, the prudent applaud it. In conclusion, let thy project be to overthrow the ill-compiled *machina* and bulk of those knightly books, abhorred by many, but applauded by more; for, if thou bring this to pass, thou hast not achieved a small matter.'

I listened with very great attention to my friend's speech; and his reasons are so firmly imprinted in my mind, as, without making any reply unto them, I approved them all for good, and framed my preface of them, wherein, sweet reader, thou

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

mayst perceive my friend's discretion, my happiness to meet with so good a counsellor at such a pinch, and thine own ease in finding so plainly and sincerely related *The History of the famous Don Quixote of the Mancha*, of whom it is the common opinion of all the inhabitants bordering on the fields of Montiel that he was the most chaste, enamoured, and valiant knight that hath been seen, read, or heard of these many ages. I will not endear the benefit and service I have done thee, by making thee acquainted with so noble and honourable a knight, but only do desire that thou gratify me for the notice of the famous Sancho Panza, his squire, in whom, in mine opinion, are deciphered all the squire-like graces dispersed throughout the vain rout of knightly books. And herewithal, I bid thee farewell, and do not forget me. *Vale.*





## SONNETS.



## SONNETS

CERTAIN SONNETS WRITTEN BY KNIGHTS-ERRANT, LADIES, SQUIRES, AND HORSES, IN THE PRAISE  
OF DON QUIXOTE, HIS DAME, HIS  
SQUIRE, AND STEED

AMADIS OF GAULE, IN PRAISE OF DON QUIXOTE

**T**HOU that my doleful life didst imitate,  
When, absent and disdained, it befell,  
Devoid of joy, I a repentant state  
Did lead, and on the Poor Rock's top did dwell;  
Thou, that the streams so often from thine eyes  
Didst suck of scalding tears' disgustful brine;  
And, without pewter, copper, plate likewise,  
Wast on the bare earth oft constrain'd to dine,—  
Live of one thing secure eternally,  
That whilst bright Phoebus shall his horses spur  
Through the fourth sphere's dilated monarchy,  
Thy name shall be renowned, near and fur;  
And as, 'mongst countries, thine is best alone,  
So shall thine author peers on earth have none.

DON BELIANIS OF GREECE TO DON QUIXOTE  
OF THE MANCHA

I TORE, I hackt, abolish'd, said and did,  
More than knight-errant else on earth hath done.  
I, dexterous, valiant, and so stout beside,  
Have thousand wrongs reveng'd, millions undone.  
I have done acts that my fame eternise,  
In love I courteous and so peerless was:  
Giants, as if but dwarfs, I did despise;  
And yet no time of love-plaints I let pass.  
I have held fortune prostrate at my feet,  
And by my wit seiz'd on Occasion's top,

## SONNETS

Whose wandering steps I led where I thought meet;  
And though beyond the moon my soaring hope  
Did crown my hap with all felicity,  
Yet, great Quixote, do I still envy thee.

### THE KNIGHT OF THE SUN, ALPHEBO, TO DON QUIXOTE

My sword could not at all compare with thine,  
Spanish Alphebo! full of courtesy;  
Nor thine arm's valour can be match'd by mine,  
Though I was fear'd where days both spring and die.  
Empires I scorn'd, and the vast monarchy  
Of th' Orient ruddy (offer'd me in vain),  
I left, that I the sovereign face might see  
Of my Aurora, fair Claridiane,  
Whom, as by miracle, I surely lov'd:  
So banish'd by disgrace, even very hell  
Quak'd at mine arm, that did his fury tame.  
But thou, illustrious Goth, Quixote! hast prov'd  
Thy valour, for Dulcinea's sake, so well  
As both on earth have gain'd eternal fame.

### ORLANDO FURIOSO, PEER OF FRANCE, TO DON QUIXOTE OF THE MANCHA

THOUGH thou art not a peer, thou hast no peer,  
Who mightst among ten thousand peers be one;  
Nor shalt thou never any peer have here,  
Who, ever-conquering, vanquish'd was of none.  
Quixote, I'm Orlando! that, cast away  
For fair Angelica, cross'd remotest seas,  
And did such trophies on Fame's altar lay  
As pass oblivion's reach many degrees.  
Nor can I be thy peer; for peerlessness  
Is to thy prowess due and great renown,  
Although I lost, as well as thou, my wit;  
Yet mine thou may'st be, if thy good success  
Make thee the proud Moor tame, [achieve] that crown,  
Us equals in disgrace and loving fit.

## SONNETS

### SOLIS DAN TO DON QUIXOTE OF THE MANCHA

MAUGRE the ravings that are set abroad,  
And rumble up and down thy troubled brain,  
Yet none thine acts, Don Quixote, can reproach,  
Or thy proceedings tax as vile or vain.  
Thy feats shall be thy fairest ornament  
(Seeing wrongs t'undo thou goest thus about),  
Although with blows a thousand times y-shent  
Thou wert well-nigh, yea, even by the miscreant rout.  
And if thy fair Dulcinea shall wrong  
By misregard thy fairer expectation,  
And to thy cares will lend no listening ear,  
Then let this comfort all thy woes outwear,—  
That Sancho fail'd in broker's occupation:  
He, foolish; cruel, she; thou, without tongue.

### THE PRINCESS ORIANA OF GREAT BRITAIN TO LADY DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO

HAPPY those which, for more commodity  
And ease, Dulcinea fair! could bring to pass  
That Greenwich, where Toboso is, might be,  
And London chang'd where thy knight's village was.  
Happy she that might body and soul adorn  
With thy rich livery and thy high desire;  
And see thy happy knight, by honour borne,  
In cruel combat, broaching out his ire.  
But happiest she that might so cleanly 'scape  
From Amadis as thou hast whilom done  
From thy well-manner'd knight, courteous Quixote!  
O! were I she, I'd envy no one's hap,  
And had been merry when I most did moan,  
And ta'en my pleasure without paying shot.

### GANDALINE, AMADIS OF GAULE'S SQUIRE, TO SANCHO PANZA, DON QUIXOTE'S SQUIRE

HAIL, famous man! whom fortune hath so blist,  
When first, in squire-like trade, it thee did place,  
As thou didst soft and sweetly pass disgrace  
Ere thou thereof the threatening danger wist.

## SONNETS

The shovel or sickle little do resist  
The wandering exercise; for now's in grace  
Plain squire-like dealing, which doth quite deface  
His pride that would the Moor bore with his fist.  
Thine ass I jointly envy, and thy name,  
And eke thy wallet I do emulate,  
An argument of thy great providence.  
Hail once again! who, 'cause so good a man,  
Thy worths our Spanish Ovid does relate,  
And lovely chants them with all reverence.

### A DIALOGUE BETWEEN BABIECA, HORSE TO THE CID, A FAMOUS CONQUEROR OF SPAIN; AND ROZINANTE, DON QUIXOTE'S COURSER

*Ba.* How haps it, Rozinante, thou art so lean?  
*Ro.* Because I travel still, and never eat:  
*Ba.* Thy want of barley and straw, what does it mean?  
*Ro.* That of my lord, a bit I cannot get.  
*Ba.* Away, sir jade! you are ill-mannered,  
Whose ass's tongue your lord does thus abase.  
*Ro.* If you did see how he's enamoured,  
You would conclude that he's the greater ass.  
*Ba.* Is love a folly?—*Ro.* Sure it is no wit.  
*Ba.* Thou art a metaphysician.—*Ro.* For want of meat.  
*Ba.* Complain upon the squire.—*Ro.* What profits it?  
Or how shall I my woful complaints repeat?  
Since, though the world imputes slowness to me,  
Yet greater jades my lord and Sancho be.

THE DELIGHTFUL HISTORY  
OF THE MOST INGENIOUS  
KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE  
OF THE MANCHA





**THE FIRST PART**

—

**BOOK I**





## CHAPTER I

WHEREIN IS REHEARSED THE CALLING AND EXERCISE OF THE  
RENOWNED GENTLEMAN, DON QUIXOTE OF THE MANCHA

**T**HERE lived not long since, in a certain village of the Mancha, the name whereof I purposely omit, a gentleman of their calling that use to pile up in their halls old lances, halberds, morions, and such other armours and weapons. He was, besides, master of an ancient target, a lean stallion, and a swift greyhound. His pot consisted daily of somewhat more beef than mutton: a gallimaufry each night, collops and eggs on Saturdays, lentils

## DON QUIXOTE

on Fridays, and now and then a lean pigeon on Sundays, did consume three parts of his rents ; the rest and remnant thereof was spent on a jerkin of fine puce, a pair of velvet hose, with pantofles of the same for the holy-days, and one suit of the finest vesture ; for therewithal he honoured and set out his person on the work-days. He had in his house a woman-servant of about forty years old, and a niece not yet twenty, and a man that served him both in field and at home, and could saddle his horse, and likewise manage a pruning-hook. The master himself was about fifty years old, of a strong complexion, dry flesh, and a withered face. He was an early riser, and a great friend of hunting. Some affirm that his surname was Quixada, or Quesada (for in this there is some variance among the authors that write his life), although it may be gathered, by very probable conjectures, that he was called Quixana. Yet all this concerns our historical relation but little : let it then suffice, that in the narration thereof we will not vary a jot from the truth.

You shall therefore wit, that this gentleman above named, the spurts that he was idle (which was the longer part of the year), did apply himself wholly to the reading of books of knighthood, and that with such gusts and delights, as he almost wholly neglected the exercise of hunting ; yea, and the very administration of his household affairs. And his curiosity and folly came to that pass, that he made away many acres of arable land to buy him books of that kind, and therefore he brought to his house as many as ever he could get of that subject. And among them all, none pleased him better than those which famous Felician of Silva composed. For the smoothness of his prose, with now and then some intricate sentence meddled, seemed to him peerless ; and principally when he did







*Don Quixote Studies the Laws of Knighthood.*







More books of chivalry arrive

read the courtings, or letters of challenge, that knights sent to ladies, or one to another ; where, in many places, he found written : 'The reason of the unreasonableness which against my reason is wrought, doth so weaken my reason, as with all reason I do justly complain on your beauty.' And also when he read : 'The high heavens, which with your divinity do fortify you divinely with the stars, and make you deserveress of the deserts which your greatness deserves,' etc. With these and other such passages the poor gentleman grew distracted,

## DON QUIXOTE

and was breaking his brains day and night, to understand and unbowel their sense, and endless labour; for even Aristotle himself would not understand them, though he were again resuscitated only for that purpose. He did not like so much the unproportionate blows that Don Belianis gave and took in fight; for, as he imagined, were the surgeons never so cunning that cured them, yet was it impossible but that the patient his face and all his body must remain full of scars and tokens. Yet did he praise, notwithstanding, in the author of that history, the conclusion of his book, with the promise of the Endless Adventure; and many times he himself had a desire to take pen and finish it exactly, as it is there promised; and would doubtless have performed it, and that certes with happy success, if other more urgent and continual thoughts had not disturbed him.

Many times did he fall at variance with the curate of his village (who was a learned man, graduated in Ciguencia) touching who was the better knight, Palmerin of England, or Amadis de Gaul. But Master Nicholas, the barber of the same town, would affirm that none of both arrived in worth to the Knight of the Sun; and if any one knight might paragon with him, it was infallibly Don Galaor, Amadis de Gaul's brother, whose nature might fitly be accommodated to anything; for he was not so coy and whining a knight as his brother, and that in matters of valour he did not bate him an ace.

In resolution, he plunged himself so deeply in his reading of these books, as he spent many times in the lecture of them whole days and nights; and in the end, through his little sleep and much reading, he dried up his brains in such sort as he lost wholly his judgment. His fantasy was filled with those things that he read, of enchantments, quarrels, battles, chal-



The scouring of the arms

lenges, wounds, wooings, loves, tempests, and other impossible follies. And these toys did so firmly possess his imagination with an infallible opinion that all that *machina* of dreamed inventions which he read was true, as he accounted no history in the world to be so certain and sincere as they were.

## DON QUIXOTE

He was wont to say, that the Cid Ruy Diaz <sup>1</sup> was a very good knight, but not to be compared to the Knight of the Burning Sword, which, with one thwart blow, cut asunder two fierce and mighty giants. He agreed better with Bernardo del Carpio, because he slew the enchanted Roland in Roncesvalles. He likewise liked of the shift Hercules used when he smothered Anteon, the son of the earth, between his arms. He praised the giant Morgant marvellously, because, though he was of that monstrous progeny, who are commonly all of them proud and rude, yet he only was affable and courteous. But he agreed best of all with Reynauld of Mount Alban; and most of all then, when he saw him sally out of his castle to rob as many as ever he could meet; and when, moreover, he robbed the idol of Mahomet, made of gold, as his history recounts, and would be content to give his old woman, yea, and his niece also, for a good opportunity on the traitor Galalon, that he might lamb-skin and trample him into powder.

Finally, his wit being wholly extinguished, he fell into one of the strangest conceits that ever madman stumbled on in this world; to wit, it seemed unto him very requisite and behooveful, as well for the augmentation of his honour as also for the benefit of the commonwealth, that he himself should become a knight-errant, and go throughout the world, with his horse and armour, to seek adventures, and practise in person all that he had read was used by knights of yore; revenging of all kinds of injuries, and offering himself to occasions and dangers, which, being once happily achieved, might gain him eternal renown. The poor soul did already figure himself crowned, through the valour of his arm, at least Emperor of Trapisonda; and led thus by these soothing

<sup>1</sup>A famous captain of the Spanish nation.



The testing of the beaver

thoughts, and borne away with the exceeding delight he found in them, he hastened all that he might, to effect his urging desires.

And first of all he caused certain old rusty arms to be scoured, that belonged to his great-grandfather, and lay many ages neglected and forgotten in a by-corner of his house; he

## DON QUIXOTE

trimmed and dressed them the best he might, and then perceived a great defect they had ; for they wanted a helmet, and had only a plain morion ; but he by his industry supplied that want, and framed, with certain papers pasted together, a beaver for his morion. True it is, that to make trial whether his pasted beaver was strong enough, and might abide the adventure of a blow, he out with his sword and gave it a blow or two, and with the very first did quite undo his whole week's labour. The facility wherewithal it was dissolved liked him nothing ; wherefore, to assure himself better the next time from the like danger, he made it anew, placing certain iron bars within it, in so artificial a manner, as he rested at once satisfied, both with his invention, and also the solidity of the work ; and without making a second trial, he deputed and held it in estimation of a most excellent beaver. Then did he presently visit his horse, who (though he had more quarters than pence in a sixpence, through leanness, and more faults than Gonella's), having nothing on him but skin and bone ; yet he thought that neither Alexander's Bucephalus, nor the Cid his horse Balieca, were in any respect equal to him. He spent four days devising him a name ; for (as he reasoned to himself) it was not fit that so famous a knight's horse, and chiefly being so good a beast, should want a known name ; and therefore he endeavoured to give him such a one as should both declare what sometime he had been, before he pertained to a knight-errant, and also what at present he was ; for it stood greatly with reason, seeing his lord and master changed his estate and vocation, that he should alter likewise his denomination, and get a new one, that were famous and altisonant, as became the new order and exercise which he now professed ; and therefore, after many other names which



The naming of Rozinante

he framed, blotted out, rejected, added, undid, and turned again to frame in his memory and imagination, he finally concluded to name him Rozinante,<sup>1</sup> a name in his opinion lofty,

<sup>1</sup>A horse of labour or carriage, in Spanish, is called Rozin, and the word ante signifies before ; so Rozinante is a horse that sometime was of carriage.



## DON QUIXOTE

full, and significant of what he had been when he was a plain jade, before he was exalted to his new dignity ; being, as he thought, the best carriage beast of the world. The name being thus given to his horse, and so to his mind, he resolved to give himself a name also ; and in that thought he laboured other eight days ; and, in conclusion, called himself Don Quixote ; whence (as is said) the authors of this most true history deduce, that he was undoubtedly named Quixada, and not Quesada, as others would have it. And remembering that the valorous Amadis was not satisfied only with the dry name of Amadis, but added thereunto the name of his kingdom and country, to render his own more redoubted, terming himself Amadis de Gaul ; so he, like a good knight, would add to his own that also of his province, and call himself Don Quixote of the Mancha, wherewith it appeared that he very lively declared his lineage and country, which he did honour, by taking it for his surname.

His armour being scoured, his morion transformed into a helmet, his horse named, and himself confirmed with a new name also, he forthwith bethought himself, that now he wanted nothing but a lady on whom he might bestow his service and affection ; for the knight-errant that is loveless resembles a tree that wants leaves and fruit, or a body without a soul : and therefore he was wont to say, ‘ If I should for my sins, or by good hap, encounter there abroad with some giant (as knights-errant do ordinarily), and that I should overthrow him with one blow to the ground, or cut him with a stroke in two halves, or finally overcome, and make him yield to me, would it not be very expedient to have some lady to whom I might present him ? And that he, entering in her presence, do kneel before my sweet lady, and say unto her,

## HIS CALLING AND EXERCISE

with an humble and submissive voice, "Madam, I am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island called Malindrania, whom the never-too-much-praised knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, hath overcome in single combat; and hath commanded to present myself to your greatness, that it may please your highness to dispose of me according unto your liking!" Oh, how glad was our knight when he had made this discourse to himself, but chiefly when he had found out one whom he might call his lady! For, as it is imagined, there dwelt in the next village unto his manor, a young handsome wench, with whom he was sometime in love, although, as is understood, she never knew or took notice thereof. She was called Aldonsa Lorenzo, and her he thought fittest to entitle with the name of Lady of his thoughts, and searching a name for her that should not vary much from her own, and yet should draw and aveer somewhat to that of a princess or great lady, he called her Dulcinea del Toboso (for there she was born), a name in his conceit harmonious, strange, and significant, like to all the others that he had given to his things.



## CHAPTER II

OF THE FIRST SALLY THAT DON QUIXOTE MADE  
TO SEEK ADVENTURES

**T**HINGS being thus ordered, he would defer the execution of his designs no longer, being spurred on the more vehemently by the want which he esteemed his delays wrought in the world, according to the wrongs that he resolved to right, the harms he meant to redress, the excesses he would amend, the abuses that he would better, and the debts he would satisfy. And therefore, without acquainting any living creature with his inten-

## HIS FIRST SALLY

tions, he, unseen of any, upon a certain morning, somewhat before the day (being one of the warmest of July), armed himself cap-a-pie, mounted on Rozinante, laced on his ill-contrived hemlet, embraced his target, took his lance, and by a postern door of his base-court issued out to the field, marvellous jocund and content to see with what facility he had commenced his good desires. But scarce had he sallied to the fields, when he was suddenly assaulted by a terrible thought, and such a one as did well-nigh overthrow his former good purposes; which was, he remembered he was not yet dubbed knight, and therefore, by the laws of knighthood, neither could nor ought to combat with any knight: and though he were one, yet ought he to wear white armour like a new knight, without any device in his shield until he did win it by force of arms.

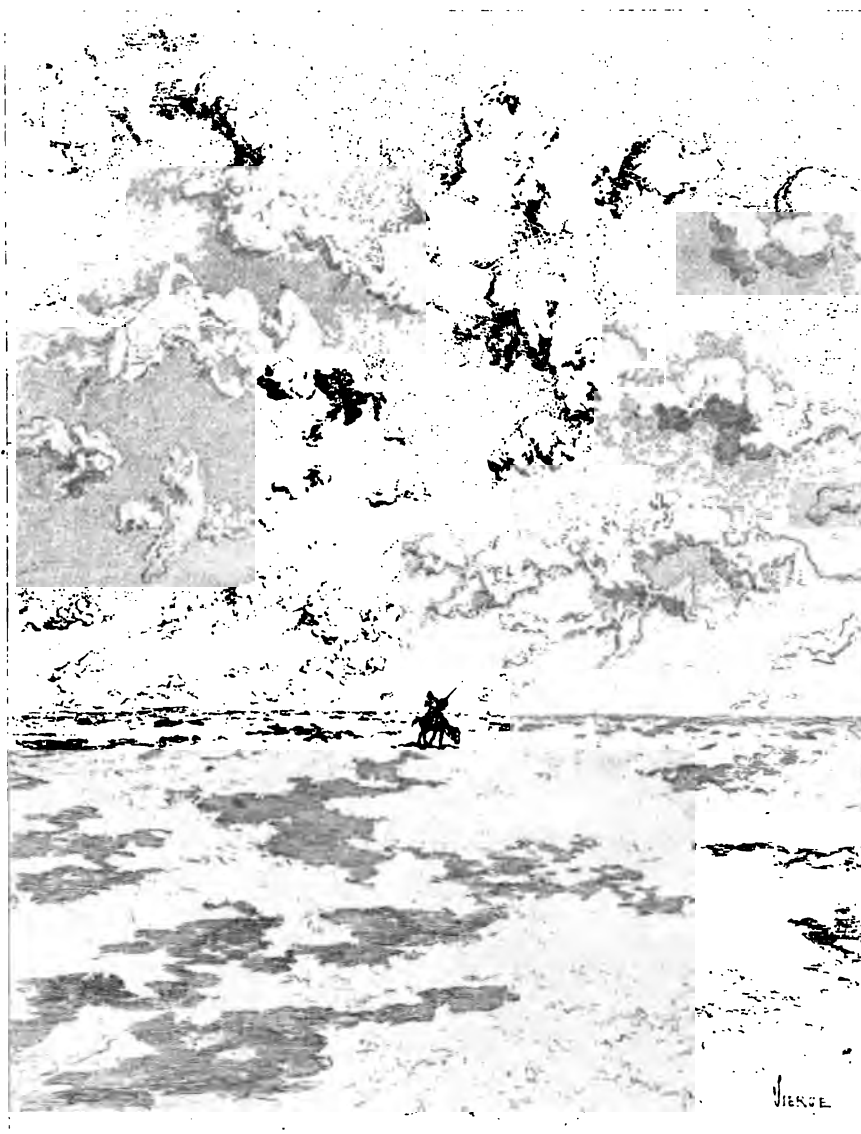
These thoughts did make him stagger in his purposes; but his follies prevailing more than any other reason, he purposed to cause himself to be knighted by the first he met, to the imitation of many others that did the same, as he had read in the books which distracted him. As touching white armour, he resolved, with the first opportunity, to scour his own so well, that they should rest whiter than ermines. And thus he pacified his mind and prosecuted his journey, without choosing any other way than that which his horse pleased, believing that therein consisted the vigour of knightly adventures. Our burnished adventurer, travelling thus onward, did parley with himself in this manner: 'Who doubts, in the ensuing ages, when the true history of my famous acts shall come to light, but that the wise man who shall write it, will begin it, when he comes to declare this my first sally so early in the morning, after this manner? — " Scarce had the ruddy Apollo

## DON QUIXOTE

spread over the face of the vast and spacious earth the golden twists of his beautiful hairs, and scarce had the little enamelled birds with their naked tongues saluted with sweet and mellifluous harmony the arrival of rosy Aurora, when, abandoning her jealous husband's soft couch, she shows herself to mortal wights through the gates and windows of the Manchegall horizon ; when the famous knight, Don Quixote of the Mancha, abandoning the slothful plumes, did mount upon his renowned horse Rozinante, and began to travel through the ancient and known fields of Montiel''' (as indeed he did). And following still on with his discourse, he said : ' Oh, happy the age, and fortunate the time, wherein my famous feats shall be revealed, feats worthy to be graven in brass, carved in marble, and delivered with most curious art in tables, for a future instruction and memory. And, thou wise enchanter, whosoever thou beest, whom it shall concern to be the chronicler of this strange history, I desire thee not to forget my good horse Rozinante, mine eternal and inseparable companion in all my journeys and courses. And then, as if he were verily enamoured, he said : ' O Princess Dulcinea ! lady of this captive heart ! much wrong hast thou done me by dismissing me, and reproaching me with the rigorous decree and commandment, not to appear before thy beauty. I pray thee, sweet lady, deign to remember thee of this poor subjected heart, that for thy love suffers so many tortures ! ' And with these words he inserted a thousand other ravings all after the very same manner that his books taught him, imitating as near as he could their very phrase and language, and did ride therewithal so slow a pace, and the sun did mount so swiftly, and with so great heat, as it was sufficient to melt his brains, if he had had any left.







*Don Quixote Dreams in the Fields of Montiel.*







*Don Quixote Dreams in the Fields of Montiel.*



## HIS FIRST SALLY

He travelled almost all that day without encountering anything worthy the recital, which made him to fret for anger; for he desired to encounter presently some one upon whom he might make trial of his invincible strength. Some authors write that his first adventure was that of the Lapicean straits; others, that of the Windmills: but what I could only find out in this affair, and which I have found written in the annals of the Mancha, is that he travelled all that day long, and at night both he and his horse were tired, and marvellously pressed by hunger; and, looking about him on every side to see whether he could discover any castle or sheepfold wherein he might retire himself for that night, and remedy his wants, he perceived an inn near unto the highway wherein he travelled, which was as welcome a sight to him as if he had seen a star that did address him to the porch, if not to the palace, of his redemption. Then, spurring his horse, he hied all he might towards it, and arrived much about nightfall. There stood by chance at the inn door two young women, adventurers likewise, which travelled toward Seville with certain carriers, and did by chance take up their lodging in that inn the same evening; and, forasmuch as our knight-errant esteemed all which he thought, saw, or imagined, was done or did really pass in the very same form as he had read the like in his books, forthwith, as soon as he espied the vent, he feigned to himself that it was a castle with four turrets, whereof the pinnacles were of glistening silver, without omitting the drawbridge, deep fosse, and other adherents belonging to the like places. And approaching by little and little to the vent, when he drew near to it, checking Rozinante with the bridle, he rested a while to see whether any dwarf would mount on the battlements to give warning with the sound of a trumpet

## DON QUIXOTE

how some knight did approach the castle; but seeing they stayed so long, and also that Rozinante kept a coil to go to his stable, he went to the inn door, and there beheld the two loose baggages that stood at it, whom he presently supposed to be two beautiful damsels or lovely ladies, that did solace themselves before the castle gates. And in this space it befel by chance, that a certain swineherd, as he gathered together his hogs, blew the horn whereat they are wont to come together; and instantly Don Quixote imagined it was what he desired, to wit, some dwarf who gave notice of his arrival; and therefore, with marvellous satisfaction of mind, he approached to the inn and ladies; who beholding one armed in that manner to draw so near, with his lance and target, they made much haste, being greatly affrighted, to get to their lodging. But Don Quixote perceiving their fear by their flight, lifting up his pasted beaver, and discovering his withered and dusty countenance, did accost them with gentle demeanour and grave words in this manner: 'Let not your ladyships flee, nor fear any outrage; for to the order of knight-hood which I do profess, it toucheth nor appertaineth not to wrong anybody, and least of all such worthy damsels as your presences denote you to be.' The wenches looked on him very earnestly, and did search with their eyes for the visage, which his ill-fashioned beaver did conceal; but when they heard themselves termed damsels, a thing so far from their profession, they could not contain their laughter, which was so loud, as Don Quixote waxed ashamed thereat; and therefore said to them: 'Modesty is a comely ornament of the beautiful, and the excessive laughter that springs from a light occasion must be reputed great folly. But I do not object this unto you to make you the more ashamed, or that you







*The Salute to the Girls at the Inn.*





## HIS FIRST SALLY

should take it in ill part ; for my desire is none other than to do you all the honour and service I may.' This he spake unto them in such uncouth words as they could not understand him, which was an occasion, joined with his own uncomeliness, to increase their laughter and his wrath, which would have passed the bounds of reason, if the innkeeper had not come out at the instant, being a man who, by reason of his exceeding fatness, must needs have been of a very peaceable condition ; who, beholding that counterfeit figure, all armed in so unsuitable armour as were his bridle, lance, target, and corslet, was very near to have kept the damsels company in the pleasant shows of his merriment, but fearing in effect the *machina* and bulk contrived of so various furnitures, he determined to speak him fairly ; and therefore began to him in this manner : ' If your worship, sir knight, do seek for lodging, you may chalk yourself a bed, for there is none in this inn, wherein you shall find all other things in abundance.' Don Quixote, noting the lowliness of the constable of that fortress (for such the inn and innkeeper seemed unto him), answered, ' Anything, sir constable, may serve me ; for mine arms are mine ornaments, and battles mine ease, etc.' The host thought he had called him a *castellano* or constable,<sup>1</sup> because he esteemed him to be one of the sincere and honest men of Castile, whereas he was indeed an Andalusian, and of the commark of St. Lucars, no less thievish than Cacus, nor less malicious and crafty than a student or page ; and therefore he answered him thus : ' If that be so, your bed must be hard rocks, and your sleep a perpetual watching ; and being such, you may boldly alight, and shall find cer-

<sup>1</sup> Here the Spanish is *castellano* ; that is, in the Spanish tongue, either a constable of a castle, or one born in Castile.

## DON QUIXOTE

tainly here occasion and opportunity to hold you waking this twelvemonth more, for one night. And saying so, laid hold on Don Quixote's stirrup, who did forthwith alight, though it was with great difficulty and pain (as one that had not eaten all the day one crumb), and then he requested his host to have special care of his horse, saying, he was one of the best pieces that ever ate bread. The innkeeper viewed and reviewed him, to whom he did not seem half so good as Don Quixote valued him; and, setting him up in the stable, he turned to see what his guest would command, who was a-disarming by both the damsels (which were by this time reconciled to him), who, though they had taken off his breastplate and back parts, yet knew they not how, nor could anywise undo his gorget, nor take off his counterfeit beaver, which he had fastened on with green ribbons; and by reason the knots were so intricate, it was requisite they should be cut, whereunto he would not in anywise agree; and therefore remained all the night with his helmet on, and was the strangest and pleasantest figure thereby that one might behold. And as he was a-disarming (imagining those light wenches that helped him to be certain principal ladies and dames of that castle), he said unto them, with a very good grace: 'Never was any knight so well attended on and served by ladies as was Don Quixote: when he departed from his village, damsels attended on him, and princesses on his horse. O Rozinante!—for, ladies, that is the name of my horse, and Don Quixote de la Mancha is mine own. For although I meant at the first not to have discovered myself, until the acts done in your service and benefit should manifest me; yet the necessity of accommodating to our present purpose the old romance of Sir Launcelot, hath been an occasion that you should know

## HIS FIRST SALLY

my name before the right season. But the time will come wherein your ladyships may command me, and I obey, and then the valour of mine arm shall discover the desire I have to do you service.'

The wenches being unaccustomed to hear so rhetorical



Don Quixote eats

terms, answered never a word to him, but only demanded whether he would eat anything. 'That I would,' replied Don Quixote, 'forasmuch as I think the taking of a little meat would be very behooveful for me.' It chanced by hap to be on Friday, and therefore there was no other meat in the inn than a few pieces of a fish called in Castile *abadexo*, in An-

## DON QUIXOTE

*dalusia bacallao*, and in some places *curadillo*, and in others *truchuela*, and is but poor-john.

They demanded of him, therefore, whether he would eat thereof, giving it the name, used in that place, of *truchuela*, or little trout; for there was no other fish in all the inn to present unto him but such. 'Why, then,' quoth Don Quixote, 'bring it in; for if there be many little trouts they may serve me instead of a great one; it being all one to me, to be paid my money (if I were to receive any) in eight single reals, or to be paid the same in one real of eight. And, moreover, those little trouts are perhaps like unto veal, which is much more delicate flesh than beef; or the kid, which is better than the goat; but be it what it list, let it be brought in presently; for the labour and weight of arms cannot be well borne without the well-supplying of the guts.' Then was there straight laid a table at the inn door, that he mought take the air; and the host brought him a portion of evil-watered and worse-boiled poor-john, and a loaf as black and hoary as his harness. But the only sport was to behold him eat; for by reason his helmet was on, and his beaver lifted, he could put nothing into his mouth himself if others did not help him to find the way, and therefore one of those ladies served his turn in that; but it was altogether impossible to give him drink after that manner, and would have remained so for ever, if the innkeeper had not bored a cane, and setting the one end in his mouth, poured down the wine at the other: all which he suffered most patiently, because he would not break the ribbons of his helmet. And as he sat at supper, there arrived by chance a sow-gelder, who, as soon as he came to the inn, did sound four or five times a whistle of canes, the which did confirm Don Quixote that he was in some famous



Don Quixote drinks

castle, where he was served with music; and that the poor-john was trouts; the bread of the finest flour; the whores, ladies; and the innkeeper, constable of that castle; wherefore he accounted his resolution and departure from his own

## DON QUIXOTE

house very well employed. But that which did most afflict him was, that he was not yet dubbed knight, forasmuch as he was fully persuaded that he could not lawfully enterprise, or follow any adventure, until he received the order of knighthood.



### CHAPTER III

WHEREIN IS RECOUNTED THE PLEASANT MANNER  
OBSERVED IN THE KNIGHTING OF DON QUIXOTE

**A**ND being thus tossed in mind, he made a short, beggarly supper; which being finished, he called for his host, and, shutting the stable door very fast, he laid himself down upon his knees in it before him, saying, 'I will never rise from the place where I am, valorous knight, until your courtesy shall grant unto me a boon that I mean to demand of you, the which will redound unto your renown, and also to the profit of all human kind.'



## DON QUIXOTE

The innkeeper seeing his guest at his feet, and hearing him speak those words, remained confounded beholding him, not knowing what he might do or say, and did study and labour to make him arise; but all was in vain, until he must have promised unto him that he would grant him any gift that he sought at his hands. 'I did never expect less,' replied Don Quixote, 'from your magnificence, my lord; and therefore I say unto you, that the boon which I demand of you, and that hath been granted unto me by your liberality, is, that to-morrow, in the morning, you will dub me knight, and this night I will watch mine armour in the chapel of your castle, and in the morning, as I have said, the rest of my desires shall be accomplished, that I may go in due manner throughout the four parts of the world, to seek adventures, to the benefit of the needy, as is the duty of knighthood, and of knights-errant, as I am; whose desires are wholly inclined and dedicated to such achievements.' The host, who, as we noted before, was a great giber, and had before gathered some arguments of the defect of wit in his guest, did wholly now persuade himself that his suspicions were true, when he heard him speak in that manner; and that he might have an occasion of laughter, he resolved to feed his humour that night; and therefore answered him, that he had very great reason in that which he desired and sought, and that such projects were proper and natural to knights of the garb and worth he seemed to be of; and that he himself likewise, in his youthful years, had followed that honourable exercise, going through divers parts of the world to seek adventures, without either omitting the dangers of Malaga,<sup>1</sup> the Isles of Riara, the compass of Seville, the quicksilver<sup>2</sup> house of Segovia, the olive field of Va-

<sup>1</sup> Percheles.

<sup>2</sup> Azuguezo.



Don Quixote begs the innkeeper to dub him knight

lencia, the circuit of Granada, the wharf of St. Lucar, the Potro or Cowlt of Cordova,<sup>1</sup> and the little taverns of Toledo; and many other places, wherein he practised the dexterity of his hands; doing many wrongs, soliciting many widows, un-

<sup>1</sup> The potron of Cordova is a certain fountain wherein stands a Pegasus, and to that fountain resort a number of coney-catching fellows, as to Duke Humfrey at Paules.

## DON QUIXOTE

doing certain maidens, and deceiving many pupils, and finally making himself known and famous in all the tribunals and courts almost of all Spain; and that at last he had retired himself to that his castle, where he was sustained with his own and other men's goods, entertaining in it all knights-errant, of whatsoever quality and condition they were, only for the great affection he bore towards them, and to the end they might divide with him part of their winnings in recompense of his goodwill. He added besides, that there was no chapel in his castle wherein he might watch his arms, for he had broken it down, to build it up anew; but, notwithstanding, he knew very well that in a case of necessity they might lawfully be watched in any other place, and therefore he might watch them that night in the base-court of the castle; for in the morning, an it pleased God, the ceremonies requisite should be done in such sort as he should remain a dubbed knight, in so good fashion as in all the world he could not be bettered. He demanded of Don Quixote whether he had any money; who answered that he had not a blank, for he had never read in any history of knights-errant that any one of them ever carried any money. To this his host replied, that he was deceived; for, admit that histories made no mention thereof, because the authors of them deemed it not necessary to express a thing so manifest and needful to be carried as was money and clean shirts, it was not therefore to be credited that they had none; and therefore he should hold, for most certain and manifest, that all the knights-errant, with the story of whose acts so many books are replenished and heaped, had their purses well lined for that which might befall, and did moreover carry with them a little casket of ointments and salves, to cure the wounds which they re-

## HIS KNIGHTING

ceived, for they had not the commodity of a surgeon to cure them, every time that they fought abroad in the fields and deserts, if they had not by chance some wise enchanter to their friend, who would presently succour them, bringing unto them, in some cloud, through the air, some damsel or dwarf, with a vial of water of so great virtue, as tasting one drop thereof, they remained as whole of their sores and wounds as if they had never received any. But when they had not that benefit, the knights of times past held it for a very commendable and secure course that their squires should be provided of money and other necessary things, as lint and ointments for to cure themselves; and when it befel that the like knights had no squires to attend upon them (which happened but very seldom), then would they themselves carry all this provision behind them on their horses, in some slight and subtle wallets, which could scarce be perceived as a thing of very great consequence; for, if it were not upon such an occasion, the carriage of wallets was not very tolerable among knights-errant. And in this respect he did advise him, seeing he might yet command him, as one that, by receiving the order of knighthood at his hands, should very shortly become his godchild, that he should not travel from thenceforward without money and other the preventions he had then given unto him; and he should perceive himself how behooveful they would prove unto him when he least expected it.

Don Quixote promised to accomplish all that he had counselled him to do, with all punctuality; and so order was forthwith given how he should watch his arms in a great yard that lay near unto one side of the inn. Wherefore Don Quixote gathered all his arms together, laid them on a cistern that stood near unto a well; and, buckling on his target, he laid

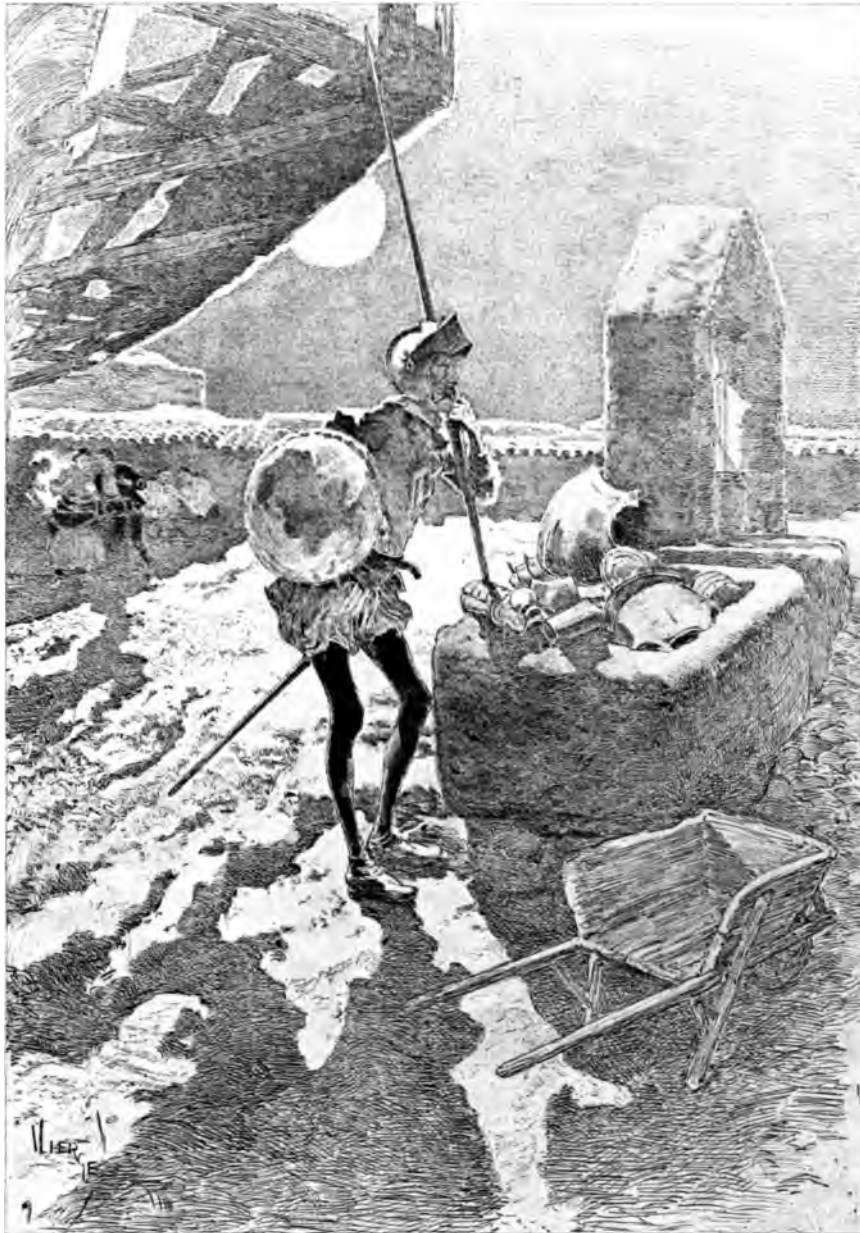
## DON QUIXOTE

hold on his lance, and walked up and down before the cistern very demurely, and when he began to walk, the night likewise began to lock up the splendour of the day. The inn-keeper, in the mean season, recounted to all the rest that lodged in the inn the folly of his guest, the watching of his arms, and the knighthood which he expected to receive. They all admired very much at so strange a kind of folly, and went out to behold him from afar off, and saw that sometimes he pranced to and fro with a quiet gesture; other times, leaning upon his lance, he looked upon his armour, without beholding any other thing save his arms for a good space.

The night being shut up at last wholly, but with such clearness of the moon as it might well compare with his brightness that lent her her splendour, everything which our new knight did was easily perceived by all the beholders. In this season one of the carriers that lodged in the inn resolved to water his mules, and for that purpose it was necessary to remove Don Quixote's armour that lay on the cistern; who, seeing him approach, said unto him, with a loud voice, 'O thou, whosoever thou beest, bold knight! that comest to touch the armour of the most valorous adventurer that ever girded sword, look well what thou dost, and touch them not, if thou meanest not to leave thy life in payment of thy presumption.' The carrier made no account of those words (but it were better he had, for it would have redounded to his benefit), but rather, laying hold on the leatherings, threw the armour a pretty way off from him, which being perceived by Don Quixote, he lifted up his eyes towards heaven, and addressing his thoughts (as it seemed) to his Lady Dulcinea, he said, 'Assist me, dear lady, in this first dangerous scorn and adventure offered to this breast, that is enthralled to thee,







*The Vigil*





## HIS KNIGHTING

and let not thy favour and protection fail me in this my first trance!’ And, uttering these and other such words, he let slip his target, and, lifting up his lance with both hands, he paid the carrier so round a knock therewithal on the pate, as he overthrew him to the ground in so evil taking, as, if he had seconded it with another, he should not have needed any surgeon to cure him. This done, he gathered up his armour again, and laying them where they had been before, he walked after up and down by them, with as much quietness as he did at the first.

But very soon after, another carrier, without knowing what had happened (for his companion lay yet in a trance on the ground), came also to give his mules water, and coming to take away the arms, that he might free the cistern of encumbrances, and take water the easier—Don Quixote saying nothing, nor imploring favour of his mistress or any other, let slip again his target, and, lifting his lance, without breaking of it in pieces, made more than three of the second carrier’s noddle; for he broke it in four places. All the people of the inn, and amongst them the host likewise, repaired at this time to the noise; which Don Quixote perceiving, embracing his target, and laying hand on his sword, he said: ‘O lady of all beauty; courage and vigour of my weakened heart! it is now high time that thou do convert the eyes of thy greatness to this thy captive knight, who doth expect so marvellous great an adventure.’ Saying thus, he recovered, as he thought, so great courage, that if all the carriers of the world had assailed him, he would not go one step backward. The wounded men’s fellows, seeing them so evil dight, from afar off began to rain stones on Don Quixote, who did defend himself the best he might with his target, and durst not de-



Don Quixote stoned by the carriers

part from the cistern, lest he should seem to abandon his arms. The innkeeper cried to them to let him alone; for he had already informed them that he was mad, and so such a one would escape scot-free although he had slain them all. Don Quixote likewise cried out louder, terming them all disloyal men and traitors, and that the lord of the castle was a

## HIS KNIGHTING

treacherous and bad knight, seeing that he consented that knights-errant should be so basely used; and that, if he had not yet received the order of knighthood, he would make him understand his treason: 'But of you base and rascally kennel,' quoth he, 'I make no reckoning at all. Throw at me, approach, draw near, and do me all the hurt you may, for you shall ere long perceive the reward you shall carry for this your madness and outrage.' Which words he spoke with so great spirit and boldness, as he struck a terrible fear into all those that assaulted him; and therefore, moved both by it, and the innkeeper's persuasions, they left off throwing stones at him, and he permitted them to carry away the wounded men, and returned to the guard of his arms with as great quietness and gravity as he did at the beginning.

The innkeeper did not like very much these tricks of his guest, and therefore he determined to abbreviate, and give him the unfortunate order of knighthood forthwith, before some other disaster befel. And with this resolution coming unto him, he excused himself of the insolences those base fellows had used to him, without his privity or consent; but their rashness, as he said, remained well chastised. He added how he had already told unto him, that there was no chapel in his castle, and that for what yet rested unperfected of their intention, it was not necessary, because the chief point of remaining knighted consisted chiefly in blows of the neck and shoulders, as he had read in the ceremonial book of the order, and that that might be given in the very midst of the fields; and that he had already accomplished the obligation of watching his arms, which with only two hours' watch might be fulfilled; how much more after having watched four, as he had done. All this Don Quixote believed,

## DON QUIXOTE

and therefore answered, that he was most ready to obey him, and requested him to conclude with all the brevity possible; for if he saw himself knighted, and were once again assaulted, he meant not to leave one person alive in all the castle, except those which the constable should command, whom he would spare for his sake.

The constable being thus advertised, and fearful that he would put this his deliberation in execution, brought out a book presently, wherein he was wont to write down the accounts of the straw and barley which he delivered from time to time to such carriers as lodged in his inn, for their beasts; and, with a butt of a candle, which a boy held lighted in his hand before him, accompanied by the two damsels above mentioned, he came to Don Quixote, whom he commanded to kneel upon his knees, and, reading in his manual (as it seemed, some devout orison), he held up his hand in the midst of the lecture, and gave him a good blow on the neck, and after that gave him another trim thwack over the shoulders with his own sword, always murmuring something between the teeth, as if he prayed. This being done, he commanded one of the ladies to gird on his sword, which she did with a singular good grace and dexterity, which was much, the matter being of itself so ridiculous, as it wanted but little to make a man burst with laughter at every passage of the ceremonies; but the prowess which they had already beheld in the new knight did limit and contain their delight. At the girding on of his sword, the good lady said, 'God make you a fortunate knight, and give you good success in all your debates!' Don Quixote demanded then how she was called, that he might thenceforward know to whom he was so much obliged for the favour received. And she answered,



Don Quixote rides forth from the inn

with great buxomness, that she was named Tolosa, and was a butcher's daughter of Toledo, that dwelt in Sancho Benega's Street, and that she would ever honour him as her lord. Don Quixote replied, requesting her, for his sake, to call herself from thenceforth the Lady Tolosa, which she promised him to perform. The other lady buckled on his spur, with whom he had the very like conference, and, asking her name, she told him she was called Molinera, and was daughter to an honest miller of Antequera. Her likewise our knight entreated to call herself the Lady Molinera, proffering her new

## DON QUIXOTE

services and favours. The new and never-seen-before ceremonies being thus speedily finished, as it seemed, with a gallop, Don Quixote could not rest until he was mounted on horseback, that he might go to seek adventures; wherefore, causing Rozinante to be instantly saddled, he leaped on him, and embracing his host, he said unto him such strange things, gratifying the favour he had done him in dubbing him knight, as it is impossible to hit upon the manner of recounting them right. The innkeeper, that he might be quickly rid of him, did answer his words with others no less rhetorical, but was in his speech somewhat briefer; and, without demanding of him anything for his lodging, he suffered him to depart in a fortunate hour.



## CHAPTER IV

OF THAT WHICH BEFEL TO OUR KNIGHT AFTER HE HAD  
DEPARTED FROM THE INN

**A**URORA began to display her beauties about the time that Don Quixote issued out of the inn, so content, lively, and jocund to behold himself knighted, as his very horse-girths were ready to burst for joy. But calling to memory the counsels that his host had given him, touching the most needful implements that he was ever to carry



## DON QUIXOTE

about him, of money and clean shirts, he determined to return to his house, and to provide himself of them, and also of a squire; making account to entertain a certain labourer, his neighbour, who was poor and had children, but yet one very fit for this purpose and squirely function belonging to knighthood. With this determination he turned Rozinante towards the way of his own village, who, knowing in a manner his will, began to trot on with so good a pace as he seemed not to touch the ground. He had not travelled far, when he thought that he heard certain weak and delicate cries, like to those of one that complained, to issue out from the thickest of a wood that stood on the right hand. And scarce had he heard them when he said: 'I render infinite thanks to Heaven for the favour it doth me, by proffering me so soon occasion wherein I may accomplish the duty of my profession, and gather the fruits of my good desires. These complaints doubtlessly be of some distressed man or woman, who needeth my favour and aid.' Then, turning the reins, he guided Rozinante towards the place from whence he thought the complaints sallied; and within a few paces after he had entered into the thicket, he saw a mare tied unto an holm oak, and to another was tied a young youth, all naked from the middle upward, of about the age of fifteen years, and was he that cried so pitifully: and not without cause; for a certain countryman of comely personage did whip him with a girdle, and accompanied every blow with a reprehension and counsel; for he said, 'The tongue must peace, and the eyes be wary.' And the boy answered, 'I will never do it again, good master; for the passion of God, I will never do it again. And I promise to have more care of your things from henceforth.'

## THE COUNTRYMAN AND HIS BOY

But Don Quixote, viewing all that passed, said, with an angry voice, 'Discourteous knight, it is very uncomely to see thee deal thus with one that cannot defend himself. Mount, therefore, on horseback, and take thy lance' (for the farmer had also a lance leaning to the very same tree whereunto his mare was tied), 'for I will make thee know that it is the use of cowards to do that which thou dost.' The other, beholding such an antic to hover over him, all laden with arms, and brandishing of his lance towards his face, made full account that he should be slain, and therefore he answered, with very mild and submissive words, saying, 'Sir knight, the boy which I chastise is mine own servant, and keepeth for me a flock of sheep in this commark; who is grown so negligent, as he loseth one of them every other day, and because I correct him for his carelessness and knavery, he says I do it through covetousness and pinching, as meaning to defraud him of his wages; but, before God, and in conscience, he belies me.'

'What! the lie in my presence, rascally clown?' quoth Don Quixote. 'By the sun that shines on us, I am about to run thee through and through with my lance, base carle! Pay him instantly, without more replying; or else, by that God which doth manage our sublunar affairs, I will conclude thee and annihilate thee in a moment! Loose him forthwith!' The countryman, hanging down of his head, made no reply, but loosed his servant; of whom Don Quixote demanded how much did his master owe unto him. He said, nine months' hire, at seven reals a month. Don Quixote made then the account, and found that all amounted to sixty-one reals, and therefore commanded the farmer to pay the money presently, if he meant not to die for it. The fearful

## DON QUIXOTE

countryman answered, that by the trance wherein he was then, and by the oath he had made (which was none at all, for he swore not), that he owed not so much; for there should be deducted out of the account three pairs of shoes he had given unto him, and a real for twice letting him blood, being sick. 'All is well,' quoth Don Quixote; 'but let the price of the shoes and letting blood go for the blows which thou hast given him without any desert; for if he have broken the leather of those shoes thou hast bestowed on him, thou hast likewise torn the skin of his body; and if the barber took away his blood, being sick, thou hast taken it out, he being in health; so as in that respect he owes thee nothing.' 'The damage is, sir knight,' replied the boy's master, 'that I have no money here about me. Let Andrew come with me to my house, and I will pay him his wages, one real upon another.' 'I go with him!' quoth the boy; 'evil befall me then! No, sir, I never meant it; for as soon as ever he were alone, he would flay me like St. Bartholomew.' 'He will not dare to do it,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for my command is sufficient to make him respect me, and so that he will swear to me to observe it, by the order of knighthood which he hath received, I will set him free, and assure thee of the payment.' 'Good sir,' quoth the youth, 'mark well what you say; for this man, my master, is no knight, nor did ever receive any order of knighthood, for he is John Haldudo, the rich man, a dweller of Quintinar.'

'That makes no matter,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for there may be knights of the Haldudos; and what is more, every one is son of his works.' 'That's true,' quoth Andrew; 'but of what works can this my master be son, seeing he denies me my wages, and my sweat and labour?' 'I do not deny

## THE COUNTRYMAN AND HIS BOY

thy wages, friend Andrew,' quoth his master; 'do me but the pleasure to come with me, and I swear, by all the orders of knighthood that are in the world, to pay thee as I have said, one real upon another—yea, and those also perfumed.' 'For the perfuming, I thank thee,' quoth Don Quixote; 'give it him in reals, and with that I will rest satisfied; and see that thou fulfillest it as thou hast sworn: if not, I swear again to thee, by the same oath, to return and search thee, and chastise thee, and I will find thee out, though thou shouldst hide thyself better than a lizard; and if thou desirest to note who commands thee this, that thou mayst remain more firmly obliged to accomplish it, know that I am the valorous Don Quixote of the Mancha, the righter of wrongs and undoer of injuries; and so farewell, and do not forget what thou hast promised and sworn, on pain of the pains already pronounced.' And, saying these words, he spurred Rozinante, and in short space was got far off from them. The countryman pursued him with his eye, and, perceiving that he was past the wood, and quite out of sight, he returned to his man Andrew, and said to him, 'Come to me, child, for I will pay thee what I owe thee, as that righter of wrongs hath left me commanded.' 'That I swear,' quoth Andrew; 'and you shall deal discreetly in fulfilling that good knight's commandment, who I pray God may live a thousand years; for, seeing he is so valorous and so just a judge, I swear by Rocque, that if you pay me not, he shall return and execute what he promised.' 'I also do swear the same,' quoth the farmer; 'but in respect of the great affection I bear unto thee, I will augment the debt, to increase the payment.' And, catching the youth by the arm, he tied him again to the oak, where he gave him so many blows as he left him for dead. 'Call now, Master Andrew,' quoth he, 'for the righter of wrongs, and

## DON QUIXOTE

thou shalt see that he cannot undo this, although I believe it is not yet ended to be done; for I have yet a desire to flay thee alive, as thou didst thyself fear.' Notwithstanding all these threats, he untied him at last, and gave him leave to go seek out his judge, to the end he might execute the sentence pronounced. Andrew departed somewhat discontent, swearing to search for the valorous Don Quixote of the Mancha, and recount unto him, word for word, all that had passed, and that he should pay the abuse with usury; but, for all his threats, he departed weeping, and his master remained behind laughing: and in this manner the valorous Don Quixote redressed that wrong.

Who, glad above measure for his success, accounting himself to have given a most noble beginning to his feats of arms, did travel towards his village, with very great satisfaction of himself, and said, in a low tone, these words following: 'Well mayst thou call thyself happy above all other women of the earth, O above all beauties, beautiful Dulcinea of Toboso! since thy good fortune was such, to hold subject and prostrate to thy will and desire so valiant and renowned a knight as is, and ever shall be, Don Quixote of the Mancha, who, as all the world knows, received the order of knighthood but yesterday, and hath destroyed to-day the greatest outrage and wrong that want of reason could form, or cruelty commit. To-day did he take away the whip out of that pitiless enemy's hand, which did so cruelly scourge without occasion the delicate infant.'

In this discourse he came to a way that divided itself into four, and presently these thwarting cross-ways represented themselves to his imagination, which oftentimes held knights-errant in suspense which way they should take; and, that he

## THE MERCHANTS OF TOLEDO

might imitate them, he stood still a while, and, after he had bethought himself well, he let slip the reins to Rozinante, subjecting his will to that of his horse, who presently pursued his first design, which was to return home unto his own stable: and having travelled some two miles, Don Quixote discovered a great troop of people, who, as it was after known, were certain merchants of Toledo, that rode towards Murcia to buy silks. They were six in number, and came with their quitasoles,<sup>1</sup> or shadows of the sun, four serving-men on horseback, and three lackeys. Scarce had Don Quixote perceived them, when he straight imagined them to be a new adventure. And because he would imitate as much as was possible the passages which he read in his books, he represented this to himself to be just such an adventure as he purposed to achieve. And so, with comely gesture and hardiness, settling himself well in the stirrups, he set his lance into his rest, and embraced his target, and, placing himself in the midst of the way, he stood awaiting when those knights-errant should arrive; for now he judged and took them for such. And when they were so near as they might hear and see him, he lifted up his voice, and said: 'Let all the world stand and pass no further, if all the world will not confess that there is not in all the world a more beautiful damsel than the Empress of the Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea of Toboso!' The merchants stayed at these words to behold the marvellous and ridiculous shape of him that spake them, and, by his fashion and them joined did incontinently gather his folly and distraction, and, notwithstanding, would leisurely behold to what tended that confession which he exacted of them; and therefore one of them, who was somewhat given

<sup>1</sup> A thing made like a canopy, and is used by travellers to keep away the sun.

## DON QUIXOTE

to gibing, and was withal very discreet, said unto him, 'Sir knight, we do not know that good lady of whom you speak; show her therefore to us, and if she be so beautiful as you affirm, we will willingly, and without any compulsion, confess the truth which you now demand of us.' 'If I did show her to you,' replied Don Quixote, 'what mastery were it then for you to acknowledge a truth so notorious? The consequence of mine affairs consists in this, that, without beholding her, you do believe, confess, affirm, swear, and defend it; which if you refuse to perform, I challenge you all to battle, proud and unreasonable folk; and, whether you come one by one (as the order of knighthood requires), or all at once, as is the custom and dishonourable practice of men of your brood, here will I expect and await you all, trusting in the reason which I have on my side.' 'Sir knight,' replied the merchant, 'I request you, in all these princes' names, as many as we be here, that to the end we may not burden our consciences, confessing a thing which we never beheld nor heard, and, chiefly, being so prejudicial to the empresses and queens of the kingdoms of Alcaria and Estremadura, you will please to show us some portraiture of that lady, although it be no bigger than a grain of wheat, for by one thread we may judge of the whole clew; and we will with this favour rest secure and satisfied, and you likewise remain content and apaid. And I do believe, moreover, that we are already so inclined to your side, that although her picture showed her to be blind of the one eye, and at the other that she ran fire and brimstone, yet would we, notwithstanding, to please you, say in her favour all that you listed.' 'There drops not, base scoundrels,' quoth Don Quixote, all inflamed with choler,—'there drops not,

## THE MERCHANTS OF TOLEDO

I say, from her that which thou sayst, but amber and civet among bombase; and she is not blind of an eye, or crook-backed, but is straighter than a spindle of Guadarama. But all of you together shall pay for the great blasphemy thou hast spoken against so immense a beauty as is that of my mistress.' And, saying so, he abased his lance against him that had answered, with such fury and anger, as, if good fortune had not so ordained it that Rozinante should stumble and fall in the midst of the career, it had gone very ill with the bold merchant. Rozinante fell, in fine, and his master reeled over a good piece of the field; and though he attempted to rise, yet was he never able, he was so encumbered by his lance, target, spurs, helmet, and his weighty old armour. And in the meanwhile that he strove to arise, and could not, he cried: 'Fly not, cowardly folk! abide, base people, abide! for I lie not here through mine own fault, but through the defect of my horse.'

One of the lackeys that came in the company, and seemed to be a man of none of the best intentions, hearing the poor overthrown knight speak such insolent words, could not forbear them without returning him an answer on his ribs; and with that intention approaching to him, he took his lance, and, after he had broken it in pieces, he gave Don Quixote so many blows with one of them, that, in despite of his armour, he threshed him like a sheaf of wheat. His masters cried to him, commanding him not to beat him so much, but that he should leave him; but all would not serve, for the youth was angry, and would not leave off the play, until he had avoided the rest of his choler. And, therefore, running for the other pieces of the broken lance, he broke them all on the miserable fallen knight; who, for all the tempest of





Don Quixote left belaboured by the lackey

blows that rained on him, did never shut his mouth, but threatened heaven and earth, and those' murderers; for such they seemed to him. The lackey tired himself at last, and the merchants followed on their way, carrying with them occasion enough of talk of the poor belaboured knight; who, when he saw himself alone, turned again to make trial whether he might arise; but if he could not do it when he was whole and sound, how was it possible he being so bruised

<sup>1</sup> Malandrines.

## THE MERCHANTS OF TOLEDO

and almost destroyed? And yet he accounted himself very happy, persuading himself that his disgrace was proper and incident to knights-errant, and did attribute all to the fault of his horse, and could in no wise get up, all his body was so' bruised and laden with blows.

† Bramado.



## CHAPTER V

WHEREIN IS PROSECUTED THE FORMER NARRATION OF  
OUR KNIGHT'S MISFORTUNES

**B**UT seeing, in effect, that he could not stir himself, he resolved to have recourse to his ordinary remedy, which was to think on some passage of his histories; and in the instant his folly presented to his memory that of Valdovinos and the Marquis of Mantua, then when Carloto had left him wounded on the mountain: a history known by children, not hidden to young men, much celebrated, yea, and believed by many old men; and is yet for all that no more authentical than are Mahomet's miracles. This history, as it seemed to him, was most fit for the trance wherein he was; and therefore he began, with signs of great pain, to tumble

## RETURN TO LA MANCHA

up and down, and pronounce, with a languishing breath, the same that they feign the wounded knight to have said in the wood:

‘Where art thou, lady dear! that griev’st not at my smart?  
Or thou dost it not know, or thou disloyal art.’

And after this manner he did prosecute the old song, until these verses that say: ‘O noble Marquis of Mantua, my carnal lord and uncle!’ And it befel by chance, that at the very same time there passed by the place where he lay a man of his own village, who was his neighbour, and returned after having carried a load of wheat to the mill; who beholding a man stretched on the ground, he came over to him, and demanded what he was, and what was it that caused him to complain so dolefully. Don Quixote did verily believe that it was his uncle, the Marquis of Mantua, and so gave him no other answer, but only followed on in the repetition of his old romance, wherein he gave him account of his misfortune, and of the love the emperor’s son bore to his spouse, all in the very same manner that the ballad recounts it. The labourer remained much astonished, hearing those follies. And, taking off his visor, which with the lackey’s blows was broken all to pieces, he wiped his face that was full of dust, and scarce had he done it when he knew him; to whom he said: ‘Master Quixada’ (for so he was probably called when he had his wits, before he left the state of a staid yeoman to become a wandering knight), ‘who hath used you after this manner?’ But he continued his romance, answering out of it to every question that was put to him; which the good man perceiving, disarmed him the best he could, to see whether he had any wound; but he could see no blood, or any token on him

## DON QUIXOTE

of hurt. Afterward he endeavoured to raise him from the ground, which he did at the last with much ado, and mounted him on his ass, as a beast of easiest carriage. He gathered then together all his arms, and left not behind so much as the splinters of the lance, and tied them altogether upon Rozinante, whom he took by the bridle, and the ass by his halter, and led them both in that equipage fair and easily towards his village, being very pensative to hear the follies that Don Quixote spoke. And Don Quixote was no less melancholy, who was so beaten and bruised as he could very hardly hold himself upon the ass; and ever and anon he breathed forth such grievous sighs, as he seemed to fix them in heaven; which moved his neighbour to entreat him again to declare unto him the cause of his grief. And it seems none other but that the very devil himself did call to his memory histories accommodated to his successes; for in that instant, wholly forgetting Valdovinos, he remembered the Moor Abindarraez then, when the constable of Antequera, Roderick Narvaez, had taken him, and carried him prisoner to his castle. So that, when his neighbour turned again to ask of him how he did, and what ailed him, he answered the very same words and speech that captive Abindarraez said to Narvaez, just as he had read them in *Diana* of Montemayor, where the history is written; applying it so properly to his purpose, that the labourer grew almost mad for anger to hear that *machina* of follies, by which he collected that his neighbour was distracted; and therefore he hied as fast as possible he could to the village, that so he might free himself from the vexation that Don Quixote's idle and prolix discourse gave unto him. At the end whereof the knight said: 'Don Roderick of Narvaez, you shall understand that this beautiful Xarifa, of



The return home in distress

whom I spoke, is now the fair Dulcinea of Toboso; for whom I have done, I do, and will do, such famous acts of knighthood as ever have been, are, and shall be seen in all the world.' To this his neighbour answered: 'Do not you perceive, sir, (sinner that I am!) how I am neither Don Roderick de Nar-

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vaez nor the Marquis of Mantua, but Peter Alonso, your neighbour? nor are you Valdovinos nor Abindarraez, but the honest gentleman, Master Quixada.' 'I know very well who I am,' quoth Don Quixote; 'and also I know that I may not only be those whom I have named, but also all the twelve Peers of France, yea, and the nine Worthies; since mine acts shall surpass all those that ever they did together, or every one of them apart.'

With these and such other discourses, they arrived at last at their village about sunset; but the labourer awaited until it waxed somewhat dark, because folk should not view the knight so simply mounted. And when he saw his time he entered into the town, and went to Don Quixote's house, which he found full of confusion. There was the curate and the barber of the village, both of them Don Quixote's great friends; to whom the old woman of the house said, in a lamentable manner: 'What do you think, Master Licentiate Pero Perez' (for so the curate was called) 'of my master's misfortune? These six days neither he nor his horse have appeared, nor the target, lance, or armour. Unfortunate woman that I am! I do suspect, and I am as sure it is true as that I shall die, how those accursed books of knighthood which he hath, and is wont to read ordinarily, have turned his judgment; for now I remember that I have heard him say oftentimes, speaking to himself, that he would become a knight-errant, and go seek adventures throughout the world. Let such books be recommended to Satan and Barabbas, which have destroyed in this sort the most delicate understanding of all the Mancha.' His niece affirmed the same, and did add: 'Moreover, you shall understand, good Master Nicholas' (for so hight the barber), 'that it many times befel my uncle to continue the

## RETURN TO LA MANCHA

lecture of those unhappy books of disventures two days and two nights together; at the end of which, throwing the book away from him, he would lay hand on his sword, and would fall a-slashing of the walls; and when he were wearied, he would say that he had slain four giants as great as four towers, and the sweat that dropped down, through the labour he took, he would say was blood that gushed out of those wounds which he had received in the conflict, and then would he quaff off a great pot full of cold water, and straight he did become whole and quiet; saying that water was a most precious drink, which the wise man Esquire, a great enchanter or sorcerer, and his friend, had brought unto him. But I am in the fault of all this, who never advertised you both of mine uncle's raving, to the end you might have redressed it ere it came to these terms, and burnt all those excommunicated books; for he had many that deserved the fire as much as if they were heretical.' 'That do I likewise affirm,' quoth Master Curate; 'and, in sooth, to-morrow shall not pass over us without making a public process against them, and condemn them to be burnt in the fire, that they may not minister occasion again to such as may read them, to do that which I fear my good friend hath done.'

The labourer and Don Quixote stood hearing all that which was said, and then he perfectly understood the disease of his neighbour, and therefore he began to cry aloud: 'Open the doors to Lord Valdovinos and to the Lord Marquis of Mantua, who comes very sore wounded and hurt, and to the Lord Moor, Abindarraez, whom the valorous Roderick of Narvaez, Constable of Antequera, brings as his prisoner!' All the household ran out, hearing these cries; and, some knowing their friend, the others their master and uncle, who





The household hears the story

had not yet alighted from the ass, because he was not able, they ran to embrace him; but he forbade them, saying, 'Stand still and touch me not, for I return very sore wounded and hurt, through default of my horse: carry me to my bed, and, if it be possible, send for the wise Urganda, that she may cure and look to my hurt.' 'See, in an ill hour,' quoth the old woman straightway, 'if my heart did not very well foretell me on which foot my master halted. Come up in good time, for we shall know how to cure you well enough without send-

## RETURN TO LA MANCHA

ing for that Urganda you have mentioned. Accursed, say I once again, and a hundred times accursed, may those books of knighthood be, which have brought you to such estate!’ With that they bore him up to his bed, and searching for his wounds, could not find any; and then he said all was but bruising, by reason of a great fall he had with his horse Rozinante, as he fought with ten giants, the most unmeasurable and boldest that might be found in a great part of the earth. ‘Hearken,’ quoth the curate, ‘we have also giants in the dance; by mine honesty, I will burn them all before to-morrow at night.’ Then did they ask a thousand questions of Don Quixote; but he would answer to none of them, and only requested them to give him some meat, and suffer him to sleep, seeing rest was most behooveful for him. All which was done; and the curate informed himself at large of the labouring man, in what sort he had found Don Quixote, which he recounted to him, and also the follies he said, both at his finding and bringing to town; which did kindle more earnestly the licentiate’s desire to do what he had resolved the next day; which was to call his friend the barber, Master Nicholas, with whom he came to Don Quixote’s house,



## CHAPTER VI

OF THE PLEASANT AND CURIOUS SEARCH MADE BY THE  
CURATE AND THE BARBER OF DON QUIXOTE'S  
LIBRARY

**W**HO slept yet soundly. The curate sought for the keys of the library, the only authors of his harm, which the gentleman's niece gave unto him very willingly. All of them entered into it, and among the rest the old woman; wherein they found more than a hundred great volumes, and those very well bound, besides the small ones. And as soon as the old woman had seen them, she departed very hastily out of the chamber, and eftsoons returned with as

## THE BURNING OF THE BOOKS

great speed, with a holy-water pot and a sprinkler in her hand, and said: 'Hold, master licentiate, and sprinkle this chamber all about, lest there should lurk in it some one enchanter of the many which these books contain, and cry quittance with us for the penalties we mean to inflict on these books, by banishing them out of this world.' The simplicity of the good old woman caused the licentiate to laugh: who commanded the barber to fetch him down the books from their shelves, one by one, that he might peruse their arguments; for it might happen some to be found which in no sort deserved to be chastised with fire. 'No,' replied the niece, 'no; you ought not to pardon any of them, seeing they have all been offenders: it is better you throw them all into the base-court, and there make a pile of them, and then set them a-fire; if not, they may be carried into the yard, and there make a bonfire of them, and the smoke will offend nobody.' The old woman said as much, both of them thirsted so much for the death of these innocents; but the curate would not condescend thereto until he had first read the titles, at the least, of every book.

The first that Master Nicholas put into his hands was that of *Amadis of Gaul*; which the curate perusing a while: 'This comes not to me first of all others without some mystery; for, as I have heard told, this is the first book of knighthood that ever was printed in Spain, and all the others have had their beginning and original from this; and therefore methinks that we must condemn him to the fire, without all remission, as the dogmatiser and head of so bad a sect.' 'Not so, fie!' quoth the barber; 'for I have heard that it is the very best contrived book of all those of that kind; and therefore he is to be pardoned, as the only complete one of his



The library keys are procured

profession.' 'That is true,' replied the curate, 'and for that reason we do give him his life for this time. Let us see that other which lies next unto him.' 'It is,' quoth the barber, '*The Adventures of Splandian*,' Amadis of Gaul's lawfully begotten son.' 'Yet, on mine honesty,' replied the

<sup>1</sup> *Las Sergas*, page 73.

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curate, 'his father's goodness shall nothing avail him. Take this book, old mistress, and open the window, throw it down into the yard, and let it lay the foundation of our heap for the fire we mean to make.' She did what was commanded with great alacrity, and so the good *Splandian* fled into the yard, to expect with all patience the fire which he was threatened to abide. 'Forward,' quoth the curate. 'This that comes now,' said the barber, 'is *Amadis of Greece*; and, as I conjecture, all those that lie on this side are of the same lineage of Amadis.' 'Then let them go all to the yard,' quoth the curate, 'in exchange of burning *Queen Pintiquinestra*, and the shepherd *Darinel* with his eclogues, and the subtle and intricate discourses of the author, which are able to entangle the father that engendered me, if he went in form of a knight-errant.' 'I am of the same opinion,' quoth the barber. 'And I also,' said the niece. 'Then, since it is so,' quoth the old wife, 'let them come, and to the yard with them all.' They were rendered all up unto her, which were many in number: wherefore, to save a labour of going up and down the stairs, she threw them out at the window.

'What bundle is that?' quoth the curate. 'This is,' answered Master Nicholas, '*Don Olivante of Laura*.' 'The author of that book,' quoth the curate, 'composed likewise *The Garden of Flowers*, and, in good sooth, I can scarce resolve which of the two works is truest, or, to speak better, is less lying; only this much I can determine, that this must go to the yard, being a book foolish and arrogant.' 'This that follows is *Florismarte of Hircania*,' quoth the barber. 'Is Lord Florismarte there?' then replied the curate; 'then, by mine honesty, he shall briefly make his

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arrest in the yard, in despite of his wonderful birth and famous adventures; for the drouth and harshness of his style deserves no greater favour. To the yard with him, and this other, good masters.' 'With a very good will,' quoth old Mumpsimus; and straightway did execute his commandment with no small gladness. 'This is *Sir Platyr*,' quoth the barber. 'It is an ancient book,' replied the curate, 'wherein I find nothing meriting pardon; let him, without any reply, keep company with the rest.' Forthwith it was done.

Then was another book opened, and they saw the title thereof to be *The Knight of the Cross*. 'For the holy title which this book beareth,' quoth the curate, 'his ignorance might be pardoned; but it is a common saying, "The devil lurks behind the cross"; wherefore let it go the fire.' The barber, taking another book, said, 'This is *The Mirror of Knighthood*.' 'I know his worship well,' quoth the curate. 'There goes among those books, I see, the *Lord Raynold of Montalban*, with his friends and companions, all of them greater thieves than Cacus,' and the twelve peers of France, with the historiographer Turpin. I am, in truth, about to condemn them only to exile, forasmuch as they contain some part of the famous poet, Matthew Boyardo, his invention: out of which the Christian poet, Lodovic Ariosto, did likewise weave his work, which, if I can find among these, and that he speaks not his own native tongue, I'll use him with no respect; but if he talk in his own language, I will put him, for honour's sake, on my head.'

'If that be so,' quoth the barber, 'I have him at home in

<sup>1</sup> A thief that used to steal cattle, and pull them backward by the tails, that none might trace them.

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the Italian, but cannot understand him.' 'Neither were it good you should understand him,' replied the curate; 'and here we would willingly have excused the good captain that translated it into Spanish, from that labour, or bringing it into Spain, if it had pleased himself; for he hath deprived it of much natural worth in the translation: a fault incident to all those that presume to translate verses out of one language into another; for, though they employ all their industry and wit therein, they can never arrive to the height of that primitive conceit which they bring with them in their first birth. I say, therefore, that this book, and all the others that may be found in this library to treat of French affairs, be cast and deposited in some dry vault, until we may determine, with more deliberation, what we should do with them; always excepting *Bernardo del Carpio*, which must be there amongst the rest, and another called *Roncesvalles*; for these two, coming to my hands, shall be rendered up to those of the old guardian, and from hers into the fire's, without any remission.' All which was confirmed by the barber, who did ratify his sentence, holding it for good and discreet, because he knew the curate to be so virtuous a man, and so great a friend of the truth, as he would say nothing contrary to it for all the goods of the world.

And then, opening another book, he saw it was *Palmerin de Oliva*, near unto which stood another, entitled *Palmerin of England*; which the licentiate perceiving, said, 'Let *Oliva* be presently rent in pieces, and burned in such sort that even the very ashes thereof may not be found; and let *Palmerin of England* be preserved, as a thing rarely delectable; and let such another box as that which Alexander found among Darius' spoils, and deputed to keep Homer's works, be made for it;



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for, gossip, this book hath sufficient authority for two reasons: the first, because of itself it is very good, and excellently contrived; the other, forasmuch as the report runs, that a certain discreet king of Portugal was the author thereof. All the adventures of the Castle of Miraguarda are excellent and artificial; the discourses very clear and courtly, observing evermore a decorum in him that speaks, with great propriety and conceit; therefore I say, Master Nicholas, if you think good, this and *Amadis de Gaul* may be preserved from the fire; and let all the rest, without further search or regard, perish.'

'In the devil's name, do not so, gentle gossip,' replied the barber; 'for this which I hold now in my hand is the famous *Don Belianis*.' 'What! he?' quoth the curate; 'the second, third, and fourth part thereof have great need of some rhubarb to purge his excessive choler, and we must, moreover, take out of him all that of the Castle of Fame, and other impertinences of more consequence. Therefore, we give them a *terminus ultramarinus*, and as they shall be corrected, so will we use mercy or justice towards them; and in the mean space, gossip, you may keep them at your house, but permit no man to read them.' 'I am pleased,' quoth the barber; and, being unwilling to tire himself any more by reading of titles, he bade the old woman to take all the great volumes and throw them into the yard.

The words were not spoken to a mome or deaf person, but to one that had more desire to burn them than to weave a piece of linen, were it never so great and fine; and therefore, taking eight of them together, she threw them all out of the window, and returning the second time, thinking to carry away a great many at once, one of them fell at the barber's feet, who, desirous to know the title, saw that it was *The History of the*

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*Famous Knight Tirante the White.* ‘Good God!’ quoth the curate, with a loud voice, ‘is *Tirante the White* here? Give me it, gossip; for I make account to find in it a treasure of delight, and a copious mine of pastime. Here is Don Quireleison of Montalban, a valiant knight; and his brother Thomas of Montalban, and the Knight Fonseca, and the combat which the valiant Detriante fought with Alano, and the witty conceits of the damsel Plazerdemivida, with the love and guiles of the widow Reposada, and of the empress enamoured on her squire Ipolito. I say unto you, gossip, that this book is, for the style, one of the best of the world: in it knights do eat, and drink, and sleep, and die in their beds naturally, and make their testaments before their death; with many other things which all other books of this subject do want; yet, notwithstanding, if I might be judge, the author thereof deserved, because he purposely penned and wrote so many follies, to be sent to the galleys for all the days of his life. Carry it home and read it, and you shall see all that I have said thereof to be true.’ ‘I believe it very well,’ quoth the barber; ‘but what shall we do with these little books that remain?’ ‘These, as I take,’ said the curate, ‘are not books of knighthood, but of poetry.’ And, opening one, he perceived it was the *Diana* of Montemayor; and, believing that all the rest were of that stamp, he said: ‘These deserve not to be burned with the rest, for they have not, nor can do, so much hurt as books of knighthood, being all of them works full of understanding and conceits, and do not prejudice any other.’ ‘Oh, good sir,’ quoth Don Quixote his niece, ‘your reverence shall likewise do well to have them also burnt, lest that mine uncle, after he be cured of his knightly disease, may fall, by reading of these, in a humour of becoming

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a shepherd, and so wander through the woods and fields, singing of roundelays, and playing on a crowd; and what is more dangerous than to become a poet? which is, as some say, an incurable and infectious disease.'

'This maiden says true,' quoth the curate; 'and it will not be amiss to remove this stumbling-block and occasion out of our friend's way; and since we begin with the *Diana* of Montemayor, I am of opinion that it be not burned, but only that all that which treats of the wise Felicia, and of the enchanted water, be taken away, and also all the longer verses, and let him remain with his prose, and the honour of being the best of that kind.' 'This that follows,' quoth the barber, 'is the *Diana*, called the second, written by him of Salamanca; and this other is of the same name, whose author is Gil Polo.' 'Let that of Salamanca,' answered master parson, 'augment the number of the condemned in the yard, and that of Gil Polo be kept as charily as if it were Apollo his own work; and go forward speedily, good gossip, for it grows late.' 'This book,' quoth the barber, opening of another, 'is *The Twelve Books of the Fortunes of Love*, written by Anthony Lofraso, the Sardinian poet.' 'By the holy orders which I have received,' quoth the curate, 'since Apollo was Apollo, and the muses muses, and poets poets, was never written so delightful and extravagant a work as this; and that, in his way and vein, it is the only one of all the books that have ever issued of that kind to view the light of the world, and he that hath not read it may make account that he hath never read matter of delight. Give it to me, gossip, for I do prize more the finding of it than I would the gift of a cassock of the best satin of Florence.' And so, with great joy, he laid it aside. And the barber prosecuted, saying, 'These that





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follow be *The Shepherd of Iberia*, *The Nymphs of Enares*, and *The Reclaiming of the Jealousies*.' 'Then there's no more to be done but to deliver them up to the secular arm of the old wife, and do not demand the reason, for that were never to make an end.'

'This that comes is *The Shepherd of Filida*.' 'That is not a shepherd,' quoth the curate, 'but a very complete courtier; let it be reserved as a precious jewel.'

'This great one that follows is,' said the barber, 'entitled *The Treasure of Divers Poems*.' 'If they had not been so many,' replied the curate, 'they would have been more esteemed. It is necessary that this book be carded and purged of certain



"Splandian" and others on the way to the flames



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base things that lurk among his high conceits. Let him be kept, both because the author is my very great friend, and in regard of other more heroical and lofty works he hath written.'

'This is,' said the barber, 'the *Ditty Book* of Lopez Maldonado.' 'The author of that work is likewise my great friend,' replied the parson; 'and his lines, pronounced by himself, do ravish the hearers, and such is the sweetness of his voice when he sings them, as it doth enchant the ear. He is somewhat prolix in his eclogues, but that which is good is never superfluous; let him be kept among the choicest. But what book is that which lies next unto him?' 'The *Galatea* of Michael Cervantes,' quoth the barber. 'That Cervantes,' said the curate, 'is my old acquaintance this many a year, and I know he is more practised in misfortunes than in verses. His book hath some good invention in it; he intends and propounds somewhat, but concludes nothing; therefore we must expect the second part, which he hath promised; perhaps his amendment may obtain him a general remission, which until now is denied him; and whilst we expect the sight of his second work, keep this part closely imprisoned in your lodging.' 'I am very well content to do so, good gossip,' said the barber; 'and here there come three together: the *Auracana* of Don Alonso de Ercilla, the *Austriada* of John Ruffo, one of the magistrates of Cordova, and the *Monserato* of Christopher de Virnes, a Valencian poet.'

'All these three books,' quoth the curate, 'are the best that are written in heroical verse in the Castilian tongue, and may compare with the most famous of Italy; reserve them as the richest pawns that Spain enjoyeth of poetry.' The curate with this grew weary to see so many books, and so he would have all the rest burned at all adventures. But

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the barber, ere the sentence was given, had opened, by chance, one entitled *The Tears of Angelica*. 'I would have shed those tears myself,' said the curate, 'if I had wittingly caused such a book to be burned; for the author thereof was one of the most famous poets of the world, not only of Spain, and was most happy in the translation of certain fables of Ovid.'



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## CHAPTER VII

OF THE SECOND DEPARTURE WHICH OUR GOOD KNIGHT,  
DON QUIXOTE, MADE FROM HIS HOUSE,  
TO SEEK ADVENTURES

**W**HILE they were thus busied, Don Quixote began to cry aloud, saying, 'Here, here, valorous knights! Here it is needful that you show the force of your valiant arms; for the courtiers begin to bear

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away the best of the tourney.' The folk repairing to this rumour and noise, was an occasion that any further speech and visitation of the books was omitted; and therefore it is to be suspected, that the *Carolea* and *Lion of Spain*, with the *Acts of the Emperor Charles the Fifth*, written by Don Louis de Avila, were burned, without being ever seen or heard; and perhaps if the curate had seen them, they should not have passed under so rigorous a sentence. When they all arrived to Don Quixote his chamber, he was risen already out of his bed, and continued still his outcries, cutting and slashing on every side, being as broadly awake as if he never had slept. Wherefore, taking him in their arms, they returned him by main force into his bed; and, after he was somewhat quiet and settled, he said, turning himself to the curate, 'In good sooth, Lord Archbishop Turpin, it is a great dishonour to us that are called the twelve Peers, to permit the knights of the court to bear thus away the glory of the tourney without more ado, seeing that we the adventurers have gained the prize thereof the three foremost days.' 'Hold your peace, good gossip,' quoth the curate, 'for fortune may be pleased to change the success, and what is lost to-day may be won again to-morrow. Look you to your health for the present; for you seem at least to be very much tired, if besides you be not sore wounded.' 'Wounded! no,' quoth Don Quixote; 'but doubtless I am somewhat bruised, for that bastard, Don Rowland, hath beaten me to powder with the stock of an oak-tree; and all for envy, because he sees that I only dare oppose myself to his valour. But let me be never again called Raynold of Montecalban if he pay not dearly for it, as soon as I rise from this bed, in despite of all his enchantment. But, I pray you, call for my breakfast, for I know it will do me much good,

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and leave the revenge of this wrong to my charge.' Presently meat was brought; and after he had eaten he fell asleep and they remained astonished at his wonderful madness. That night the old woman burned all the books that she found in the house and yard; and some there were burnt that deserved, for their worthiness, to be kept up in everlasting treasuries, if their fortunes and the laziness of the searchers had permitted it. And so the proverb was verified in them, 'that the just pays sometimes for the sinners.' One of the remedies which the curate and the barber prescribed for that present, to help their friend's disease, was that they should change his chamber, and dam up his study, to the end that, when he arose, he might not find them; for, perhaps, by removing the cause, they might also take away the effects: and, moreover, they bade them to say that a certain enchanter had carried them away, study and all; which device was presently put in practice. And, within two days after, Don Quixote got up, and the first thing he did was to go and visit his books; and seeing he could not find the chamber in the same place where he had left it, he went up and down to find it. Sometimes he came to the place where the door stood, and felt it with his hands, and then would turn his eyes up and down here and there to seek it, without speaking a word. But at last, after deliberation, he asked of the old woman the way to his books. She, as one well schooled before what she should answer, said, 'What study, or what nothing, is this you look for? There is now no more study nor books in this house; for the very devil himself carried all away with him.' 'It was not the devil,' said his niece, 'but an enchanter, that came here one night upon a cloud, the day after you departed from hence; and, alighting down from a serpent upon which

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[illegible]



*The Burning of the Rocks.*





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he rode, he entered into the study, and what he did therein I know not; and within a while after he fled out at the roof of the house, and left all the house full of smoke; and when we accorded to see what he had done, we could neither see book nor study: only this much the old woman and I do remember very well, that the naughty old man, at his departure, said, with a loud voice, that he, for hidden enmity that he bore to the lord of those books, had done all the harm to the house that they might perceive when he were departed, and added that he was named the wise Muniaton.' 'Frestron, you would have said,' quoth Don Quixote. 'I know not,' quoth the old woman, 'whether he hight Frestron or Friton, but well I wot that his name ended with "ton."' 'That is true,' quoth Don Quixote; 'and he is a very wise enchanter, and my great adversary, and looks on me with a sinister eye; for he knows, by his art and science, that I shall in time fight a single combat with a knight, his very great friend, and overcome him in battle, without being able to be by him assisted, and therefore he labours to do me all the hurt he may; and I have sent him word, that he strives in vain to divert or shun that which is by Heaven already decreed.' 'Who doubts of that?' quoth his niece. 'But I pray you, good uncle, say, what need have you to thrust yourself into these difficulties and brabbles? Were it not better to rest you quietly in your own house, than to wander through the world, searching bread of blasted corn,' without once considering how many there go to seek for wool that return again shorn themselves?' 'Oh, niece,' quoth Don Quixote, 'how ill dost thou understand the matter! Before I permit myself to be shorn, I will pill and pluck away the beards of as many as shall dare or imagine to touch but a hair only of me.' To these words

<sup>1</sup> *Buscardo pan de Trastrigo*, page 47.

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the women would make no reply, because they saw his choler increase.

Fifteen days he remained quietly at home, without giving any argument of seconding his former vanities; in which time passed many pleasant encounters between him and his two gossips, the curate and barber, upon that point which he defended, to wit, that the world needed nothing so much as knights-errant, and that the erratical knighthood ought to be again renewed therein. Master parson would contradict him sometimes, and other times yield unto that he urged; for had they not observed that manner of proceeding, it were impossible to bring him to any conformity. In this space Don Quixote dealt with a certain labourer, his neighbour, an honest man (if the title of honesty may be given to the poor), but one of a very shallow wit; in resolution, he said so much to him, and persuaded him so earnestly, and made him so large promises, as the poor fellow determined to go away with him, and serve him as his squire. Don Quixote, among many other things, bade him to dispose himself willingly to depart with him; for now and then such an adventure might present itself, that, in as short space as one would take up a couple of straws, an island might be won, and he be left as governor thereof. With these and such like promises, Sancho Panza (for so he was called) left his wife and children, and agreed to be his squire. Afterward, Don Quixote began to cast plots how to come by some money; which he achieved by selling one thing, pawning another, and turning all upside down. At last he got a pretty sum, and, accommodating himself with a buckler which he had borrowed of a friend, and patching up his broken beaver again as well he could, he advertised his squire Sancho of

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the day and hour wherein he meant to depart, that he might likewise furnish himself with that which he thought needful; but above all things he charged him to provide himself of a wallet; which he promised to perform, and said that he meant also to carry a very good ass, which he had of his own, because he was not wont to travel much a-foot. In that of the ass Don Quixote stood a while pensive, calling to mind whether ever he had read that any knight-errant carried his squire assishly mounted; but he could not remember any authority for it; yet, notwithstanding, he resolved that he might bring his beast, with intention to accommodate him more honourably, when occasion were offered, by dismounting the first discourteous knight they met, from his horse, and giving it to his squire; he also furnished himself with shirts, and as many other things as he might, according unto the innkeeper's advice. All which being finished, Sancho Panza, without bidding his wife and children farewell, or Don Quixote his niece and old servant, they both departed one night out of the village, unknown to any person living; and they travelled so far that night, as they were sure in the morning not to be found, although they were pursued. Sancho Panza rode on his beast like a patriarch, with his wallet and bottle, and a marvellous longing to see himself governor of the island which his master had promised unto him.

Don Quixote took by chance the same very course and way that he had done in his first voyage through the field of Montiel, wherein he travelled then with less vexation than the first; for, by reason it was early, and the sunbeams striking not directly down, but athwart, the heat did not trouble them much. And Sancho Panza, seeing the opportunity good, said to his master, 'I pray you, have care, good

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sir knight, that you forget not that government of the island which you have promised me, for I shall be able to govern it were it never so great.' To which Don Quixote replied: 'You must understand, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a custom very much used by ancient knights-errant, to make their squires governors of the islands and kingdoms that they conquered; and I am resolved that so good a custom shall never be abolished by me, but rather I will pass and exceed them therein; for they sometimes, and as I take it, did, for the greater part, expect until their squires waxed aged; and after they were cloyed with service, and had suffered many bad days and worse nights, then did they bestow upon them some title of an earl, or at least of a marquis, of some valley or province, of more or less account. But if thou livest, and I withal, it may happen that I may conquer such a kingdom within six days, that hath other kingdoms adherent to it, which would fall out as just as it were cast in a mould for thy purpose, whom I would crown presently king of one of them. And do not account this to be any great matter; for things and chances do happen to such knights-adventurers as I am, by so unexpected and wonderful ways and means, as I might give thee very easily a great deal more than I have promised.' 'After that manner,' said Sancho Panza, 'if I were a king, through some miracle of those which you say, then should Joan Gutierrez, my wife, become a queen, and my children princes!' 'Who doubts of that?' said Don Quixote. 'That do I,' replied Sancho Panza; 'for I am fully persuaded, that although God would rain kingdoms down upon the earth, none of them would sit well on Mary Gutierrez her head; for, sir, you must understand that she's not worth a dodkin for a queen. To be a countess would agree with her better; and

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yet, I pray God that she be able to discharge that calling.' 'Commend thou the matter to God,' quoth Don Quixote, that He may give her that which is most convenient for her. But do not thou abase thy mind so much as to content thyself with less than at the least to be a viceroy.' 'I will not, good sir,' quoth Sancho, 'especially seeing I have so worthy a lord and master as yourself, who knows how to give me all that may turn to my benefit, and that I shall be able to discharge in good sort.'



## CHAPTER VIII

OF THE GOOD SUCCESS DON QUIXOTE HAD, IN THE  
DREADFUL AND NEVER-IMAGINED ADVENTURE OF  
THE WINDMILLS, WITH OTHER ACCIDENTS  
WORTHY TO BE RECORDED

AS thus they discoursed, they discovered some thirty or forty windmills, that are in that field; and as soon as Don Quixote espied them, he said to his squire, ' Fortune doth address our affairs better than we ourselves could desire; for behold there, friend Sancho Panza, how there appears thirty or forty monstrous giants, with whom I mean to fight, and deprive them all of their lives, with whose spoils we will begin to be rich; for this is a good war, and a great service unto God, to take away so bad a seed from the face of the earth.' ' What giants?' quoth Sancho

## ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS

Panza. 'Those that thou seest there,' quoth his lord, 'with the long arms; and some there are of that race whose arms are almost two leagues long.' 'I pray you understand,' quoth Sancho Panza, 'that those which appear there are no giants, but windmills; and that which seems in them to be arms, are their sails, that, swung about by the wind, do also make the mill go.' 'It seems well,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that thou art not yet acquainted with matter of adventures. They are giants; and, if thou beest afraid, go aside and pray, whilst I enter into cruel and unequal battle with them.' And, saying so, he spurred his horse Rozinante, without taking heed to his squire Sancho's cries, advertising him how they were doubtless windmills that he did assault, and no giants; but he went so fully persuaded that they were giants as he neither heard his squire's outcries, nor did discern what they were, although he drew very near to them, but rather said, as loud as he could, 'Fly not, ye cowards and vile creatures; for it is only one knight that assaults you.'

With this the wind increased, and the mill sails began to turn about; which Don Quixote espying, said, 'Although thou movest more arms than the giant Briareus thou shalt stoop to me.' And, after saying this, and commending himself most devoutly to his Lady Dulcinea, desiring her to succour him in that trance, covering himself well with his buckler, and setting his lance on his rest, he spurred on Rozinante, and encountered with the first mill that was before him, and, striking his lance into the sail, the wind swung it about with such fury, that it broke his lance into shivers, carrying him and his horse after it, and finally tumbled him a good way off from it on the field in very evil plight. Sancho Panza repaired presently to succour him as fast as his ass could drive; and



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when he arrived, he found him not able to stir, he had gotten such a crush with Rozinante. 'Good God!' quoth Sancho, 'did I not foretell unto you that you should look well what you did, for they were none other than windmills? nor could any think otherwise, unless he had also windmills in his brains.' 'Peace, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for matters of war are more subject than any other thing to continual change; how much more, seeing I do verily persuade myself, that the wise Frestron, who robbed my study and books, hath transformed these giants into mills, to deprive me of the glory of the victory, such is the enmity he bears towards me. But yet, in fine, all his bad arts shall but little prevail against the goodness of my sword.' 'God grant it as he may!' said Sancho Panza, and then helped him to arise; and presently he mounted on Rozinante, who was half shoulder-pitched<sup>1</sup> by rough encounter; and, discoursing upon that adventure, they followed on the way which guided towards the passage or gate of Lapice<sup>2</sup>; for there, as Don Quixote avouched, it was not possible but to find many adventures, because it was a thoroughfare much frequented; and yet he affirmed that he went very much grieved, because he wanted a lance; and, telling it to his squire, he said, 'I remember how I have read that a certain Spanish knight, called Diego Peres of Vargas, having broken his sword in a battle, tore off a great branch or stock from an oak-tree, and did such marvels with it that day, and battered so many Moors, as he remained with the surname of Machuca, which signifies a stump, and as well he as all his progeny were ever after that day called Vargas and Machuca. I tell thee this, because I mean to tear another branch, such, or as good as that at

<sup>1</sup> *Medio spaldado.*

<sup>2</sup> A passage through the mountains.



Challenging the windmills

least, from the first oak we shall encounter, and I mean to achieve such adventures therewithal, as thou wilt account thyself fortunate for having merited to behold them, and be a witness of things almost incredible.' 'In God's name!' quoth Sancho, 'I do believe every word you said. But, I

## DON QUIXOTE

pray you, sit right in your saddle; for you ride sideling, which proceeds, as I suppose, of the bruising you got by your fall.' 'Thou sayst true,' quoth Don Quixote; 'and if I do not complain of the grief, the reason is, because knights-errant use not to complain of any wound, although their guts did issue out thereof.' 'If it be so,' quoth Sancho, 'I know not what to say; but God knows that I would be glad to hear you to complain when anything grieves you. Of myself I dare affirm, that I must complain of the least grief that I have, if it be not likewise meant that the squires of knights-errant must not complain of any harm.' Don Quixote could not refrain laughter, hearing the simplicity of his squire; and after showed unto him that he might lawfully complain, both when he pleased, and as much as he listed, with desire, or without it; for he had never yet read anything to the contrary in the order of knighthood. Then Sancho said unto him that it was dinner-time. To whom he answered, that he needed no repast; but if he had will to eat, he might begin when he pleased. Sancho, having obtained his license, did accommodate himself on his ass's back the best he might. Taking out of his wallet some belly-munition, he rode after his master, travelling and eating at once, and that with great leisure; and ever and anon he lifted up his bottle with such pleasure as the best-fed victualler of Malaga might envy his state; and whilst he rode, multiplying of quaffs in that manner, he never remembered any of the promises his master had made him, nor did he hold the fetch of adventures to be a labour, but rather a great recreation and ease, were they never so dangerous. In conclusion, they passed over that night under certain trees, from one of which Don Quixote tore a withered branch, which might serve him in some sort

## ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS

for a lance; and therefore he set thereon the iron of his own, which he had reserved when it was broken.

All that night Don Quixote slept not one wink, but thought upon his Lady Dulcinea, that he might conform himself to what he had read in his books of adventures, when knights passed over many nights without sleep in forests and fields, only entertained by the memory of their mistresses. But Sancho spent not his time so vainly; for, having his stomach well stuffed, and that not with succory water, he carried smoothly away the whole night in one sleep; and if his master had not called him up, neither the sunbeams which struck on his visage, nor the melody of the birds, which were many, and did cheerfully welcome the approach of the new day, could have been able to awake him. At his arising he gave one assay to the bottle, which he found to be somewhat more weak than it was the night before, whereat his heart was somewhat grieved; for he mistrusted that they took not a course to remedy that defect so soon as he wished. Nor could Don Quixote break his fast, who, as we have said, meant only to sustain himself with pleasant remembrances.

Then did they return to their commenced way towards the port of Lapice, which they discovered about three of the clock in the afternoon. 'Here,' said Don Quixote, as soon as he kenned it, 'may we, friend Sancho, thrust our hands up to the very elbows in that which is called adventures. But observe well this caveat which I shall give thee, that, although thou seest me in the greatest dangers of the world, thou must not set hand to thy sword in my defence, if thou dost not see that those which assault me be base and vile vulgar people; for in such a case thou mayst assist me. Marry, if they be knights, thou mayst not do so in anywise,

## D O N Q U I X O T E

nor is it permitted, by the laws of arms, that thou mayst help me, until thou beest likewise dubbed knight thyself.' 'I do assure you, sir,' quoth Sancho, 'that herein you shall be most punctually obeyed; and therefore chiefly in respect that I am of mine own nature a quiet and peaceable man, and a mortal enemy of thrusting myself into stirs or quarrels; yet is it true that, touching the defence of mine own person, I will not be altogether so observant of those laws, seeing that both divine and human allow every man to defend himself from any one that would wrong him.' 'I say no less,' answered Don Quixote; 'but in this of aiding me against any knight, thou must set bounds to thy natural impulses.' 'I say I will do so,' quoth Sancho; 'and I will observe this commandment as punctually as that of keeping holy the Sabbath day.'

Whilst thus they reasoned, there appeared in the way two monks of St. Benet's order, mounted on two dromedaries; for the mules whereon they rode were but little less. They wore masks with spectacles in them, to keep away the dust from their faces; and each of them besides bore their umbrells. After them came a coach, and four or five a-horseback accompanying it, and two lackeys that ran hard by it. They came therein, as it was after known, a certain Biscaine lady, which travelled towards Seville, where her husband sojourned at the present, and was going to the Indies with an honourable charge. The monks rode not with her, although they travelled the same way. Scarce had Don Quixote perceived them, when he said to his squire, 'Either I am deceived, or else this will prove the most famous adventure that ever hath been seen; for these two great black bulks, which appear there, are, questionless, enchanters, that steal, or carry away perforce, some princess in that coach; and therefore I must,





## THE FRIARS OF ST. BENET

with all my power, undo that wrong.' 'This will be worse than the adventure of the windmills,' quoth Sancho. 'Do not you see, sir, that those are friars of St. Benet's order? and the coach can be none other than of some travellers. Therefore, listen to mine advice, and see well what you do, lest the devil deceive you.' 'I have said already to thee, Sancho, that thou art very ignorant in matter of adventures. What I say is true, as now thou shalt see.' And, saying so, he spurred on his horse, and placed himself just in the midst of the way by which the friars came; and when they approached so near as he supposed they might hear him, he said, with a loud voice, 'Devilish and wicked people! leave presently those high princesses which you violently carry away with you in that coach; or, if you will not, prepare yourselves to receive sudden death, as a just punishment of your bad works.' The friars held their horses, and were amazed both at the shape and words of Don Quixote; to whom they answered: 'Sir knight, we are neither devilish nor wicked, but religious men of St. Benet's order, that travel about our affairs; and we know not whether or no there come any princesses forced in this coach.' 'With me fair words take no effect,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for I know you very well, treacherous knaves!' And then, without expecting their reply, he set spurs to Rozinante, and, laying his lance on the thigh, charged the first friar with such fury and rage, that if he had not suffered himself willingly to fall off his mule, he would not only have overthrown him against his will, but likewise have slain, or at least wounded him very ill with the blow. The second religious man, seeing how ill his companion was used, made no words; but, setting spurs to that castle his mule, did fly away through the field, as swift as the wind itself. Sancho Panza,



## DON QUIXOTE

seeing the monk overthrown, dismounted very speedily off his ass, and ran over to him, and would have ransacked his habits. In this arrived the monks' two lackeys, and demanded of him why he thus despoiled the friar. Sancho replied that it was his due, by the law of arms, as lawful spoils gained in battle by his lord, Don Quixote. The lackeys, which understood not the jest, nor knew not what words of battle or spoils meant, seeing that Don Quixote was now out of the way, speaking with those that came in the coach, set both at once upon Sancho, and left him not a hair in his beard but they plucked, and did so trample him under their feet, as they left him stretched on the ground without either breath or feeling. The monk, cutting off all delays, mounted again on horseback, all affrighted, having scarce any drop of blood left in his face through fear; and, being once up, he spurred after his fellow, who expected him a good way off, staying to see the success of that assault; and, being unwilling to attend the end of that strange adventure, they did prosecute their journey, blessing and crossing themselves as if the devil did pursue them.

Don Quixote, as is rehearsed, was in this season speaking to the lady of the coach, to whom he said, 'Your beauty, dear lady, may dispose from henceforth of your person as best ye liketh; for the pride of your robbers lies now prostrated on the ground, by this my invincible arm. And because you may not be troubled to know your deliverer his name, know that I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha, a knight-errant and adventurer, and captive to the peerless and beautiful Lady Dulcinea of Toboso. And, in reward of the benefit which you have received at my hands, I demand nothing else but that you return to Toboso, and there present yourselves, in

## THE BISCAINE SQUIRE

my name, before my lady, and recount unto her what I have done to obtain your liberty.' To all these words which Don Quixote said, a certain Biscaine squire, that accompanied the coach, gave ear; who, seeing that Don Quixote suffered not the coach to pass onward, but said that it must presently turn back to Toboso, he drew near to him, and, laying hold on his lance, he said, in his bad Spanish and worse Basquish: 'Get thee away, knight in an ill hour! By the God that created me, if thou leave not the coach, I will kill thee, as sure as I am a Biscaine.' Don Quixote, understanding him, did answer, with great staidness: 'If thou weres a knight,' as thou art not, I would by this have punished thy folly and presumption, caitiff creature!' The Biscaine replied, with great fury: 'Not I a gentleman! I swear God thou liest, as well as I am a Christian. If thou cast away thy lance, and draw thy sword,<sup>a</sup> thou shalt see the water as soon as thou shalt carry away the cat: a Biscaine by land, and a gentleman by sea, a gentleman in spite of the devil; and thou liest, if other things thou sayst!' '“Straight thou shalt see that,” said Agrages,' replied Don Quixote; and, throwing his lance to the ground, he out with his sword, and took his buckler, and set on the Biscaine, with resolution to kill him. The Biscaine, seeing him approach in that manner, although he desired to alight off his mule, which was not to be trusted, being one of those naughty ones which are wont to be hired, yet had he no leisure to do any other thing than to draw out his sword; but it befel him happily to be near to the coach, out of which he snatched a cushion, that served him for a shield; and presently the one made upon the other like mortal enemies. Those

<sup>1</sup> *Cavallero*, in Spanish, is taken as well for a gentleman as for a knight.

<sup>a</sup> Page 58.

## DON QUIXOTE

that were present laboured all that they might, but in vain, to compound the matter between them; for the Biscaine swore, in his bad language, that if they hindered him from ending the battle, he would put his lady, and all the rest that dared to disturb him, to the sword.

The lady, astonished and fearful of that which she beheld, commanded the coachman to go a little out of the way, and sat aloof, beholding the rigorous conflict; in the progress whereof the Biscaine gave Don Quixote over the target a mighty blow on one of the shoulders, where, if it had not found resistance in his armour, it would doubtlessly have cleft him down to the girdle. Don Quixote, feeling the weight of that unmeasurable blow, cried, with a loud voice, saying ‘O Dulcinea! lady of my soul! the flower of all beauty; succour this thy knight, who, to set forth thy worth, finds himself in this dangerous trance! The saying of these words, the gripping fast of his sword, the covering of himself well with his buckler, and the assailing of the Biscaine, was done all in one instant, resolving to venture all the success of the battle on that one only blow. The Biscaine, who perceived him come in that manner, perceived, by his doughtiness, his intention, and resolved to do the like; and therefore expected him very well, covered with his cushion, not being able to manage his mule as he wished from one part to another, who was not able to go a step, it was so wearied, as a beast never before used to the like toys. Don Quixote, as we have said, came against the wary Biscaine with his sword lifted aloft, with a full resolution to part him in two; and all the beholders stood, with great fear suspended, to see the success of those monstrous blows wherewithal they threatened one another. And the lady of the coach, with her gentlewomen, made a thou-



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*The Fight with the Biscayne.*



## THE BISCAINE SQUIRE

sand vows and offerings to all the devout places of Spain, to the end that God might deliver the squire and themselves out of that great danger wherein they were.

But it is to be deplored how, in this very point and term, the author of this history leaves this battle depending, excusing himself that he could find no more written of the acts of Don Quixote than those which he hath already recounted. True it is, that the second writer of this work would not believe that so curious a history was drowned in the jaws of oblivion, or that the wits of the Mancha were so little curious as not to reserve among their treasures or records some papers treating of this famous knight; and therefore, encouraged by this presumption, he did not despair to find the end of this pleasant history; which, Heaven being propitious to him, he got at last, after the manner that shall be recounted in the Second Part.





THE FIRST PART

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BOOK II





## CHAPTER I

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE EVENTS OF THE FEARFUL  
BATTLE WHICH THE GALLANT BISCAINE  
FOUGHT WITH DON QUIXOTE

**W**E left the valorous Biscaine and the famous Don Quixote, in the First Part, with their swords lifted up and naked, in terms to discharge one upon another two furious cleavers, and such, as if they had lighted rightly, would cut and divide them both from the top to the toe, and open them like a pomegranate; and in that so doubtful a taking the delightful history stopped and remained dismembered, the author thereof leaving us no notice where we might find the rest of the narration. This grieved me not

## DON QUIXOTE

a little, but wholly turned the pleasure I took in reading the beginning thereof into disgust, thinking how small commodity was offered to find out so much as in my opinion wanted of this so delectable a tale. It seemed unto me almost impossible, and contrary to all good order, that so good a knight should want some wise man that would undertake his wonderful prowess and feats of chivalry: a thing that none of those knights-errant ever wanted, of whom people speak; for each of them had one or two wise men, of purpose, that did not only write their acts, but also depainted their very least thoughts and toys, were they never so hidden. And surely so good a knight could not be so unfortunate as to want that wherewith Platyr and others his like abounded; and therefore could not induce myself to believe that so gallant a history might remain maimed and lamed, and did rather cast the fault upon the malice of the time, who is a consumer and devourer of all things, which had either hidden or consumed it. Methought, on the other side, seeing that among his books were found some modern works, such as the *Undeceiving of Jealousy* and the *Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares*, that also his own history must have been new; and if that it were not written, yet was the memory of him fresh among the dwellers of his own village and the other villages adjoining. This imagination held me suspended, and desirous to learn really and truly all the life and miracles of our famous Spaniard, Don Quixote of the Mancha, the light and mirror of all Manchical chivalry, being the first who, in this our age and time, so full of calamities, did undergo the travels and exercise of arms-errant; and undid wrongs, succoured widows, protected damsels that rode up and down with their whips and palfreys, and with all their virginity on their backs,

## CID HAMETE BEN ENGELI

from hill to hill and dale to dale; for, if it happened not that some lewd miscreant, or some clown with a hatchet and long hair, or some monstrous giant, did force them, damsels there were in times past that at the end of fourscore years old, all which time they never slept one day under a roof, went as entire and pure maidens to their graves as the very mother that bore them. Therefore I say, that as well for this as for many other good respects, our gallant Don Quixote is worthy of continual and memorable praises; nor can the like be justly denied to myself, for the labour and diligence which I used to find out the end of this grateful history, although I know very well that, if Heaven, chance, and fortune had not assisted me, the world had been deprived of the delight and pastime that they may take for almost two hours together, who shall with attention read it. The manner, therefore, of finding it was this:

Being one day walking in the exchange of Toledo, a certain boy by chance would have sold divers old quires and scrolls of books to a squire that walked up and down in that place, and I, being addicted to read such scrolls, though I found them torn in the streets, borne away by this my natural inclination, took one of the quires in my hand, and perceived it to be written in Arabical characters, and seeing that, although I knew the letters, yet could I not read the substance, I looked about to view whether I could perceive any Moor turned Spaniard thereabouts, that could read them; nor was it very difficult to find there such an interpreter; for, if I had searched one of another better and more ancient language,<sup>1</sup> that place would easily afford him. In fine, my good fortune presented one to me; to whom telling my desire, and

<sup>1</sup> To wit, a Jew.

## DON QUIXOTE

setting the book in his hand, he opened it, and, having read a little therein, began to laugh. I demanded of him why he laughed; and he answered, at that marginal note which the book had. I bade him to expound it to me, and with that took him a little aside; and he, continuing still his laughter, said: 'There is written here, on this margin, these words: "This Dulcinea of Toboso, so many times spoken of in this history,



## DEFEAT OF THE BISCAINE

had the best hand for powdering of porks of any woman in all the Mancha.”’ When I heard it make mention of Dulcinea of Toboso, I rested amazed and suspended, and imagined forthwith that those quires contained the history of Don Quixote. With this conceit I hastened him to read the beginning, which he did, and translating the Arabical into Spanish in a trice, he said that it begun thus: ‘*The History of Don Quixote of the Mancha*, written by Cid Hamete Benengeli, an Arabical historiographer.’ Much discretion was requisite to dissemble the content of mind I conceived when I heard the title of the book, and, preventing the squire, I bought all the boy’s scrolls and papers for a real; and were he of discretion, or knew my desire, he might have promised himself easily, and also have borne away with him, more than six reals for his merchandise. I departed after with the Moor to the cloister of the great church, and I requested him to turn me all the Arabical sheets that treated of Don Quixote into Spanish, without adding or taking away anything from them, and I would pay him what he listed for his pains. He demanded fifty pounds of raisins and three bushels of wheat, and promised to translate them speedily, well, and faithfully. But I, to hasten the matter more, lest I should lose such an unexpected and welcome treasure, brought him to my house, where he translated all the work in less than a month and a half, even in the manner that it is here recounted.

There was painted, in the first quire, very naturally, the battle betwixt Don Quixote and the Biscaine; even in the same manner that the history relateth it, with their swords lifted aloft, the one covered with his buckler, the other with the cushion; and the Biscaine’s mule was delivered so naturally as a man might perceive it was hired, although he stood



## DON QUIXOTE

farther off than the shot of a cross-bow. The Biscaine had a title written under his feet that said, 'Don Sancho de Azpetia,' for so belike he was called; and at Rozinante his feet there was another, that said 'Don Quixote.' Rozinante was marvellous well portraited; so long and lank, so thin and lean, so like one labouring with an incurable consumption, as he did show very clearly with what consideration and propriety he had given unto him the name Rozinante. By him stood Sancho Panza, holding his ass by the halter; at whose feet was another scroll, saying, 'Sancho Zancas'; and I think the reason thereof was, that as his picture showed, he had a great belly, a short stature, and thick legs, and therefore, I judge, he was called Panza, or Zanca; for both these names were written of him indifferently in the history. There were other little things in it worthy noting; but all of them are of no great importance, nor anything necessary for the true relation of the history; for none is ill, if it be true. And if any objection be made against the truth of this, it can be none other than that the author was a Moor; and it is a known propriety of that nation to be lying: yet, in respect that they hate us so mortally, it is to be conjectured that in this history there is rather want and concealment of our knight's worthy acts than any superfluity; which I imagine the rather, because I find in the progress thereof, many times, that when he might and ought to have advanced his pen in our knight's praises, he doth, as it were of purpose, pass them over in silence; which was very ill done, seeing that historiographers ought and should be very precise, true, and unpassionate; and that neither profit nor fear, rancour nor affection, should make them to tread awry from the truth, whose mother is history, the emulatress of time, the treasury of actions, the witness of

## DEFEAT OF THE BISCAINE

things past, the advertiser of things to come. In this history I know a man may find all that he can desire in the most pleasing manner; and if they want anything to be desired, I am of opinion that it is through the fault of that ungracious knave that translated it, rather than through any defect in the subject. Finally, the Second Part thereof (according to the translation) began in this manner:

The trenchant swords of the two valorous and enraged combatants being lifted aloft, it seemed that they threatened heaven, the earth, and the depths, such was their hardness and courage. And the first that discharged his blow was the Biscaine, which fell with such force and fury, as if the sword had not turned a little in the way, that only blow had been sufficient to set an end to the rigorous contention, and all other the adventures of our knight. But his good fortune, which reserved him for greater affairs, did wrest his adversary's sword awry in such sort, as though he struck him on the left shoulder, yet did it no more harm than disarm all that side, carrying away with it a great part of his beaver, with the half of his ear; all which fell to the ground with a dreadful ruin, leaving him in very ill case for a good time. Good God! who is he that can well describe, at this present, the fury that entered in the heart of our Manchegan, seeing himself used in that manner? Let us say no more, but that it was such that, stretching himself again in the stirrups, and gripping his sword fast in both his hands, he discharged such a terrible blow on the Biscaine, hitting him right upon the cushion, and by it on the head, that the strength and thickness thereof so little availed him, that, as if a whole mountain had fallen upon him, the blood gushed out of his mouth, nose, and ears, all at once, and he tottered so on his mule, that every step he took

## DON QUIXOTE

he was ready to fall off, as he would indeed if he had not taken him by the neck; yet, nevertheless, he lost the stirrups, and, losing his grip of the mule, it being likewise frightened by that terrible blow, ran away as fast as it could about the fields, and within two or three winches overthrew him to the ground. All which Don Quixote stood beholding with great quietness; and as soon as he saw him fall, he leaped off his horse, and ran over to him very speedily; and, setting the point of his sword on his eyes, he bade him yield himself, or else he would cut off his head. The Biscaine was so amazed as he could not speak a word; and it had succeeded very ill with him, considering Don Quixote's fury, if the ladies of the coach, which until then had beheld the conflict with great anguish, had not come where he was, and earnestly besought him to do them the favour to pardon their squire's life. Don Quixote answered, with a great loftiness and gravity: 'Truly, fair ladies, I am well apaid to grant you your request, but it must be with this agreement and condition, that this knight shall promise me to go to Toboso, and present himself, in my name, to the peerless Lady Dulcinea, to the end she may dispose of him as she pleaseth.' The timorous and comfortless lady, without considering what Don Quixote demanded, or asking what Dulcinea was, promised that her squire should accomplish all that he pleased to command.' 'Why, then,' quoth Don Quixote, 'trusting to your promise, I'll do him no more harm, although he hath well deserved it at my hand.'



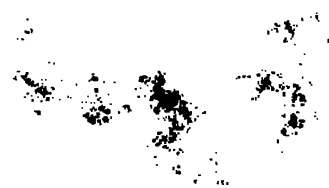
## CHAPTER II

OF THAT WHICH AFTER BEFEL DON QUIXOTE, WHEN HE  
HAD LEFT THE LADIES

**B**Y this Sancho Panza had gotten up, though somewhat abused by the friars' lackeys, and stood attentively beholding his lord's combat, and prayed to God with all his heart, that it would please Him to give him the victory; and that he might therein win some island, whereof he might make him governor, as he had promised. And, seeing the controversy ended at last, and that his lord remounted upon Rozinante, he came to hold him the stirrup, and cast himself on his knees before him ere he got up, and, taking him by the hand, he kissed it, saying, 'I desire that it will please you, good my lord Don Quixote, to bestow upon me

## DON QUIXOTE

the government of that island which in this terrible battle you have won; for though it were never so great, yet do I find myself able enough to govern it, as well as any other whatsoever that ever governed island in this world.' To this demand Don Quixote answered: 'Thou must note, friend Sancho, that this adventure, and others of this kind, are not adventures of islands, but of thwartings and highways, wherein nothing else is gained but a broken pate, or the loss of an ear. Have patience a while; for adventures will be offered whereby thou shalt not only be made a governor, but also a greater man.' Sancho rendered him many thanks, and, kissing his hand again, and the skirt of his habergeon, he did help him to get up on Rozinante, and he leapt on his ass, and followed his lord, who, with a swift pace, without taking leave or speaking to those of the coach, entered into a wood that was hard at hand. Sancho followed him as fast as his beast could trot; but Rozinante went off so swiftly, as he, perceiving he was like to be left behind, was forced to call aloud to his master that he would stay for him, which Don Quixote did, by checking Rozinante with the bridle, until his wearied squire did arrive; who, as soon as he came, said unto him, 'Methinks, sir, that it will not be amiss to retire ourselves to some church; for, according as that man is ill dight with whom you fought, I certainly persuade myself that they will give notice of the fact to the holy brotherhood, and they will seek to apprehend us; which if they do, in good faith, before we can get out of their claws, I fear me we shall sweat for it.' 'Peace!' quoth Don Quixote; 'where hast thou ever read or seen that knight-errant that hath been brought before the judge, though he committed never so many homicides and slaughters?' 'I know nothing of omicills,' quoth Sancho, 'nor have I cared in



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• *Journal of the American Academy of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry*, 35, 10, 1179-1186.

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1990; 263: 1025-1028.

1994

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1033-1037.

1. *Chlorophyll a* and *Chlorophyll b* contents were determined by the method of Arar and Collins (1971).

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1990; 263: 1027-1031.

1. Child's name \_\_\_\_\_

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1. *Phragmites* (common)

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1. The first group of people who are interested in the results of the study are the researchers themselves. They want to know if the study was successful in achieving its goals and if the data collected is reliable and valid.

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1. *Chlorophyll a* (Chl *a*)

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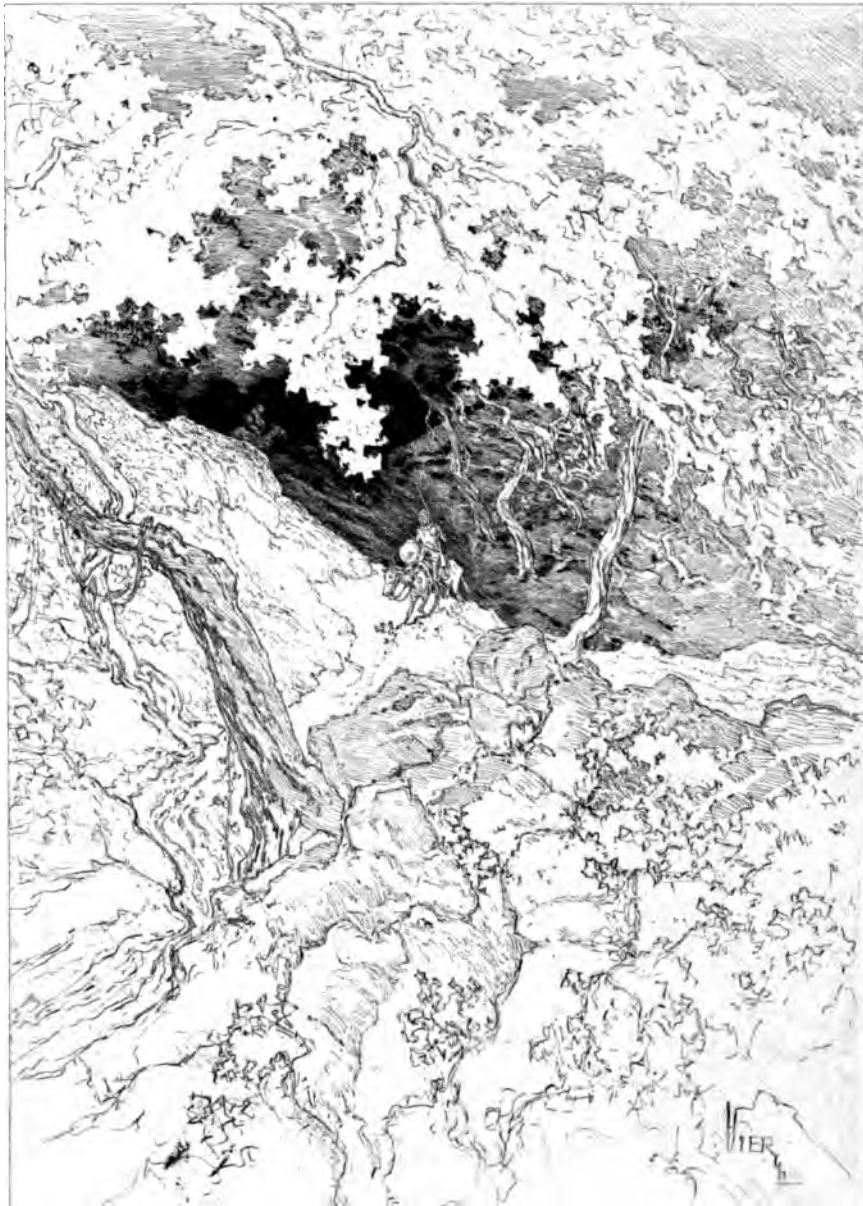
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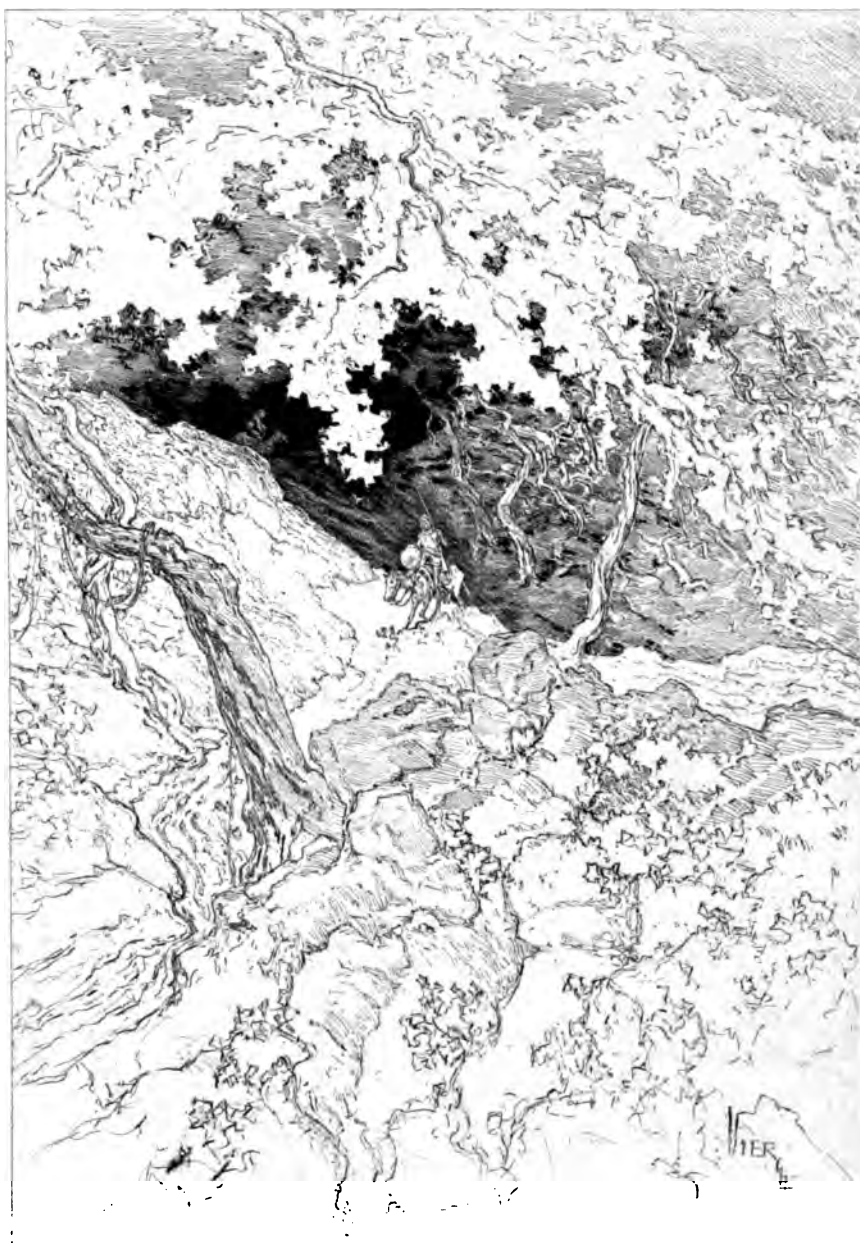
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*Entering the Wood*



## SANCHO PANZA'S DESIRES

my life for any; but well I wot that it concerns the Holy Brotherhood to deal with such as fight in the fields, and in that other I will not intermeddle.' 'Then be not afraid, friend,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for I will deliver thee out of the hands of the Chaldeans, how much more out of those of the brotherhood. But tell me, in very good earnest, whether thou didst ever see a more valorous knight than I am throughout the face of the earth? Didst thou ever read in histories of any other that hath, or ever had, more courage in assailing, more breath in persevering, more dexterity in offending, or more art in overthrowing, than I?' 'The truth is,' quoth Sancho, 'that I have never read any history; for I can neither read nor write: but that which I dare wager is, that I never in my life served a bolder master than you are; and I pray God that we pay not for this boldness there where I have said. That which I request you is, that you will cure yourself; for you lose much blood by that ear, and here I have lint and a little *unguentum album* in my wallet.' 'All this might be excused,' quoth Don Quixote, 'if I had remembered to make a vialful of the Balsam of Fierebras; for, with one drop of it, we might spare both time, and want well all those other medicines.' 'What vial, and what balsam, is that?' said Sancho Panza. 'It is,' answered Don Quixote, 'a balsam whereof I have the recipe in memory, which one possessing he needs not fear death, nor ought he to think that he may be killed by any wound; and therefore, after I have made it, and given it unto thee, thou hast nothing else to do, but when thou shalt see that in any battle I be cloven in twain (as many times it happens), thou shalt take fair and softly that part of my body that is fallen to the ground, and put it up again, with great subtlety, on the part that rests in the saddle, before the

## DON QUIXOTE

blood congeal, having evermore great care that thou place it just and equally; then presently after thou shalt give me two draughts of that balsam of which I have spoken, and thou shalt see me straight become sounder than an apple.' 'If that be true,' quoth Sancho, 'I do presently here renounce the government of the island you promised, and will demand nothing else in recompense of my services of you, but only the recipe of this precious liquor; for I am certain that an ounce thereof will be worth two reals in any place, and when I have it I should need nothing else to gain my living easily and honestly. But let me know, is it costly in making?' 'With less than three reals,' quoth Don Quixote, 'a man may make three gallons of it. But I mean to teach thee greater secrets than this, and do thee greater favours also. And now, let me cure myself; for mine ear grieves me more than I would wish.' Sancho then took out of his wallet his lint and ointment to cure his master. But when Don Quixote saw that the visor of his helmet was broken, he was ready to run mad; and, setting his hand to his sword, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said: 'I vow to the Creator of all things, and to the four gospels where they are largest written, to lead such another life as the great Marquis of Mantua did, when he swore to revenge the death of his nephew Valdivinos; which was, not to eat on table-cloth, nor sport with his wife, and other things, which, although I do not now remember, I give them here for expressed, until I take complete revenge on him that hath done me this outrage.'

Sancho, hearing this, said: 'You must note, Sir Don Quixote, that if the knight hath accomplished that which you ordained, to go and present himself before my Lady Dulcinea of Toboso, then hath he fully satisfied his debt, and deserves

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no new punishment, except he commit a new fault.' 'Thou hast spoken well, and hit the mark right,' said Don Quixote; and therefore I disannul the oath, in that of taking any new revenge on him; but I make it, and confirm it again, that I will lead the life I have said until I take another helmet like, or as good as this, perforce from some knight. And do not think, Sancho, that I make this resolution lightly, or, as they say, with the smoke of straws, for I have an author whom I may very well imitate herein; for the very like, in every respect, passed about Mambrino's helmet, which cost Sacriphante so dearly.' 'I would have you resign those kind of oaths to the devil,' quoth Sancho; 'for they will hurt your health, and prejudice your conscience. If not, tell me now, I beseech you, if we shall not these many days encounter with any that wears a helmet, what shall we do? Will you accomplish the oath in despite of all the inconveniences and discommodities that ensue thereof? to wit, to sleep in your clothes, nor to sleep in any dwelling, and a thousand other penitences, which the oath of the mad old man, the Marquis of Mantua, contained, which you mean to ratify now? Do not you consider that armed men travel not in any of these ways, but carriers and waggoners, who not only carry no helmets, but also, for the most part, never heard speak of them in their lives?' 'Thou dost deceive thyself saying so,' replied Don Quixote; 'for we shall not haunt these ways two hours before we shall see more armed knights than were at the siege of Albraca, to conquer Angelica the fair.'

'Well, then, let it be so,' quoth Sancho; 'and I pray God it befall us well, whom I devoutly beseech that the time may come of gaining that island which costs me so dear, and after let me die presently, and I care not.' 'I have already said

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to thee, Sancho,' quoth his lord, 'that thou shouldst not trouble thyself in any wise about this affair; for if an island were wanting, we have then the kingdom of Denmark, or that of Sobradisa, which will come as fit for thy purpose as a ring to thy finger; and principally thou art to rejoice because they are on the continent. But, omitting this till his own time, see whether thou hast anything in thy wallet, and let us eat it, that afterward we may go search out some castle wherein we may lodge this night, and make the balsam which I have told thee; for I vow to God that this ear grieves me marvellously.' 'I have here an onion,' replied the squire, 'a piece of cheese, and a few crusts of bread; but such gross meats are not befitting so noble a knight as you are.' 'How ill dost thou understand it!' answered Don Quixote. 'I let thee to understand, Sancho, that it is an honour for knights-errant not to eat once in a month's space; and if by chance they should eat, to eat only of that which is next at hand; and this thou mightest certainly conceive, hadst thou read so many books as I have done; for though I passed over many, yet did I never find recorded in any that knights-errant did ever eat, but by mere chance and adventure, or in some costly banquets that were made for them, and all the other days they passed over with herbs and roots: and though it is to be understood that they could not live without meat, and supplying the other needs of nature, because they were in effect men as we are, it is likewise to be understood, that spending the greater part of their lives in forests and deserts, and that, too, without a cook, that their most ordinary meats were but coarse and rustical, such as thou dost now offer unto me. So that, friend Sancho, let not that trouble thee which is my pleasure, nor go not thou about to make a new world, or to

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hoist knight-errantry off her hinges.' 'Pardon me, good sir,' quoth Sancho; 'for, by reason I can neither read nor write, as I have said once before, I have not fallen rightly in the rules and laws of knighthood; and from henceforth my wallet shall be well furnished with all kinds of dry fruits for you, because you are a knight; and for myself, seeing I am none, I will provide fowls and other things, that are of more substance.' 'I say not, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that it is a forcible law to knights-errant not to eat any other things than such fruits, but that their most ordinary sustenance could be none other than those, and some herbs they found up and down the fields, which they knew very well, and so do I also.' 'It is a virtue,' quoth Sancho, 'to know those herbs; for, as I imagine, that knowledge will some day stand us in stead.' And, saying so, he took out the provision he had, which they both ate together with good conformity. But, being desirous to search out a place where they might lodge that night, they did much shorten their poor dinner, and, mounting anon a-horseback, they made as much haste as they could to find out some dwellings before the night did fall; but the sun and their hopes did fail them at once, they being near the cabins of certain goatherds; and therefore they concluded to take up their lodging there for that night: for, though Sancho's grief was great to lie out of a village, yet Don Quixote's joy exceeded it far, considering he must sleep under open heaven; because he made account, as oft as this befel him, that he did a worthy act, which did facilitate and ratify the practice of his chivalry.





### CHAPTER III

OF THAT WHICH PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND  
CERTAIN GOATHERDS

**H**E was entertained very cheerfully by the goatherds; and Sancho, having set up Rozinante and his ass as well as he could, he presently repaired to the smell of certain pieces of goat-flesh, that stood boiling in a kettle over the fire; and although he thought, in that very moment, to try whether they were in season to be translated out of the kettle into the stomach, he did omit it, because he saw the herds take them off the fire, and, spreading certain sheep-skins, which they had for that purpose, on the ground, lay in a trice their rustical table, and invited the master and man, with very cheerful mind, to come and take part of that

## THE GOLDEN AGE

which they had. There sat down round about the skins six of them, which were all that dwelt in that fold; having first (using some coarse compliments) placed Don Quixote upon a trough, turning the bottom up. Don Quixote sat down, and Sancho stood to serve the cup, which was made of horn. His master, seeing him afoot, said, 'Sancho, to the end thou mayst perceive the good included in wandering knighthood, and also in what possibility they are which exercise themselves in any ministry thereof, to arrive briefly to honour and reputation in the world, my will is, that thou dost sit here by my side, and in company with this good people, and that thou beest one and the very selfsame thing with me, who am thy master and natural lord; that thou eat in my dish and drink in the same cup wherein I drink; for the same may be said of chivalry that is of love, to wit, that it makes all things equal.' 'I yield you great thanks,' quoth Sancho; 'yet dare I avouch unto you, that so I had therewithal to eat well, I could eat it as well, or better, standing and alone, than if I sat by an emperor. And besides, if I must say the truth, methinks that which I eat in a corner, without ceremonies, curiosity, or respect of any, though it were but bread and an union, smacks a great deal better than turkey-cocks at other tables, where I must chew my meat leisurely, drink but little, wipe my hands often, must not neese nor cough though I have a desire, or be like to choke, nor do other things that solitude and liberty bring with them. So that, good sir, I would have you convert these honours that you would bestow upon me, in respect that I am an adherent to chivalry (as I am, being your squire), into things more essential and profitable for me than these; and though I remain as thankful for them as if they were received, yet do I here renounce, from this time until

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the world's end.' 'For all that, thou shalt sit; for the humble shall be exalted.' And so, taking him by the arm, he forced him to sit down near himself.

The goatherds did not understand that gibberish of squires and knights-errant, and therefore did nothing else but eat and hold their peace, and look on their guests, that tossed in with their fists whole slices, with good grace and stomachs. The course of flesh being ended, they served in on the rugs a great quantity of shelled acorns, and half a cheese, harder than if it were made of rough-casting. The horn stood not the while idle; for it went round about so often, now full, now empty, much like a conduit of *Noria*;<sup>1</sup> and in a trice it emptied one of the two wine-bags that lay there in the public view. After that Don Quixote had satisfied his appetite well, he took up a handful of acorns, and, beholding them earnestly, he began to discourse in this manner: 'Happy time, and fortunate ages were those, whereon our ancestors bestowed the title of golden! not because gold (so much prized in this our iron age) was gotten in that happy time without any labours, but because those which lived in that time knew not these two words, 'thine' and 'mine'; in that holy age all things were in common. No man needed, for his ordinary sustenance, to do ought else than lift up his hand, and take it from the strong oak, which did liberally invite them to gather his sweet and savoury fruit. The clear fountains and running rivers did offer them these savoury and transparent waters in magnificent abundance. In the clefts of rocks and hollow trees did the careful and discreet bees erect their commonwealth, offering to every hand, without interest, the fertile crop of their sweetest travails. The lofty cork-trees did dismiss of themselves,

<sup>1</sup> *Arcaduz de Noria*, p. 76.

## THE GOATHERD'S MUSIC

without any other art than that of their native liberality, their broad and light rinds; wherewithal houses were at first covered, being sustained by rustical stakes, to none other end but for to keep back the inclemencies of the air. All then was peace, all amity, and all concord. As yet the ploughshare presumed not, with rude encounter, to open and search the compassionate bowels of our first mother; for she, without compulsion, offered up, through all the parts of her fertile and spacious bosom, all that which might satisfy, sustain, and delight those children which it then had. Yea, it was then that the simple and beautiful young shepherdesses went from valley to valley and hill to hill, with their hair sometimes plaited, sometimes dishevelled, without other apparel than that which was requisite to cover comely that which modesty wills, and ever would have, concealed. Then were of no request the attires and ornaments which are now used by those that esteem the purple of Tyre and the so-many-ways-martyrised silk so much, but only certain green leaves of burdocks and ivy intertexted and woven together; wherewithal, perhaps, they went as gorgeously and comely decked as now our court dames, with all their rare and outlandish inventions that idleness and curiosity hath found out. Then were the amorous conceits of the mind simply and sincerely delivered, and embellished in the very form and manner that she had conceived them, without any artificial contexture of words to endear them. Fraud, deceit, or malice had not then meddled themselves with plainness and truth. Justice was then in her proper terms, favour daring not to trouble or confound her, or the respect of profit, which do now persecute, blemish, and disturb her so much. The law of corruption, or taking bribes, had not yet possessed the understanding of the judge;

## DON QUIXOTE

for then was neither judge, nor person to be judged. Maidens and honesty wandered then, I say, where they listed, alone, signiorising, secure that no stranger liberty, or lascivious intent could prejudice it, or their own native desire or will any way endamage it. But now, in these our detestable times, no damsel is safe, although she be hid and shut up in another new labyrinth, like that of Crete; for even there itself the amorous plague would enter, either by some cranny, or by the air, or by the continual urgings of cursed care, to infect her; for whose protection and security was first instituted, by success of times, the order of knighthood, to defend damsels, protect widows, and assist orphans and distressed wights. Of this order am I, friends goatherds, whom I do heartily thank for the good entertainment which you do give unto me and my squire; for although that every one living is obliged, by the law of nature, to favour knights-errant, yet notwithstanding, knowing that you knew not this obligation, and yet did receive and make much of me, it stands with all reason that I do render you thanks with all my heart !'

Our knight made this long oration (which might have been well excused), because the acorns that were given unto him called to his mind the golden world, and therefore the humour took him to make the goatherds that unprofitable discourse; who heard him, all amazed and suspended, with very great attention all the while. Sancho likewise held his peace, eating acorns, and in the meanwhile visited very often the second wine-bag, which, because it might be fresh, was hanged upon a cork-tree. Don Quixote had spent more time in his speech than in his supper; at the end whereof one of the goatherds said, 'To the end that you may more assuredly

## ANTHONY'S DITTY

know, sir knight-errant, that we do entertain you with prompt and ready will, we will likewise make you some pastime, by hearing one of our companions sing, who is a herd of good understanding, and very amorous withal, and can besides read and write, and play so well on a rebec, that there is nothing to be desired.' Scarce had the goatherd ended his speech, when the sound of the rebec touched his ear; and within a while after he arrived that played on it, being a youth of some twenty years old, and one of a very good grace and countenance. His fellows demanded if he had supped; and, answering that he had, he which did offer the courtesy, said, 'Then, Anthony, thou mayst do us a pleasure by singing a little, that this gentleman our guest may see that we enjoy, amidst these groves and woods, those that know what music is. We have told him already thy good qualities, and therefore we desire that thou show them, to verify our words; and therefore I desire thee, by thy life, that thou wilt sit and sing the ditty which thy uncle the prebendary made of thy love, and was so well liked of in our village.' 'I am content,' quoth the youth; and, without further entreaty, sitting down on the trunk of a lopped oak, he tuned his rebec, and after a while began, with a singular good grace, to sing in this manner:

'I know, Olalia, thou dost me adore!  
Though yet to me the same thou hast not said;  
Nor shown it once, by one poor glance or more,  
Since love is soonest by such tongues bewray'd.

'Yet, 'cause I ever held thee to be wise,  
It me assures thou bearest me good will;  
And he is not unfortunate that sees  
How his affections are not taken ill.

## DON QUIXOTE

- ‘Yet, for all this, Olalia, ’tis true!  
I, by observance, gather to my woe;  
Thy mind is framed of brass, by art undue,  
And flint thy bosom is, though it seems snow.
- ‘And yet, amidst thy rigour’s winter-face,  
And other shifts, thou usest to delay me,  
Sometimes hope, peeping out, doth promise grace;  
But, woe is me! I fear ’tis to betray me.
- ‘Sweetest ! once in the balance of thy mind,  
Poise with just weights my faith, which never yet  
Diminish’d, though disfavour it did find;  
Nor can increase more, though thou favoured’st it.
- ‘If love be courteous (as some men say),  
By thy humanity, I must collect  
My hopes, hows’ever thou dost use delay,  
Shall reap, at last, the good I do expect.
- ‘If many services be of esteem  
Or power to render a hard heart benign,  
Such things I did for thee, as make me deem  
I have the match gain’d, and thou shalt be mine.
- ‘For, if at any time thou hast ta’en heed,  
Thou more than once might’st view how I was clad,  
To honour thee, on Mondays, with the weed  
Which, worn on Sundays, got me credit had.
- ‘For love and brav’ry still themselves consort,  
Because they both shoot ever at one end;  
Which made me, when I did to thee resort,  
Still to be neat and fine I did contend.
- ‘Here I omit the dances I have done,  
And musics I have at thy window given;  
When thou didst at cock-crow listen alone,  
And seem’dst, hearing my voice, to be in heaven.
- ‘I do not, eke, the praises here recount  
Which of thy beauty I so oft have said;  
Which, though they all were true, were likewise wont  
To make the envious me for spite upbraid.

## ANTHONY'S DITTY

- 'When to Teresa, she of Berrocal,  
I, of thy worth, discourse did sometime shape:  
"Good God!" quoth she, "you seem an angel's thrall,  
And yet, for idol, you adore an ape.
- "She to her bugles thanks may give, and chains,  
False hair, and other shifts that she doth use  
To mend her beauty, with a thousand pains  
And guiles, which might love's very self abuse."
- 'Wroth at her words, I gave her straight the lie,  
Which did her and her cousin so offend,  
As me to fight he challenged presently,  
And well thou know'st of our debate the end.
- 'I mean not thee to purchase at a clap,  
Nor to that end do I thy favour sue;  
Thereby thine honour either to entrap,  
Or thee persuade to take courses undue.
- 'The Church hath bands which do so surely hold,  
As no silk string for strength comes to them near;  
To thrust thy neck once in the yoke be bold,  
And see if I, to follow thee, will fear.
- 'If thou wilt not, here solemnly I vow,  
By holiest saint, enwrapt in precious shrine,  
Never to leave those hills where I dwell now,  
If't be not to become a Capucine.'

Here the goatherd ended his ditty, and although Don Quixote entreated him to sing somewhat else, yet would not Sancho Panza consent to it; who was at that time better disposed to sleep than to hear music; and therefore said to his master, 'You had better provide yourself of a place wherein to sleep this night than to hear music; for the labour that these good men endure all the day long doth not permit that they likewise spend the night in singing.' 'I understand thee well enough, Sancho,' answered Don Quixote; 'nor did I



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think less, but that thy manifold visitations of the wine-bottle would rather desire to be recompensed with sleep than with music.' 'The wine liked us all well,' quoth Sancho. 'I do not deny it,' replied Don Quixote; 'but go thou and lay thee down where thou pleasest, for it becomes much more men of my profession to watch than to sleep. Yet, notwithstanding, it will not be amiss to lay somewhat again to mine ear, for it grieves me very much.' One of the goatherds, beholding the hurt, bade him be of good cheer, for he would apply a remedy that should cure it easily. And, taking some rosemary-leaves of many that grew thereabouts, he hewed them, and after mixed a little salt among them; and, applying this medicine to the ear, he bound it up well with a cloth, assuring him that he needed to use no other medicine; as it proved after, in effect.



## CHAPTER IV

OF THAT WHICH ONE OF THE GOATHERDS RECOUNTED  
TO THOSE THAT WERE WITH DON QUIXOTE

**A**BOUT this time arrived another youth, one of those that brought them provision from the village, who said, 'Companions, do not you know what passeth in the village?' 'How can we know it, being absent?' says another of them. 'Then, wit,' quoth the youth, 'that the famous shepherd and student, Chrysostom, died this morning, and they murmur that he died for love of that devilish lass Marcela, William the Rich his daughter, she that goes up

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and down these plains and hills among us, in the habit of a shepherdess.' 'Dost thou mean Marcela?' quoth one of them. 'Even her, I say,' answered the other; 'and the jest is, that he hath commanded, in his testament, that he be buried in the fields, as if he were a Moor; and that it be at the foot of the rock, where the fountain stands off the cork-tree; for that, according to fame, and as they say he himself affirmed, was the place wherein he viewed her first. And he hath likewise commanded such other things to be done, as the ancients sort of the village do not allow, nor think fit to be performed; for they seem to be ceremonies of the Gentiles. To all which objections, his great friend, Ambrosio the student, who likewise apparelled himself like a shepherd at once with him, answers, that all shall be accomplished, without omission of anything, as Chrysostom hath ordained; and all the village is in an uproar about this affair; and yet it is said that what Ambrosio and all the other shepherds his friends do pretend, shall in fine be done; and to-morrow morning they will come to the place I have named, to bury him with great pomp. And as I suppose it will be a thing worthy the seeing, at leastwise I will not omit to go and behold it, although I were sure that I could not return the same day to the village.' 'We will all do the same,' quoth the goatherds, 'and will draw lots who shall tarry here to keep all our herds.' 'Thou sayst well, Peter,' quoth one of them, 'although that labour may be excused; for I mean to stay behind for you all, which you must not attribute to any virtue, or little curiosity in me, but rather to the fork that pricked my foot the other day, and makes me unable to travel from hence.' 'We do thank thee, notwithstanding,' quoth Peter, 'for thy good-will.' And Don Quixote, who heard all their discourse, entreated Peter to tell him who

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that dead man was, and what the shepherdess of whom they spoke.

Peter made answer, that what he knew of the affair was, 'that the dead person was a rich gentleman of a certain village seated among those mountains, who had studied many years in Salamanca, and after returned home to his house, with the opinion to be a very wise and learned man; but principally it was reported of him, that he was skilful in astronomy, and all that which passed above in heaven, in the sun and the moon, for he would tell us most punctually the clipse of the sun and the moon.' 'Friend,' quoth Don Quixote, 'the darkening of these two great luminaries is called an eclipse, not a clipse.' But Peter, stopping not at those trifles, did prosecute his history, saying, 'He did also prognosticate when the year would be abundant or estile.' 'Thou wouldst say sterile,' quoth Don Quixote. 'Sterile or estile,' said Peter, 'all is one for my purpose. And I say that, by his words, his father and his other friends, that gave credit to him, became very rich; for they did all that he counselled them: who would say unto them, Sow barley this year, and no wheat; in this, you may sow peas, and no barley; the next year will be good for oil; the three ensuing, you shall not gather a drop.' 'That science is called astrology,' quoth Don Quixote. 'I know not how it is called,' replied Peter; 'but I know well he knew all this, and much more.

'Finally, a few months after he came from Salamanca, he appeared one day apparelled like a shepherd, with his flock, and leather coat, having laid aside the long habits that he wore, being a scholar; and jointly with him came also a great friend of his and fellow-student, called Ambrosio, apparelled like a shepherd. I did almost forget to tell how Chrysostom,

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the dead man, was a great maker of verses; insomuch that he made the carols of Christmas Day at night, and the plays for Corpus Christi Day, which the youths of our village did represent, and all of them affirmed that they were most excellent. When those of the village saw the two scholars so suddenly clad like shepherds, they were amazed, and could not guess the cause that moved them to make so wonderful a change. And about this time Chrysostom's father died, and he remained possessed of a great deal of goods, as well moveable as immoveable; and no little quantity of cattle, great and small, and also a great sum of money; of all which the young man remained a dissolute lord. And truly he deserved it all; for he was a good fellow, charitable, and a friend of good folk, and he had a face like a blessing. It came at last to be understood, that the cause of changing his habit was none other than for to go up and down through these deserts after the shepherdess Marcela, whom our herd named before; of whom the poor dead Chrysostom was become enamoured. And I will tell you now, because it is fit you should know it, what this wanton lass is; perhaps, and I think without perhaps, you have not heard the like thing in all the days of your life, although you had lived more years than Sarna.' 'Say Sarra,' quoth Don Quixote, being not able any longer to hear him to change one word for another.

'The Sarna, or Scab,' quoth Peter, 'lives long enough too. And if you go thus, sir, interrupting my tale at every pace, we shall not be able to end it in a year.' 'Pardon me, friend,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for I speak to thee by reason there was such difference between Sarna and Sarra. But thou dost answer well; for the Sarna or Scab lives longer than Sarra. And therefore prosecute thy history; for I will

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not interrupt thee any more.' 'I say, then, dear sir of my soul,' quoth the goatherd, 'that there was, in our village, a farmer that was yet richer than Chrysostom's father, who was



Marcela

called William, to whom fortune gave, in the end of his great riches, a daughter called Marcela, of whose birth her mother died, who was the best woman that dwelt in all this circuit. Methinks I do now see her quick before me, with that face

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which had on the one side the sun and on the other side the moon; and above all, she was a thrifty housewife, and a great friend to the poor; for which I believe that her soul is this very hour enjoying of the gods in the other world. For grief of the loss of so good a wife, her husband William likewise died, leaving his daughter Marcela, young and rich, in the custody of his uncle, who was a priest, and curate of our village. The child grew with such beauty as it made us remember that of her mother, which was very great; and yet, notwithstanding, they judged that the daughter's would surpass hers, as indeed it did; for when she arrived to the age of fourteen or fifteen years old, no man beheld her that did not bless God for making her so fair, and most men remained enamoured and cast away for her love. Her uncle kept her with very great care and closeness; and yet, nevertheless, the fame of her great beauty did spread itself in such sort that, as well for it as for her great riches, her uncle was not only requested by those of our village, but also was prayed, solicited, and importuned by all those that dwelt many leagues about, and that by the very best of them, to give her to them in marriage. But he (who is a good Christian, every inch of him), although he desired to marry her presently, as soon as she was of age, yet would he not do it without her good-will, without ever respecting the gain and profit he might make by the possession of her goods whilst he desired her marriage. And, in good sooth, this was spoken of, to the good priest his commendation, in more than one meeting of the people of our village; for I would have you to wit, sir errant, that in these little villages they talk of all things, and make account, as I do, that the priest must have been too good who could oblige his parishioners to speak so well of him, and especially in the

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villages.' 'Thou hast reason,' quoth Don Quixote; 'and therefore follow on, for the history is very pleasant, and thou, good Peter, dost recount it with a very good grace.' 'I pray God,' said Peter, 'that I never want our Herd's; for it is that which makes to the purpose. And in the rest you shall understand, that although her uncle propounded, and told to his niece the quality of every wooer of the many that desired her for wife, and entreated her to marry and choose at her pleasure, yet would she never answer other but that she would not marry as then, and that, in respect of her over green years, she did not find herself able enough yet to bear the burden of marriage. With these just excuses which she seemed to give, her uncle left off importuning of her, and did expect until she were further entered into years, and that she might know how to choose one that might like her; for he was wont to say, and that very well, that parents were not to place or bestow their children where they bore no liking. But, see here! when we least imagined it, the coy Marcela appeared one morning to become a shepherdess; and neither her uncle, nor all those of the village which dissuaded her from it, could work any effect, but she would needs go to the fields, and keep her own sheep with the other young lasses of the town. And she coming thus in public, when her beauty was seen without hindrance, I cannot possibly tell unto you how many rich youths, as well gentlemen as farmers, have taken on them the habit of Chrysostom, and follow, wooing of her, up and down those fields; one of which, as is said already, was our dead man, of whom it is said, that leaving to love her, he had at last made her his idol. Nor is it to be thought that because Marcela set herself in that liberty, and so loose a life, and of so little or no keeping, that therefore she hath given the least



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token or shadow of dishonesty or negligence. Nay, rather, such is the watchfulness wherewithal she looks to her honour, that among so many as serve and solicit her, not one hath praised or can justly vaunt himself to have received, at her hands, the least hope that may be to obtain his desires; for, although she did not fly or shun the company and conversation of shepherds, and doth use them courteously and friendly, whensoever any one of them begin to discover their intention, be it ever so just and holy, as that of matrimony, she casts them away from her, as with a sling.

‘ And with this manner of proceeding she does more harm in this country than if the plague had entered into it by her means; for her affability and beauty doth draw to it the hearts of those which do serve and love her, but her disdain and resolution do conduct them to terms of desperation. And so they know not what to say unto her, but to call her with a loud voice cruel and ungrateful, with other titles like unto this, which do clearly manifest the nature of her condition; and, sir, if you stayed here but a few days, you should hear these mountains resound with the lamentations of those wretches that follow her. There is a certain place not far off, wherein are about two dozen of beech trees, and there is not any one of them in whose rind is not engraven Marcela’s name, and over some names graven also a crown in the same tree, as if her lover would plainly denote that Marcela bears it away, and deserves the garland of all human beauty. Here sighs one shepherd, there another complains; in another place are heard amorous ditties; here, in another, doleful and despairing laments. Some one there is that passeth over all the whole hours of the night at the foot of an oak or rock, and, without folding once his weeping eyes, swallowed and trans-

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ported by his thoughts, the sun finds him there in the morning; and some other there is, who, without giving way or truce to his sighs, doth, amidst the fervour of the most fastidious heat of the summer, stretched upon the burning sand, breathe his pitiful complaints to heaven. And of this, and of him, and of those, and these, the beautiful Marcela doth indifferently and quietly triumph. All we that know her do wait to see wherein this her loftiness will finish, or who shall be so happy as to gain dominion over so terrible a condition, and enjoy so peerless a beauty. And because all that I have recounted is so notorious a truth, it makes me more easily believe that our companion hath told, that is said of the occasion of Chrysostom's death; and therefore I do counsel you, sir, that you do not omit to be present to-morrow at his burial, which will be worthy the seeing; for Chrysostom hath many friends, and the place wherein he commanded himself to be buried is not half a league from hence.' 'I do mean to be there,' said Don Quixote; 'and do render thee many thanks for the delight thou hast given me by the relation of so pleasant a history.' 'Oh,' quoth the goatherd, 'I do not yet know the half of the adventures succeeded to Marcela's lovers; but peradventure we may meet some shepherd on the way to-morrow that will tell them unto us. And for the present you will do well to go take your rest under some roof, for the air might hurt your wound, although the medicine be such that I have applied to it that any contrary accidents need not much to be feared.' Sancho Panza, being wholly out of patience with the goatherd's long discourse, did solicit, for his part, his master so effectually as he brought him at last into Peter's cabin, to take his rest for that night; whereinto, after he had entered, he bestowed the remnant of the night in remembran-

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ces of his Lady Dulcinea, in imitation of Marcela's lovers. Sancho Panza did lay himself down between Rozinante and his ass, and slept it out, not like a disfavoured lover, but like a man stamped and bruised with tramlings.



## CHAPTER V

WHEREIN IS FINISHED THE HISTORY OF THE SHEP-  
HERDESS MARCELA, WITH OTHER ACCIDENTS

**B**UT scarce had the day begun to discover itself by the oriental windows, when five of the six goatherds arising, went to awake Don Quixote, and demanded of him whether he yet intended to go to Chrysostom's burial, and that they would accompany him. Don Quixote, that desired nothing more, got up, and commanded Sancho to saddle and empannel in a trice; which he did with great expedition, and with the like they all presently began their journey. And they had not yet gone a quarter of a league, when, at the crossing of a pathway, they saw six shepherds coming towards them, apparelled with black skins, and crowned with garlands of cypress and bitter *enula campana*. Every one of them carried in his hand a thick truncheon of elm. There came likewise with them two gentlemen a-horseback, very well furnished for the way, with other three lackeys that at-

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tended on them. And, as soon as they encountered, they saluted one another courteously, and demanded whither they travelled; and knowing that they all went towards the place of the burial, they began their journey together. One of the horsemen, speaking to his companion, said, 'I think, Mr. Vivaldo, we shall account the time well employed that we shall stay to see this so famous an entertainment; for it cannot choose but be famous, according to the wonderful things these shepherds have recounted unto us, as well of the dead shepherd as also of the murdering shepherdess.' 'It seems so to me likewise,' quoth Vivaldo; 'and I say, I would not only stay one day, but a whole week, rather than miss to behold it.' Don Quixote demanded of them what they had heard of Marcela and Chrysostom. The traveller answered that they had encountered that morning with those shepherds, and that, by reason they had seen them appalled in that mournful attire, they demanded of them the occasion thereof, and one of them rehearsed it, recounting the strangeness and beauty of a certain shepherdess called Marcela, and the amorous pursuits of her by many, with the death of that Chrysostom to whose burial they rode. Finally, he told all that again to him that Peter had told the night before.

This discourse thus ended, another began, and was, that he who was called Vivaldo demanded of Don Quixote the occasion that moved him to travel thus armed through so peaceable a country. To whom Don Quixote answered: 'The profession of my exercise doth not license or permit me to do other. Good days, cockering, and ease were invented for soft courtiers; but travels, unrest, and arms were only invented and made for those which the world terms knights-errant, of which number I myself (although unworthy)

## KNIGHT-ERRANTRY

am one, and the least of all.' Scarce had they heard him say this, when they all held him to be wood. And, to find out the truth better, Vivaldo did ask him again what meant the word knights-errant. 'Have you not read, then,' quoth Don Quixote, 'the histories and annals of England, wherein are treated the famous acts of King Arthur, whom we continually call, in our Castilian romance, King Artus? of whom it is an ancient and common tradition, in the kingdom of Great Britain, that he never died, but that he was turned, by art of enchantment, into a crow; and that, in process of time, he shall return again to reign, and recover his sceptre and kingdom; for which reason it cannot be proved that, ever since that time until this, any Englishman hath killed a crow. In this good king's time was first instituted the famous order of knighthood of the Knights of the Round Table, and the love that is there recounted did in every respect pass as it is laid down between Sir Launcelot du Lake and Queen Genever, the honourable Lady Quintaniona being a dealer, and privy thereto; whence sprung that so famous a ditty, and so celebrated here in Spain, of, "Never was knight of ladies so well served as Launcelot when that he in Britain arrived," etc., with that progress so sweet and delightful of his amorous and valiant acts; and from that time forward, the order of knight went from hand to hand, dilating and spreading itself through many and sundry parts of the world; and in it were, famous and renowned for their feats of arms, the valiant Amadis of Gaul, with all his progeny until the fifth generation; and the valorous Felixmarte of Hircania, and the never-duly-praised Tirante the White, together with Sir Bevis of Hampton, Sir Guy of Warwick, Sir Eglemore, with divers others of that nation and age; and almost in our days we saw, and com-

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muned, and heard of the invincible and valiant knight, Don Belianis of Greece. This, then, good sirs, is to be a knight-errant; and that which I have said is the order of chivalry: wherein, as I have already said, I, although a sinner, have made profession, and the same do I profess that those knights professed whom I have above mentioned; and therefore I travel through these solitudes and deserts, seeking adventures, with full resolution to offer mine own arm and person to the most dangerous that fortune shall present, in the aid of weak and needy persons.'

By these reasons of Don Quixote's the travellers perfectly perceived that he was none of the wisest; and knew the kind of folly wherewithal he was crossed whereat those remained wonderfully admired, that by the relation of the others came to understand it.

And Vivaldo, who was very discreet, and likewise of a pleasant disposition, to the end they might pass over the rest of the way without heaviness unto the rock of the burial, which the shepherds said was near at hand, he resolved to give him further occasion to pass onward with his follies, and therefore said unto him, 'Methinks, sir knight, that you have professed one of the most austere professions in the world; and I do constantly hold that even that of the Charterhouse monks is not near so strait.' 'It may be as strait as our profession,' quoth Don Quixote, 'but that it should be so necessary for the world, I am within the breadth of two fingers to call it in doubt; for, if we would speak a truth, the soldier that puts in execution his captain's command doth no less than the very captain that commands him. Hence I infer, that religious men do with all peace and quietness seek of Heaven the good of the earth; but soldiers and we knights do put in execution

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that which they demand, defending it with the valour of our arms and files of our swords; not under any roof, but under the wide heavens, made, as it were, in summer a mark to the insupportable sunbeams, and in winter to the rage of withering frosts. So that we are the ministers of God on earth, and the armies wherewith He executeth His justice; and as the affairs of war, and things thereunto pertaining, cannot be put in execution without sweat, labour, and travail, it follows that those which profess warfare take, questionless, greater pain than those which, in quiet, peace, and rest, do pray unto God that He will favour and assist those that need it. I mean not therefore to affirm, nor doth it once pass through my thought, that the state of a knight-errant is as perfect as that of a retired religious man, but only would infer, through that which I myself suffer, that it is doubtlessly more laborious, more battered, hungry, thirsty, miserable, torn, and lousy. For the knights-errant of times past did, without all doubt, suffer much woe and misery in the discourse of their life; and if some of them ascended at last to empires, won by the force of their arms, in good faith, it cost them a great part of their sweat and blood; and if those which mounted to so high a degree had wanted those enchanterers and wise men that assisted them, they would have remained much defrauded of their desires, and greatly deceived of their hopes.' 'I am of the same opinion,' replied the traveller; 'but one thing among many others hath seemed to me very ill in knights-errant, which is, when they perceive themselves in any occasion to begin any great and dangerous adventure, in which appears manifest peril of losing their lives, they never, in the instant of attempting it, remember to commend themselves to God, as every Christian is bound to do in like dangers, but rather



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do it to their ladies, with so great desire and devotion as if they were their gods—a thing which, in my opinion, smells of Gentilism.’ ‘Sir,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘they can do no less in any wise, and the knight-errant which did any other would digress much from his duty; for now it is a received use and custom of errant chivalry, that the knight adventurous who, attempting of any great feat of arms, shall have his lady in place, do mildly and amorously turn his eyes towards her, as it were by them demanding that she do favour and protect him in that ambiguous trance which he undertakes; and, moreover, if none do hear him, he is bound to say certain words between his teeth, by which he shall, with all his heart, commend himself to her: and of this we have innumerable examples in histories. Nor is it therefore to be understood that they do omit to commend themselves to God; for they have time and leisure enough to do it in the progress of the work.’

‘For all that,’ replied the traveller, ‘there remains in me yet one scruple, which is, that oftentimes, as I have read, some speech begins between two knights-errant, and from one word to another their choler begins to be inflamed, and they to turn their horses, and to take up a good piece of the field, and, without any more ado, to run as fast as ever they can drive to encounter again, and, in the midst of their race, do commend themselves to their dames; and that which commonly ensues of this encountering is, that one of them falls down, thrown over the crupper of his horse, passed through and through by his enemy’s lance; and it befalls the other that, if he had not caught fast of his horse’s mane, he had likewise fallen; and I here cannot perceive how he that is slain had any leisure to commend himself unto God in the dis-

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course of this so accelerate and hasty a work. Methinks it were better that those words which he spent in his race on his lady were bestowed as they ought, and as every Christian is bound to bestow them; and the rather, because I conjecture that all knights-errant have not ladies to whom they may commend themselves, for all of them are not amorous.'

'That cannot be,' answered Don Quixote; 'I say it cannot be that there's any knight-errant without a lady; for it is as proper and essential to such to be enamoured as to heaven to have stars: and I dare warrant that no history hath yet been seen wherein is found a knight-errant without love; for, by the very reason that he were found without them, he would be convinced to be no legitimate knight, but a bastard; and that he entered into the fortress of chivalry, not by the gate, but by leaping over the staccado like a robber and a thief.'

'Yet, notwithstanding,' replied the other, 'I have read (if I do not forget myself) that Don Galaor, brother to the valorous Amadis de Gaul, had never any certain mistress to whom he might commend himself; and yet, for all that, he was nothing less accounted of, and was a most valiant and famous knight.' To that objection our Don Quixote answered: 'One swallow makes not a summer. How much more that I know, that the knight whom you allege was secretly very much enamoured; besides that, that his inclination of loving all ladies well, which he thought were fair, was a natural inclination, which he could not govern so well; but it is, in conclusion, sufficiently verified, that yet he had one lady whom he crowned queen of his will, to whom he did also commend himself very often and secretly; for he did not a little glory to be so secret in his loves.'

'Then, sir, if it be of the essence of all knights-errant to

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be in love,' quoth the traveller, 'then may it likewise be presumed that you are also enamoured, seeing that it is annexed to the profession? And if you do not prize yourself to be as secret as Don Galaor, I do entreat you, as earnestly as I may, in all this company's name and mine own, that it will please you to tell us the name, country, quality, and beauty of your lady; for I am sure she would account herself happy to think that all the world doth know she is beloved and served by so worthy a knight as is yourself.' Here Don Quixote, breathing forth a deep sigh, said: 'I cannot affirm whether my sweet enemy delight or no that the world know how much she is beloved, or that I serve her. Only I dare avouch (answering to that which you so courteously demanded) that her name is Dulcinea, her country Toboso, a village of Mancha. Her calling must be at least of a princess, seeing she is my queen and lady; her beauty sovereign, for in her are verified and give glorious lustre to all those impossible and chimerical attributes of beauty that poets give to their mistresses, that her hairs are gold, her forehead the Elysian fields, her brows the arcs of heaven, her eyes suns, her cheeks roses, her lips coral, her teeth pearls, her neck alabaster, her bosom marble, ivory her hands, and her whiteness snow; and the parts which modesty conceals from human sight, such as I think and understand that the discreet consideration may prize, but never be able to equalize them.' 'Her lineage, progeny, we desire to know likewise,' quoth Vivaldo. To which Don Quixote answered: 'She is not of the ancient Roman Curcios, Cayos, or Scipios; nor of the modern Colomnas, or Ursinos; nor of the Moncadas or Requesenes of Catalonia; and much less of the Rebelias and Villanovas of Valencia; Palafoxes, Nucas, Rocabertis, Corelias, Alagones, Urreas, Fozes, and Gurreas of



Dulcinea of Toboso

Aragon; Cerdas, Manriquez, Mendoças, and Guzmanes of Castile; Lancasters, Palias, and Meneses of Portugal; but she is of those of Toboso of the Mancha; a lineage which, though it be modern, is such as may give a generous beginning to the most noble families of ensuing ages. And let none contradict me in this, if it be not with those conditions that Cerbino put at the foot of Orlando's armour, to wit:

“ Let none from hence presume these arms to move,  
But he that with Orlando dares his force to prove.”

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‘Although my lineage be of the Cachopines of Laredo,’ replied the traveller, ‘yet dare I not to compare it with that of Toboso in the Mancha; although, to speak sincerely, I never heard any mention of that lineage you say until now.’ ‘What!’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘is it possible that you never heard of it till now?’

All the company travelled, giving marvellous attention to the reasons of those two; and even the very goatherds and shepherds began to perceive the great want of judgment that was in Don Quixote: only Sancho Panza did verily believe that all his master’s words were most true, as one that knew what he was from the very time of his birth; but that wherein his belief staggered somewhat, was of the beautiful Dulcinea of Toboso; for he had never heard speak in his life before of such a name or princess, although he had dwelt so many years hard by Toboso.

And as they travelled in these discourses, they beheld descending, betwixt the cleft of two lofty mountains, to the number of twenty shepherds, all apparelled in skins of black wool, and crowned with garlands, which, as they perceived afterward, were all of yew and cypress. Six of them carried a bier, covered with many sorts of flowers and boughs; which one of the goatherds espying, he said, ‘Those that come there are they which bring Chrysostom’s body, and the foot of that mountain is the place where he hath commanded them to bury him.’ These words were occasion to make them haste to arrive in time, which they did just about the instant that the others had laid down the corpse on the ground. And four of them, with sharp pickaxes, did dig the grave at the side of a hard rock. The one and the others saluted themselves very courteously; and then Don Quixote, and such as came with

## CHRYSOSTOM'S BURIAL

him, began to behold the bier, wherein they saw laid a dead body, all covered with flowers, and apparelled like a shepherd of some thirty years old; and his dead countenance showed that he was very beautiful, and an able-bodied man. He had, placed round about him in the bier, certain books and many papers, some open and some shut, and altogether, as well those that beheld this as they which made the grave, and all the others that were present, kept a marvellous silence, until one of them which carried the dead man said to another: 'See well, Ambrosio, whether this be the place that Chrysostom meant, seeing that thou wouldst have all so punctually observed which he commanded in his testament.' 'This is it,' answered Ambrosio; 'for many times my unfortunate friend recounted to me in it the history of his mis-haps. Even there he told me that he had seen that cruel enemy of mankind first; and there it was where he first broke his affections too, as honest as they were amorous; and there was the last time wherein Marcela did end to resolve, and began to disdain him, in such sort as she set end to the tragedy of his miserable life; and here, in memory of so many misfortunes, he commanded himself to be committed to the bowels of eternal oblivion.' And, turning himself to Don Quixote and to the other travellers, he said, 'This body, sirs, which you do now behold with pitiful eyes, was the treasury of a soul wherein heaven had hoarded up an infinite part of his treasures. This is the body of Chrysostom, who was peerless in wit, without fellow for courtesy, rare for comeliness, a phoenix for friendship, magnificent without measure, grave without presumption, pleasant without offence; and finally, the first in all that which is good, and second to none in all unfortunate mischances. He loved well, and was hated; he

## DON QUIXOTE

adored, and was disdained; he prayed to one no less savage than a beast; he importuned a heart as hard as marble, he pursued the wind, he cried to deserts, he served ingratitude, and he obtained for reward the spoils of death in the midst of the career of his life: to which a shepherdess hath given end whom he laboured to eternize, to the end she might ever live in the memories of men, as those papers which you see there might very well prove, had he not commanded me to sacrificé them to the fire as soon as his body was rendered to the earth.'

'If you did so,' quoth Vivaldo, 'you would use greater rigour and cruelty towards them than their very lord, nor is it discreet or justly done that his will be accomplished who commands anything repugnant to reason; nor should Augustus Caesar himself have gained the reputation of wisdom, if he had permitted that to be put in execution which the divine Mantuan had by his will ordained. So that, Senor Ambrosio, now that you commit your friend's body to the earth, do not therefore commit his labour to oblivion; for though he ordained it as one injured, yet are not you to accomplish it as one void of discretion; but rather cause, by giving life to these papers, that the cruelty of Marcela may live eternally, that it may serve as a document to those that shall breathe in ensuing ages how they may avoid and shun the like downfalls; for both myself, and all those that come here in my company, do already know the history of your enamoured and despairing friend, the occasion of his death, and what he commanded ere he deceased: out of which lamentable relation may be collected how great hath been the cruelty of Marcela, the love of Chrysostom, the faith of your affection, and the conclusion which those make which do rashly run through that

## CHRYSOSTOM'S BURIAL

way which indiscreet love doth present to their view. We understood yesternight of Chrysostom's death, and that he should be interred in this place, and therefore we omitted our intended journeys, both for curiosity and pity, and resolved to come and behold with our eyes that the relation whereof did so much grieve us in the hearing; and therefore we desire thee, discreet Ambrosio, both in reward of this our compassion, and also of the desire which springs in our breasts, to remedy this disaster, if it were possible; but chiefly I, for my part, request thee, that, omitting to burn these papers, thou wilt license me to take away some of them.' And, saying so, without expecting the shepherd's answer, he stretched out his hand and took some of them that were next to him; which Ambrosio perceiving, said, 'I will consent, sir, for courtesy's sake, that you remain lord of those which you have seized upon; but to imagine that I would omit to burn these that rest were a very vain thought.' Vivaldo, who did long to see what the papers contained which he had gotten, did unfold presently one of them, which had this title, 'A Ditty of Despair.' Ambrosio overheard him, and said: 'That is the last paper which this unfortunate shepherd wrote; and because, sir, that you may see the terms to which his mis-haps conducted him, I pray you to read it, but in such manner as you may be heard; for you shall have leisure enough to do it whilst the grave is a-digging.' 'I will do it with all my heart,' replied Vivaldo; and all those that were present having the like desire, they gathered about him, and he, reading it with a clear voice, pronounced it thus.





## CHAPTER VI

WHEREIN ARE REHEARSED THE DESPAIRING VERSES  
OF THE DEAD SHEPHERD, WITH OTHER  
UNEXPECTED ACCIDENTS

THE CANZONE OF CHRYSOSTOM

I

**S**INCE cruel thou (I publish) dost desire,  
From tongue to tongue, and the one to the other pole,  
The efficacy of thy rigour sharp,  
I'll hell constrain to assist my soul's desire,  
And in my breast infuse a ton of dole.  
Whereon my voice, as it is wont, may harp,  
And labour, as I wish, at once to carp  
And tell my sorrows and thy murdering deeds;  
The dreadful voice and accents shall agree,  
And, with them, meet for greater torture be  
Lumps of my wretched bowels, which still bleeds.

## CHRYSOSTOM'S CANZONE

Then listen, and lend once attentive ear,  
Not well-consorted tunes, but howling to hear,  
That from my bitter bosom's depth takes flight;  
And by constrained raving borne away,  
Issues forth for mine ease and thy despite.

### II

The lion's roaring, and the dreadful howls  
Of ravening wolf, and hissing terrible  
Of squamy serpent; and the fearful bleat  
Of some sad monster; of foretelling fowls,  
The pie's crackling, and rumour horrible  
Of the contending wind, as it doth beat  
The sea; and implacable bellowing, yet  
Of vanquish'd bull; and of the turtle sole  
The feeling mourning, and the doleful song  
Of the envious owl, with the dire plaints among  
Of all the infernal squadron full of dole,  
Sally with my lamenting soul around  
All mixed with so strange, unusual sound,  
As all the senses may confounded be;  
For my fierce torment, a new way exact,  
Wherein I may recount my misery.

### III

The doleful echoes of so great confusion  
Shall not resound o'er father Tagus' sands,  
Nor touch the olive-wat'ring Betis' ears.  
Of my dire pangs I'll only make effusion  
'Mongst those steep rocks, and hollow bottom lands,  
With mortified tongue, but living tears:  
Sometimes, in hidden dales, where nought appears,  
Or in unhaunted plains free from access;  
Or where the sun could ne'er intrude a beam;  
Amidst the venomous crew of beasts unclean,  
Whose wants, with bounty, the free plains redress;  
For, though among those vast and desert downs,  
The hollow echo indistinctly sounds  
Thy matchless rigour, and my cruel pain,  
Yet, by the privilege of my niggard fates,  
It will their force throughout the world proclaim.

## DON QUIXOTE

### IV

A disdain kills; and patience runs aground,  
By a suspicion either false or true;  
But jealousy, with greater rigour, slays;  
A prolix absence doth our life confound.  
Against fear of oblivion to ensue,  
Firm hope of best success gives little ease,  
Inevitable death lurks in all these.  
But I (O unseen miracle!) do still live,  
Jealous, absent, disdain'd, and certain too  
Of the suspicions that my life undo!  
Drown'd in oblivion which my fire revives,  
And amongst all those pains I never scope  
Got, to behold the shadow once of hope:  
Nor thus despaired would I it allow;  
But 'cause I may more aggravate my moans,  
To live ever without it, here I vow.

### V

Can hope and fear, at once, in one consist?  
Or is it reason that it should be so?  
Seeing the cause more certain is of fear;  
If before me dire jealousy exist,  
Shall I deflect mine eyes? since it will show  
Itself by a thousand wounds in my soul there.  
Or, who will not the gates unto despair  
Wide open set, after that he hath spy'd  
Murd'ring disdain? and noted each suspicion  
To seeming truth transform'd? O sour conversion!  
Whilst verity by falsehood is belied!  
O tyrant of love's state, fierce jealousy!  
With cruel chains these hands together tie,  
With stubborn cords couple them, rough disdain!  
But woe is me, with bloody victory,  
Your memory is, by my sufferance, slain!

### VI

I die, in fine, and 'cause I'll not expect  
In death or life for the least good success,  
I obstinate will rest in fantasy,  
And say he doth well, that doth death affect,

## CHRYSOSTOM'S CANZONE

And eke the soul most liberty possess,  
That is most thrall to love's old tyranny.  
And will affirm mine ever enemy,  
In her fair shrine, a fairer soul contains;  
And her oblivion from my fault to spring,  
And to excuse her wrongs will witness bring,  
That love by her in peace his state maintains,  
And with a hard knot, and this strange opinion  
I will accelerate the wretched summon,  
To which guided I am by her scorns rife,  
And offer to the air body and soul,  
Without hope or reward of future life.

### VII

Thou that, by multiplying wrongs, doth show  
The reason forcing me to use violence  
Unto this loathsome life, grown to me hateful,  
Since now by signs notorious thou mayst know,  
From my heart's deepest wound, how willingly sense  
Doth sacrifice me to thy scorns ungrateful.  
If my deserts have seem'd to thee so bootful,  
As thy fair eyes clear heav'n should be o'ercast,  
And clouded at my death; yet do not so,  
For I'll no recompense take for the woe:  
By which, of my soul's spoils possess'd thou wast:  
But, rather, laughing at my funeral sad,  
Show how mine end begins to make thee glad.  
But 'tis a folly to advise thee this,  
For I know, in my death's acceleration,  
Consists thy glory and thy chiefest bliss.

### VIII

Let Tantalus from the profoundest deeps  
Come, for it is high time now, with his thirst;  
And Sisyphus, with his oppressing stone;  
Let Tityus bring his raven that ne'er sleeps,  
And Ixion make no stay with wheel accurs'd,  
Nor the three sisters, ever lab'ring on.  
And let them all at once their mortal moan  
Translate into my breast, and lovely sound  
(If it may be a debt due to despair),

## DON QUIXOTE

And chant sad obsequies, with doleful air,  
Over a corse unworthy of the ground.  
And the three-faced infernal porter grim,  
With thousand monsters and chimeras dim,  
Relish the dolorous descant out amain;  
For greater pomp than this I think not fit  
That any dying lover should obtain.

### IX

Despairing canzone, do not thou complain,  
When thou my sad society shalt refrain;  
But rather, since the cause whence thou didst spring,  
By my misfortune, grows more fortunate,  
Ev'n in the grave, thou must shun sorrowing.

Chrysostom's canzone liked wonderfully all the hearers, although the reader thereof affirmed that it was not conformable to the relation that he had received of Marcela's virtue and care of herself; for in it Chrysostom did complain of jealousies, suspicions, and absence, being all of them things that did prejudice Marcela's good fame. To this objection Ambrosio answered (as one that knew very well the most hidden secrets of his friend): 'You must understand, sir, to the end you may better satisfy your own doubt, that when the unfortunate shepherd wrote that canzone he was absent from Marcela, from whose presence he had wittingly withdrawn himself, to see if he could deface some part of his excessive passions, procured by absence; and as everything doth vex an absent lover, and every fear afflict him, so was Chrysostom likewise tormented by imagined jealousies and feared suspicions as much as if they were real and true. And with this remains the truth in her perfection and point of Marcela's virtue, who, excepting that she is cruel and somewhat arrogant and very disdainful, very envy itself neither ought, nor

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## MARCELA'S DEFENCE

can, attaint her of the least defect.' 'You have reason,' quoth Vivaldo; and so, desiring to read another paper, he was interrupted by a marvellous vision (for such it seemed) that unexpectedly offered itself to their view; which was, that on the top of the rock wherein they made the grave, appeared the shepherdess Marcela, so fair that her beauty surpassed far the fame that was spread thereof. Such as had not beheld her before did look on her then with admiration and silence, and those which were wont to view her remained no less suspended than the others which never had seen her. But scarce had Ambrosio eyed her, when, with an ireful and disdainful mind, he spake these words: 'Comest thou by chance, O fierce basilisk of these mountains! to see whether the wounds of this wretch will yet bleed at thy presence? or dost thou come to insult and vaunt in the tragical feats of thy stern nature? or to behold from that height, like another merciless Nero, the fire of inflamed Rome? or arrogantly to trample this infortunate carcase, as the ingrateful daughter did her father Tarquin's? Tell us quickly why thou comest, or what thou dost most desire? For, seeing I know that Chrysostom's thoughts never disobeyed thee in life, I will likewise cause that all those his friends shall serve and reverence thee.'

'I come not here, good Ambrosio, to any of those ends thou sayst,' quoth Marcela; 'but only to turn for mine honour, and give the world to understand how little reason have all those which make me the author either of their own pains or of Chrysostom's death; and therefore I desire all you that be here present to lend attention unto me, for I mean not to spend much time or words to persuade to the discreet so manifest a truth. Heaven, as you say, hath made me beautiful, and that so much that my feature moves you to love almost whether



## DON QUIXOTE

you will or no; and for the affection you show unto me, you say, ay, and you affirm, that I ought to love you again. I know, by the natural instinct that Jove hath bestowed on me, that each fair thing is amiable; but I can not conceive why, for the reason of being beloved, the party that is so beloved for her beauty should be bound to love her lover, although he be foul; and, seeing that foul things are worthy of hate, it is a bad argument to say, I love thee, because fair; and therefore thou must affect me, although uncomely. But set the case that the beauties occur equal on both sides, it follows not, therefore, that their desires should run one way; for all beauties do not enamour, for some do only delight the sight, and subject not the will; for if all beauties did enamour and subject together, men's wills would ever run confused and straying, without being able to make any election; for the beautiful subjects being infinite, the desires must also perforce be infinite. And, as I have heard, true love brooks no division, and must needs be voluntary, and not enforced; which being so, as I presume it is, why would you have me subject my will forcibly, without any other obligation than that, that you say you love me? If not, tell me, if Heaven had made me foul, as it hath made me beautiful, could I justly complain of you because you affected me not? How much more, seeing you ought to consider that I did not choose the beauty I have; for, such as it is, Heaven bestowed it gratis, without my demanding or electing it. And even as the viper deserves no blame for the poison she carries, although therewithal she kill, seeing it was bestowed on her by nature, so do I as little merit to be reprehended because beautiful; for beauty in an honest woman is like fire afar off, or a sharp-edged sword; for neither that burns nor this cuts any but such as come near

## MARCELA'S DEFENCE

them. Honour and virtue are the ornaments of the soul, without which the fairest body is not to be esteemed such; and if that honesty be one of the virtues that adorneth and beautifieth most the body and soul, why should she that is beloved, because fair, adventure the loss thereof, to answer his intention which only for his pleasure's sake labours that she may lose it, with all his force and industry? I was born free, and, because I might live freely, I made election of the solitude of the fields. The trees of these mountains are my companions, the clear water of these streams my mirrors. With the trees and waters I communicate my thoughts and beauty. I am a parted fire, and a sword laid aloof. Those whom I have enamoured with my sight, I have undeceived with my words. And if desires be sustained by hopes, I never having given any to Chrysostom, or to any other, it may well be said that he was rather slain by his own obstinacy than by my cruelty. And if I be charged that his thoughts were honest, and that I was therefore obliged to answer unto them, I say, that when in that very place where you make his sepulchre, he first broke his mind unto me, I told him that mine intention was to live in perpetual solitude, and that only the earth should gather the fruits of my solitariness and the spoils of my beauty; and if he would, after this my resolution, persist obstinately without all hope, and sail against the wind, what wonder is it that he should be drowned in the midst of the gulf of his rashness? If I had entertained him, then were I false; if I had pleased him, then should I do against my better purposes and projects. He strove, being persuaded to the contrary; he despaired, ere he was hated. See, then, if it be reason that I bear the blame of his torment. Let him complain who hath been de-

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ceived; let him despair to whom his promised hopes have failed; let him confess it whom I shall ever call; let him vaunt whom I shall admit: but let him not call me cruel or a homicide, whom I never promised, deceived, called, or admitted. Heaven hath not yet ordained that I should love by destiny; and to think that I would do it by election may be excused. And let this general caveat serve every one of those which solicit me for his particular benefit. And let it be known, that if any shall hereafter die for my love, that he dies not jealous or unfortunate; for whosoever loves not any, breeds not in reason jealousy in any, nor should any resolutions to any be accounted disdainings. He that calls me a savage and a basilisk, let him shun me as a hurtful and prejudicial thing; he that calls me ungrateful, let him not serve me; he that's strange, let him not know me; he that's cruel, let him not follow me: for this savage, this basilisk, this ingrate, this cruel and strange one, will neither seek, serve, know, or pursue any of them. For if Chrysostom's impatience and headlong desire slew him, why should mine honest proceeding and care be inculped therewithal? If I preserve mine integrity in the society of these trees, why would any desire me to lose it, seeing every one covets to have the like himself, to converse the better among men? I have, as you all know, riches enough of mine own, and therefore do not covet other men's. I have a free condition, and I do not please to subject me. Neither do I love or hate any. I do not deceive this man, or solicit that other; nor do I jest with one, and pass the time with another. The honest conversation of the pastoras of these villages, and the care of my goats, do entertain me. My desires are limited by these mountains; and if they do issue from hence, it is to contemplate the beauty of



Don Quixote admonishes the shepherds

heaven—steps wherewithal the soul travels toward her first dwelling.’ And, ending here, without desiring to hear any answer, she turned her back and entered into the thickest part of the wood that was there at hand, leaving all those that were present marvellously admired at her beauty and discretion.

Some of the shepherds present, that were wounded by the

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powerful beams of her beautiful eyes, made proffer to pursue her, without reaping any profit out of her manifest resolution made there in their hearing; which Don Quixote noting, and thinking that the use of this chivalry did jump fitly with that occasion, by succouring distressed damsels, laying hand on the pommel of his sword, he said, in loud and intelligible words: 'Let no person, of whatsoever state or condition he be, presume to follow the fair Marcela, under pain of falling into my furious indignation. She hath shown, by clear and sufficient reasons, the little or no fault she had in Chrysostom's death, and how far she lives from meaning to condescend to the desires of any of her lovers; for which respect it is just that, instead of being pursued and persecuted, she be honoured and esteemed by all the good men of the world; for she shows in it, that it is only she alone that lives therein with honest intention.' Now, whether it was through Don Quixote's menaces, or whether because Ambrosio requested them to conclude with the obligation they owed to their good friend, none of the shepherds moved or departed from thence until, the grave being made and Chrysostom's papers burnt, they laid the body into it, with many tears of the beholders. They shut the sepulchre with a great stone, until a monument were wrought, which Ambrosio said he went to have made, with an epitaph to this sense:

' Here, of a loving swain,  
The frozen carcase lies;  
Who was a herd likewise,  
And died through disdain.  
Stern rigour hath him slain,  
Of a coy fair ingrate,  
By whom love doth dilate  
Her tyranny amain.'

## MARCELA'S DEFENCE

They presently strewed on the grave many flowers and boughs, and everyone condoling a while with his friend Ambrosio, did afterward bid him farewell, and departed. The like did Vivaldo and his companion: and Don Quixote, bidding his host and the travellers adieu, they requested him to come with them to Seville, because it was a place so fit for the finding of adventures, as in every street and corner thereof are offered more than in any other place whatsoever. Don Quixote rendered them thanks for their advice and the good-will they seemed to have to gratify him, and said he neither ought nor would go to Seville until he had freed all those mountains of thieves and robbers, whereof, as fame ran, they were full. The travellers perceiving his good intention, would not importune him more; but, bidding him again farewell, they departed, and followed on their journey; in which they wanted not matter of discourse, as well of the history of Marcela and Chrysostom as of the follies of Don Quixote, who determined to go in the search of the shepherdess Marcela, and offer unto her all that he was able to do in her service. But it befel him not as he thought, as shall be rehearsed in the discourse of this true history; giving end here to the Second Part.



**THE FIRST PART**

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**BOOK III**







## CHAPTER I

WHEREIN IS REHEARSED THE UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURE WHICH HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE, BY ENCOUNTERING WITH CERTAIN YANGUESIAN CARRIERS

**T**HE wise Cid Hamet Benengeli recounteth that, as soon as Don Quixote had taken leave of the goatherds, his hosts the night before, and of all those that were present at the burial of the shepherd Chrysostom, he and his squire did presently enter into the same wood into which they had seen the beautiful shepherdess Marcela enter before. And, having travelled in it about the space of two hours without finding of her, they arrived in fine to a pleasant meadow, enriched with abundance of flourishing grass, near unto which runs a delightful and refreshing stream, which did invite, yea, constrain them thereby to pass over

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the heat of the day, which did then begin to enter with great fervour and vehemency. Don Quixote and Sancho alighted, and, leaving the ass and Rozinante to the spaciousness of these plains to feed on the plenty of grass that was there, they ransacked their wallet, where, without any ceremony, the master and man did eat, with good accord and fellowship, what they found therein. Sancho had neglected to tie Rozinante, sure that he knew him to be so sober and little wanton as all the mares of the pasture of Cordova could not make him to think the least sinister thought. But fortune did ordain, or rather the devil, who sleeps not at all hours, that a troop of Gallician mares, belonging to certain Yanguesian carriers, did feed up and down in the same valley; which carriers are wont, with their beasts, to pass over the heats in places situated near unto grass and water, and that wherein Don Quixote happened to be was very fit for their purpose. It therefore befel that Rozinante took a certain desire to solace himself with the lady mares, and therefore, as soon as he had smelt them, abandoning his natural pace and custom, without taking leave of his master, he began a little swift trot, and went to communicate his necessities to them. But they, who, as it seemed, had more desire to feed than to solace them, entertained him with their heels and teeth in such sort as they broke all his girths, and left him in his naked hair, having overthrown the saddle. But that which surely grieved him most was, that the carriers, perceiving the violence that was offered by him to their mares, repaired presently to their succours, with clubs and truncheons, and did so belabour him as they fairly laid him along. Now, in this season, Don Quixote and Sancho (which beheld the bombasting of Rozinante) approached breathless; and Don Quixote said to Sancho, 'For

## THE YANGUESIAN CARRIERS

as much as I can perceive, friend Sancho, these men are no knights, but base, rascally people of vile quality; I say it, because thou mayst help me to take due revenge for the outrage which they have done before our face to Rozinante.' 'What a devil,' quoth Sancho, 'what revenge should we take, if these be more than twenty, and we but two, and peradventure but one and a half?' 'I am worth a hundred,' replied Don Quixote; and, without making any longer discourse, he set hand to his sword, and flew upon the Yanguesians; and Sancho Panza, moved by his lord's example, did the like; when, with the first blow, Don Quixote piercing a buff coat that one of them wore, wounded him grievously in the shoulder. The Yanguesians, seeing themselves so rudely handled by two men only, they being so many, ran to the stakes and truncheons of their carriage, and, hemming in their adversaries in the midst of them, they laid on them with admirable speed and vehemency. True it is, that at the second peal they struck Sancho down to the ground; and the like happened to Don Quixote, his dexterity and courage being nothing available in that trance, and, his fate so ordaining, he fell just at his courser's feet, who had not yet gotten up; by which we may ponder the fury wherewithal truncheons batter, being placed in wrathful and rustical fists. The carriers perceiving the evil they had committed, trussing up their loading with all possible speed, followed on their way, leaving both the adventurers in a bad fashion, and a worse talent.

The first that came to himself was Sancho Panza, who, seeing his lord near unto him, said, with a weak and pitiful voice, 'Sir Don Quixote! oh, sir Don Quixote!' 'What wouldst thou have, brother Sancho?' replied the knight, with the like effeminate and doleful tune. 'I would,' quoth San-

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cho, 'have of your worship a draught or two of the liquor of Feoblas, if you have any of it at hand; perhaps it is good to cure broken bones as well as it helps wounds.' 'What would we want, unhappy that I am!' replied Don Quixote, 'if I had it here; but I swear unto thee, Sancho Panza, by the faith of a knight-errant, that before two days pass (if fortune dispose not otherwise), I will have it in my power, or it shall hardly escape my hands.' 'I pray you,' quoth Sancho, 'within how many days, think you, shall we be able to stir our feet?' 'I can say of myself,' quoth the crushed knight, 'that I cannot set a certain term to the days of our recovery; but I am in the fault of all, for I should not have drawn my sword against men that are not knights as well as I am; and therefore I believe that the god of battles hath permitted that this punishment should be given unto me, in pain of transgressing the laws of knighthood. Wherefore, brother Sancho, it is requisite that thou beest advertised of that which I shall say unto thee now, for it importeth both our goods very much; and is, that when thou beholdest that the like rascally rabble do us any wrong, do not wait till I set hand to my sword against them, for I will not do it in any sort; but draw thou thine, and chastise them at thy pleasure; and if any knights shall come to their assistance and succour, I shall know then how to defend thee, and offend them with all my force; for thou hast by this perceived, by a thousand signs and experiences, how far the valour of this mine invincible arm extendeth itself':—so arrogant remained the poor knight, through the victory he had gotten of the hardy Biscaine. But this advice of his lord seemed not so good to Sancho Panza as that he would omit to answer unto him, saying, 'Sir, I am a peaceable, quiet, and sober man, and can dissemble any injury, for I have wife



Don Quixote smitten by the Yanguesians

and children to maintain and bring up; wherefore, let this likewise be an advice to you (seeing it cannot be a commandment), that I will not set hand to my sword in any wise, be it against clown or knight; and that, from this time forward, I do pardon, before God, all the wrongs that they have done, or shall do unto me, whether they were, be, or shall be done by high or low person, rich or poor, gentleman or churl, without excepting any state or condition. Which being heard by his lord, he said: 'I could wish to have breath enough that I might answer thee with a little more ease, or that the grief which I feel in this rib were assuaged ever so little, that I might, Panza, make thee understand the error wherein

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thou art. Come here, poor fool! if the gale of fortune, hitherto so contrary, do turn in our favour, swelling the sails of our desire in such sort as we may securely and without any hindrance arrive at the haven of any of those islands which I have promised unto thee, what would become of thee, if I, conquering it, did make thee lord thereof, seeing thou wouldst disable thyself, in respect thou art not a knight, nor desirest to be one, nor wouldst have valour or will to revenge thine injuries, or to defend thy lordships? For thou must understand that, in the kingdoms and provinces newly conquered, the minds of the inhabitants are never so thoroughly appeased or wedded to the affection of their new lord, that it is not to be feared that they will work some novelty to alter things again, and turn, as men say, afresh to try fortune; and it is therefore requisite that the new possessor have understanding to govern, and valour to offend, and defend himself in any adventure whatsoever.' 'In this last that hath befallen us,' quoth Sancho, 'I would I had had that understanding and valour of which you speak; but I vow unto you, by the faith of a poor man, that I am now fitter for plaisters than discourses. I pray you try whether you can arise, and we will help Rozinante, although he deserves it not; for he was the principal cause of all these troubles. I would never have believed the like before of Rozinante, whom I ever held to be as chaste and peaceable a person as myself. In fine, they say well, that one must have a long time to come to the knowledge of bodies, and that there's nothing in this life secure. Who durst affirm that, after those mighty blows which you gave to that unfortunate knight-errant, would succeed so in post, and as it were in your pursuit, this so furious a tempest of staves, that hath discharged itself on our shoul-

## SANCHO'S QUESTIONINGS

ders?' 'Thine, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'are perhaps accustomed to bear the like showers, but mine, nursed between cottons<sup>1</sup> and hollands, it is most evident that they must feel the grief of this disgrace. And were it not that I imagine (but why do I say imagine?) I know certainly that all these incommunities are annexed to the exercise of arms, I would here die for very wrath and displeasure.' To this the squire answered: 'Sir, seeing these disgraces are of the essence<sup>2</sup> of knighthood, I pray you whether they succeed very often, or whether they have certain times limited wherein they befall? For methinks, within two adventures more, we shall wholly remain disabled for the third, if the gods in mercy do not succour us.'

'Know, friend Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'that the life of knights-errant is subject to a thousand dangers and misfortunes; and it is also as well, in the next degree and power, to make them kings and emperors, as experience hath shown in sundry knights, of whose histories I have entire notice. And I could recount unto thee now (did the pain I suffer permit me) of some of them which have mounted to those high degrees which I have said, only by the valour of their arm; and the very same men found them, both before and after, in divers miseries and calamities. For the valorous Amadis of Gaul saw himself in the power of his mortal enemy, Arcalaus the enchanter, of whom the opinion runs infallible, that he gave unto him, being his prisoner, more than two hundred stripes with his horse-bridle, after he had tied him to a pillar in his base-court. And there is, moreover, a secret author of no little credit, who says, that the Cavalier del Febo, being taken in a gin, like unto a snatch, that slipped under his feet

<sup>1</sup> *Sinabajas.*

<sup>2</sup> *Cosecha.*



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in a certain castle, after the fall found himself in a deep dungeon under the earth, bound hands and feet; and there they gave unto him a clyster of snow-water and sand, which brought him almost to the end of his life; and were it not that he was succoured in that great distress by a wise man, his very great friend, it had gone ill with the poor knight. So that I may very well pass among so many worthy persons; for the dangers and disgraces they suffered were greater than those which we do now endure. For, Sancho, I would have thee to understand, that these wounds which are given to one with those instruments that are in one's hand, by chance, do not disgrace a man. And it is written in the laws of single combat, in express terms, that if the shoemaker strike another with the last which he hath in his hand, although it be certainly of wood, yet cannot it be said that he who was stricken had the bastinado. I say this, to the end thou mayst not think, although we remain bruised in this last conflict, that therefore we be disgraced; for the arms which those men bore, and wherewithal they laboured us, were none other than their pack-staves, and, as far as I can remember, never a one of them had a tuck, sword, or dagger.' 'They gave me no leisure,' answered Sancho, 'to look to them so nearly; for scarce had I laid hand on my truncheon, when they blessed my shoulders with their pins, in such sort as they wholly deprived me of my sight and the force of my feet together, striking me down on the place where I yet lie straight, and where the pain of the disgrace received by our cudgelling doth not so much pinch me as the grief of the blows, which shall remain as deeply imprinted in my memory as they do in my back.'

'For all this, thou shalt understand, brother Panza,' replied Don Quixote, 'that there is no remembrance which time

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will not end, nor grief which death will not consume.' 'What greater misfortune,' quoth Sancho, 'can there be than that which only expecteth time and death to end and consume it? If this our disgrace were of that kind which might be cured by a pair or two of plaisters, it would not be so evil; but I begin to perceive that all the salves of an hospital will not suffice to bring them to any good terms.' 'Leave off, Sancho, and gather strength out of weakness,' said Don Quixote, 'for so will I likewise do; and let us see how doth Rozinante, for methinks that the least part of this mishap hath not fallen to his lot.' 'You ought not to marvel at that,' quoth Sancho, 'seeing he is likewise a knight-errant; that whereat I wonder is that mine ass remains there without payment, where we are come away without ribs.' 'Fortune leaves always one door open in disasters,' quoth Don Quixote, 'whereby to remedy them. I say it, because that little beast may supply Rozinante's want, by carrying off me from hence unto some castle, wherein I may be cured of my wounds. Nor do I hold this kind of riding dishonourable; for I remember to have read that the good old Silenus, tutor of the merry god of laughter, when he entered into the city of the hundred gates, rode very fairly mounted on a goodly ass.' 'It is like,' quoth Sancho, 'that he rode, as you say, upon an ass; but there is great difference betwixt riding and being cast athwart upon one like a sack of rubbish.' To this Don Quixote answered: 'The wounds that are received in battle do rather give honour than deprive men of it; wherefore, friend Panza, do not reply any more unto me, but, as I have said, arise as well as thou canst, and lay me as thou pleasest upon thy beast, and let us depart from hence before the night overtake us in these deserts.' 'Yet I have heard you say,' quoth Panza, 'that it was an ordin-

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ary custom of knights-errant to sleep in downs and deserts the most of the year, and that so to do they hold for very good hap.' 'That is,' said Don Quixote, 'when they have none other shift, or when they are in love; and this is so true as that there hath been a knight that hath dwelt on a rock, exposed to the sun and the shadow, and other annoances of heaven, for the space of two years, without his lady's knowledge. And Amadis was one of that kind, when, calling himself Beltenebros, he dwelt in the Poor Rock, nor do I know punctually eight years or eight months, for I do not remember the history well; let it suffice that there he dwelt doing of penance, for some disgust which I know not, that his lady, Oriana, did him. But, leaving that apart, Sancho, despatch and away before some other disgrace happen, like that of Rozinante, to the ass.'

'Even there lurks the devil,' quoth Sancho; and so, breathing thirty sobs and threescore sighs, and a hundred and twenty discontents and execrations against him that had brought him there, he arose, remaining bent in the midst of the way, like unto a Turkish bow, without being able to address himself; and, notwithstanding all this difficulty, he harnessed his ass (who had been also somewhat distracted by the overmuch liberty of that day), and after he hoisted up Rozinante, who, were he endowed with a tongue to complain, would certainly have borne his lord and Sancho company. In the end Sancho laid Don Quixote on the ass, and tied Rozinante unto him, and, leading the ass by the halter, travelled that way which he deemed might conduct him soonest toward the highway. And fortune, which guided his affairs from good to better, after he had travelled a little league, discovered it unto him, near unto which he saw an inn, which, in despite of him, and for Don

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Quixote's pleasure, must needs be a castle. Sancho contended that it was an inn, and his lord that it was not; and their controversy endured so long as they had leisure, before they could decide it, to arrive at the lodging; into which Sancho, without further verifying of the dispute, entered with all his loading.



## CHAPTER II

OF THAT WHICH HAPPENED UNTO THE INGENIOUS  
KNIGHT, WITHIN THE INN, WHICH HE  
SUPPOSED TO BE A CASTLE

**T**HE innkeeper, seeing Don Quixote laid overthwart upon the ass, demanded of Sancho what disease he had. Sancho answered that it was nothing but a fall down from a rock, and that his ribs were thereby somewhat bruised. This innkeeper had a wife, not of the condition that those of

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that trade are wont to be; for she was of a charitable nature, and would grieve at the calamities of her neighbours, and did therefore presently occur to cure Don Quixote, causing her daughter, a very comely young maiden, to assist her to cure her guest. There likewise served in the inn an Asturian wench, who was broad-faced, flat-pated, saddle-nosed, blind of one eye, and the other almost out; true it is, that the comeliness of her body supplied all the other defects. She was not seven palms long from her feet unto her head; and her shoulders, which did somewhat burden her, made her look oftener to the ground than she would willingly. This beautiful piece did assist the young maiden, and both of them made a very bad bed for Don Quixote in an old wide chamber, which gave manifest tokens of itself that it had sometimes served many years only to keep chopped straw for horses; in which was also lodged a carrier, whose bed was made a little way off from Don Quixote's, which, though it was made of canvas and coverings of his mules, was much better than the knight's, that only contained four boards roughly planed, placed on two unequal tressels; a flock-bed, which in the thinness seemed rather a quilt, full of pellets, and had not they shown that they were wool, through certain breaches made by antiquity on the tick, a man would by the hardness rather take them to be stones; a pair of sheets made of the skins of targets; a coverlet, whose threads if a man would number, he should not lose one only of the account.

In this ungracious bed did Don Quixote lie, and presently the hostess and her daughter anointed him all over, and Martines (for so the Asturian wench was called) did hold the candle. The hostess at the plaistering of him, perceiving him to be so bruised in sundry places, she said unto him that those

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signs rather seemed to proceed of blows than of a fall. 'They were not blows,' replied Sancho; 'but the rock had many sharp ends and knobs on it, whereof every one left behind it a token; and I desire you, good mistress,' quoth he, 'to leave some flax behind, and there shall not want one that needeth the use of them; for, I assure you, my back doth likewise ache.' 'If that be so,' quoth the hostess, 'it is likely that thou didst also fall.' 'I did not fall,' quoth Sancho Panza, 'but with the sudden affright that I took at my master's fall, my body doth so grieve me, as methinks I have been handsomely belaboured.' 'It may well happen as thou sayst,' quoth the hostess's daughter; 'for it hath befallen me sundry times to dream that I fell down from some high tower, and could never come to the ground; and when I awoke, I did find myself so troubled and broken, as if I had verily fallen.' 'There is the point, masters,' quoth Sancho Panza, 'that I, without dreaming at all, but being more awake than I am at this hour, found myself to have very few less tokens and marks than my lord Don Quixote hath.' 'How is this gentleman called?' quoth Maritornes the Asturian. 'Don Quixote of the Mancha,' replied Sancho Panza; 'and he is a knight-errant, and one of the best and strongest that have been seen in the world these many ages.' 'What is that, a knight-errant?' quoth the wench. 'Art thou so young in the world that thou knowest it not?' answered Sancho Panza. 'Know then, sister mine, that a knight-errant is a thing which, in two words, you see well cudgelled, and after becomes an emperor. To-day he is the most unfortunate creature of the world, and the most needy; and to-morrow he will have two or three crowns of kingdoms to bestow upon his squire.' 'If it be so,' quoth the hostess, 'why, then, hast not thou gotten at least an earldom,



W. E. H.

Anointing the battered Knight

seeing thou art this good knight his squire?' 'It is yet too soon,' replied Sancho; 'for it is but a month since we began first to seek adventures, and we have not yet encountered any worthy of the name. And sometimes it befalls, that searching for one thing we encounter another. True it is that, if my lord Don Quixote recover of this wound or fall, and that I be not changed by it, I would not make an exchange of my



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hopes for the best title of Spain.' Don Quixote did very attentively listen unto all these discourses, and, sitting up in his bed as well as he could, taking his hostess by the hand, he said unto her: ' Believe me, beautiful lady, that you may count yourself fortunate for having harboured my person in this your castle, which is such, that if I do not praise it, it is because men say that proper praise stinks; but my squire will inform you what I am: only this I will say myself, that I will keep eternally written in my memory the service that you have done unto me, to be grateful unto you for it whilst I live. And I would it might please the highest heavens that love held me not so enthralled and subject to his laws as he doth, and to the eyes of that ungrateful fair whose name I secretly mutter, then should those of this beautiful damsel presently signiorise my liberty.' The hostess, her daughter, and the good Maritornes remained confounded, hearing the speech of our knight-errant, which they understood as well as if he had spoken Greek unto them; but yet they conceived that they were words of compliments and love, and as people unused to hear the like language, they beheld and admired him, and he seemed unto them a man of the other world; and so, returning him thanks, with tavernly phrase, for his large offers, they departed. And the Asturian Maritornes cured Sancho, who needed her help no less than his master.

The carrier and she had agreed to pass the night together, and she had given unto him her word that, when the guests were quiet and her master sleeping, she would come unto him and satisfy his desire, as much as he pleased. And it is said of this good wench, that she never passed the like promise but that she performed it, although it were given in the midst of a wood, and without any witness; for she presumed to be

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of gentle blood, and yet she held it no disgrace to serve in an inn; for she was wont to affirm that disgraces and misfortunes brought her to that state. The hard, narrow, niggard, and counterfeit bed whereon Don Quixote lay was the first of the four, and next unto it was his squire's, that only contained a mat and a coverlet, and rather seemed to be of shorn canvas than wool. After these two beds followed that of the carrier, made, as we have said, of the pannels and furniture of two of his best mules, although they were twelve all in number, fair, fat, and goodly beasts; for he was one of the richest carriers of Arevalo, as the author of this history affirmeth, who maketh particular mention of him, because he knew him very well,<sup>1</sup> and besides, some men say that he was somewhat akin unto him; omitting that Cid Mahamet Benengeli was a very exact historiographer, and most curious in all things, as may be gathered very well, seeing that those which are related being so minute and trivial, he would not overslip them in silence.

By which those grave historiographers may take example, which recount unto us matters so short and succinctly as they do scarce arrive to our knowledge, leaving the most substantial part of the works drowned in the ink-horn, either through negligence, malice, or ignorance. Many good fortunes be-tide the author of *Tablante de Ricamonte*, and him that wrote the book wherein are rehearsed the acts of the Count Tomillas: Lord! with what preciseness do they describe every circumstance. To conclude, I say that, after the carrier had visited his mules, and given unto them their second refreshing, he stretched himself in his coverlets, and expected the coming of the most exquisite Maritornes. Sancho was also, by this,

<sup>1</sup> Here the author taxeth some one cunningly to be descended of a Moorish race.

## DON QUIXOTE

plaistered and laid down in his bed, and though he desired to sleep, yet would not the grief of his ribs permit him. And Don Quixote, with the pain of his sides, lay with both his eyes open, like a hare.

All the inn was drowned in silence, and there was no other light in it than that of a lamp, which hung lighting in the midst of the entry. This marvellous quietness, and the thoughts which always represented to our knight the memory of the successes which at every pace are recounted in books of knight-hood (the principal authors of this mishap), called to his imagination one of the strangest follies that easily may be conjectured; which was, he imagined that he arrived to a famous castle (for, as we have said, all the inns wherein he lodged seemed unto him to be such), and that the innkeeper's daughter was the lord's daughter of the castle, who, overcome by his comeliness and valour, was enamoured of him, and had promised that she would come to solace with him for a good space, after her father and mother had gone to bed. And holding all this chimera and fiction, which he himself had built in his brain, for most firm and certain, he began to be vexed in mind, and to think on the dangerous trance, wherein his honesty was like to fall, and did firmly purpose in heart not to commit any disloyalty against his lady, Dulcinea of Toboso, although very Queen Genever, with her lady, Queintanonia, should come to solicit him. Whilst thus he lay thinking of these follies, the hour approached (that was unlucky for him) wherein the Asturian wench should come, who entered into the chamber in search of her carrier, in her smock, barefooted, and her hair trussed up in a coif of fustian, with soft and wary steps. But she was scarce come to the door when Don Quixote felt her, and, arising and sitting up in his bed, in despite

## MARITORNES

of his plaisters<sup>1</sup> and with great grief of his ribs, he stretched forth his arms to receive his beautiful damsel, the Asturian, who, crouching and silently, went groping with her hands to find out her sweetheart, and encountered with Don Quixote's arms, who presently seized very strongly upon one of her wrists, and, drawing her towards him (she daring not to speak a word), he caused her to sit upon his bed's side, and presently groped her smock, and although it was of the strongest canvas,<sup>2</sup> he thought it was most subtle and fine holland. She wore on her wrists certain bracelets of glass, which he esteemed to be precious oriental pearls. Her hair, which was almost as rough as a horse-tail, he held to be wires of the glisteningest gold of Arabia, whose brightness did obscure that of the sun; and her breath, which certainly smelled like to stale salt-fish reserved from over night, seemed unto him a most redolent, aromatical, and sweet smell. And finally, he painted her in his fantasy of the same very form and manner as he had read in his books of knighthood, of a certain princess which came to visit a knight who was grievously wounded, being overcome by his love, embellished with all the ornaments that here we have recounted; and the blindness of this poor gallant was such, as neither the touching, savour, or other things that accompanied the good damsel, could deceive him, being such as were able to make any other, save a carrier, vomit up his bowels; but rather he made full account that he held the goddess of love between his arms, and, holding her still very fast, he began to court her, with a low and amorous voice, in this manner: 'I could wish to find myself in terms, most high and beautiful lady, to be able to recompense so great a favour as that which, with the presence of

<sup>1</sup> *Bismas.*

<sup>2</sup> *Harpillar.*

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your matchless feature, you have shown unto me; but fortune (who is never weary of persecuting the good) hath pleased to lay me in this bed, wherein I lie so broken and bruised, that although I were desirous to satisfy your will, yet it is impossible; especially seeing to that impossibility may be added a greater, to wit, the promised faith which I have given to the unmatched Dulcinea of Toboso, the only lady of my most hidden thoughts; for did not this let me, do not hold me to be so senseless and mad a knight as to overslip so fortunate an occasion as this which your bounty hath offered to me.'

Maritornes remained sweating, through anxiety, to see herself held so fast by Don Quixote, and, without either understanding or giving attention to his words, she laboured all that she could to free herself from him without speaking a word. The carrier, whose bad intention kept him still waking, did hear his lady from the time that she first entered into the room, and did attentively give ear to all Don Quixote's discourses; and, jealous that the Asturian should break promise with him for any other, he drew nearer unto Don Quixote's bed, and stood quiet to see whereunto those words which he could not understand tended; but viewing that the wench strove to depart, and Don Quixote laboured to withhold her, the jest seeming evil unto him, he up with his arm, and discharged so terrible a blow on the enamoured knight's jaws as he bathed all his mouth in blood; and, not content herewithal, he mounted upon the knight, and did tread on his ribs, and passed them all over with more than a trot.

The bed, which was somewhat weak,<sup>1</sup> and not very firm of foundation, being unable to suffer the addition of the carrier, fell down to the ground with so great a noise as it waked

<sup>1</sup> *Endeble.*

## MARITORNES

the innkeeper; who, presently suspecting that it was one of Maritorne's conflicts, because she answered him not, having called her loudly, he forthwith arose, and, lighting of a lamp, he went towards the place where he heard the noise. The wench, perceiving that her master came, and that he was extreme cholerick, did, all ashamed and troubled, run into Sancho Panza's bed, who slept all this while very soundly, and there crouched, and made herself as little as an egg.

Her master entered, crying, 'Whore, where art thou? I dare warrant that these are some of thy doings.' By this Sancho awaked, and feeling that bulk lying almost wholly upon him, he thought it was the nightmare, and began to lay with his fists here and there about him very swiftly, and among others wrought Maritornes I know not how many blows; who, grieved for the pain she endured there, casting all honesty aside, gave Sancho the exchange of his blows so trimly as she made him to awake in despite of his sluggishness. And, finding himself to be so abused of an uncouth person, whom he could not behold, he arose and caught hold of Maritornes as well as he could, and they both began the best fight and pleasantest skirmish in the world.

The carrier, perceiving by the light which the innkeeper brought in with him, the lamentable state of his mistress, abandoning Don Quixote, he instantly repaired to give her the succour that was requisite, which likewise the innkeeper did, but with another meaning; for he approached with intention to punish the wench, believing that she was infallibly the cause of all that harmony. And so, as men say, the cat to the rat, the rat to the cord, the cord to the post: so the carrier struck Sancho, Sancho the wench, she returned him again his liberality with interest, and the innkeeper laid load upon his maid



U. E. F.

Enter the law

also; and all of them did mince it with such expedition, as there was no leisure at all allowed to any one of them for breathing. And the best of all was, that the innkeeper's lamp went out, and then, finding themselves in darkness, they belaboured one another so without compassion, and at once, as wheresoever the blow fell, it bruised the place pitifully.

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There lodged by chance that night in the inn one of the squadron of these which are called of the old Holy Brotherhood of Toledo; he likewise hearing the wonderful noise of the fight, laid hand on his rod of office and the tin box of his titles, and entered into the chamber without light, saying, 'Stand still to the officer of justice and to the holy brotherhood.' And, saying so, the first whom he met was the poor battered Don Quixote, who lay overthrown in his bed, stretched, with his face upward, without any feeling; and, taking hold of his beard, he cried out incessantly, 'Help the justice!' But, seeing that he whom he held fast bowed neither hand nor foot, he presently thought that he was dead, and that those battailants that fought so eagerly in the room had slain him; wherefore he lifted his voice and cried out loudly, saying, 'Shut the inn-door, and see that none escape; for here they have killed a man!' This word astonished all the combatants so much, as every one left the battle in the very terms wherein this voice had overtaken them. The innkeeper retired himself to his chamber, the carrier to his coverlets, the wench to her couch; and only the unfortunate Don Quixote and Sancho were not able to move themselves from the place wherein they lay. The officer of the Holy Brotherhood in this space letting slip poor Don Quixote's beard, went out for light to search and apprehend the delinquents; but he could not find any, for the innkeeper had purposely quenched the lamp as he retired to his bed; wherefore the officer was constrained to repair to the chimney, where, with great difficulty, after he had spent a long while doing of it, he at last lighted a candle.

<sup>1</sup> The Holy Brotherhood, or the Sancta Hermandad, are a certain number of men whose chief office is to free the highway from robbers.





### CHAPTER III

WHEREIN ARE REHEARSED THE INNUMERABLE MISFORTUNES WHICH DON QUIXOTE AND HIS GOOD SQUIRE SANCHO SUFFERED IN THE INN, WHICH HE, TO HIS HARM, THOUGHT TO BE A CASTLE

**B**Y this time Don Quixote was come to himself again out of his trance, and, with the like lamentable note as that wherewithal he had called his squire the day before, when he was overthrown in the vale of the pack-

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staves, he called to him, saying, 'Friend Sancho, art thou asleep? sleepest thou, friend Sancho?' 'What! I asleep? I renounce myself,' quoth Sancho, full of grief and despite, 'if I think not all the devils in hell have been visiting of me here this night!' 'Thou mayst certainly believe it,' replied Don Quixote; 'for either I know very little, or else this castle is enchanted. For I let thee to wit—but thou must first swear to keep secret that which I mean to tell thee now, until after my death.' 'So I swear,' quoth Sancho. 'I say it,' quoth Don Quixote, 'because I cannot abide to take away anybody's honour.' 'Why,' quoth Sancho again, 'I swear that I will conceal it until after your worship's days; and I pray God that I may discover it to-morrow.' 'Have I wrought thee such harm, Sancho,' replied the knight, 'as thou wouldst desire to see me end so soon?' 'It is not for that, sir,' quoth Sancho; 'but because I cannot abide to keep things long, lest they should rot in my custody.' 'Let it be for what thou pleasest,' said Don Quixote; 'for I do trust greater matters than that to thy love and courtesy. And that I may rehearse it unto thee briefly, know that, a little while since, the lord of this castle's daughter came unto me, who is the most fair and beautiful damsel that can be found in a great part of the earth. What could I say unto thee of the ornaments of her person? what of her excellent wit? what of other secret things? which, that I may preserve the faith due unto my Lady Dulcinea of Toboso, I pass over in silence. I will only tell thee that Heaven, envious of the inestimable good that fortune had put in my hands; or perhaps (and that is most probable) this castle, as I have said, is enchanted; just at the time when we were in most sweet and amorous speech, I being not able to see or know from whence it came, there arrived a hand, joined

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to the arm of some mighty giant, and gave me such a blow on the jaws as they remain all bathed in blood, and did after so thump and bruise me as I feel myself worse now than yesterday, when the carriers, through Rozinante's madness, did use us thou knowest how. By which I conjecture that the treasure of this damsel's beauty is kept by some enchanted Moor, and is not reserved for me.' 'Nor for me,' quoth Sancho; 'for I have been bombasted by more than four hundred Moors, which have hammered me in such sort as the bruising of the pack-staves was gilded bread and spice-cakes in comparison of it. But, sir, I pray you tell me, how can you call this a good and rare adventure, seeing we remain so pitifully used after it? And yet your harms may be accounted less, in respect you have held, as you said, that incomparable beauty between your arms. But I, what have I had other than the greatest blows that I shall ever have in my life? Unfortunate that I am, and the mother that bare me! that neither am an errant-knight, nor ever means to be any, and yet the greatest part of our mishaps still falls to my lot.' 'It seems that thou wast likewise beaten,' replied Don Quixote. 'Evil befall my lineage!' quoth Sancho; 'have not I told you I was?' 'Be not grieved, friend,' replied the knight; 'for I will now compound the precious balsam, which will cure us in the twinkling of an eye.'

The officer having by this time lighted his lamp, entered into the room to see him whom he accounted to be dead; and as soon as Sancho saw him, seeing him come in in his shirt, his head wrapped up in a kerchief, the lamp in his hand, having withal a very evil-favoured countenance, he demanded of his lord,—'Sir, is this by chance the enchanted Moor, that turns anew to torment us for somewhat that is yet unpunished?'

## THE HOLY BROTHER

‘He cannot be the Moor,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘for necromancers suffer not themselves to be seen by any.’ ‘If they suffer not themselves to be seen,’ quoth Sancho, ‘they suffer themselves at least to be felt; if not, let my shoulders bear witness.’ ‘So might mine also,’ said Don Quixote; ‘but, notwithstanding, this is no sufficient argument to prove him whom we see to be the enchanted Moor.’ As thus they discoursed, the officer arrived, and, finding them to commune in so peacable and quiet manner, he rested admired. Yet Don Quixote lay with his face upward as he had left him, and was not able to stir himself, he was so beaten and beplaistered. The officer approaching, demanded of him, ‘Well, how dost thou, good fellow?’ ‘I would speak more mannerly,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘if I were but such a one as thou art. Is it the custom of this country, you bottle-head! to talk after so rude a manner to knights-errant?’ The other, impatient to see one of so vile presence use him with that bad language, could not endure it; but, lifting up the lamp, oil and all, gave Don Quixote such a blow on the pate with it as he broke his head in one or two places, and, leaving all in darkness behind him, departed presently out of the chamber. ‘Without doubt,’ quoth Sancho, seeing this accident, ‘sir, that was the enchanted Moor; and I think he keepeth the treasure for others, and reserveth only for us fists and lamp-blows.’ ‘It is as thou sayst,’ quoth Don Quixote; ‘and therefore we are not to make account of these enchantments, or be wroth and angry at them; for, in respect that they are invisible and fantastical, we shall not find him on whom we may take revenge, though we labour ever so much to do it. Arise, therefore, Sancho, if thou beest able, and call to the constable of this fortress, and procure me some oil, wine, salt, and vine-

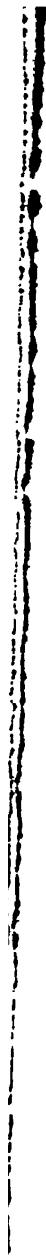
## DON QUIXOTE

gar, that I make the wholesome balsam; for verily I believe that I do need it very much at this time, the blood runneth so fast out of the wound which the spirit gave me even now.' Sancho then got up, with grief enough of his bones, and went without light towards the innkeeper's, and encountered on the way the officer of the holy brotherhood, who stood harkening what did become of his enemy; to whom he said, 'Sir, whosoever thou beest, I desire thee, do us the favour and benefit to give me a little rosemary, oil, wine, and salt, to cure one of the best knights-errant that is in the earth, who lieth now in that bed, sorely wounded by the hands of an enchanted Moor that is in this inn. When the officer heard him speak in that manner, he held him to be out of his wits; and because the dawning began, he opened the inn-door, and told unto the host that which Sancho demanded. The innkeeper presently provided all that he wanted, and Sancho carried it to his master, who held his head between both his hands, and complained much of the grief that the blow of his head caused, which did him no other hurt than to raise up two blisters somewhat great, and that which he supposed to be blood was only the humour which the anxiety and labour of mind he passed in this last dark adventure had made him to sweat.

In resolution, Don Quixote took his simples, of which he made a compound, mixing them all together, and then boiling of them a good while, until they came (as he thought) to their perfection. He asked for a vial wherein he might lay this precious liquor; but, the inn being unable to afford him any such, he resolved at last to put it into a tin oil-pot,' which the host did freely give him, and forthwith he said over the pot eighty paternosters, and as many aves, salves, and creeds, and

<sup>1</sup> *Hosa de lata.*





## THE BALSAM

accompanied every word with a cross, in form of benediction; at all which ceremonies, Sancho, the innkeeper, and the officer of the holy brotherhood were present; for the carrier went very soberly to dress and make ready his mules.

The liquor being made, he himself would presently make experience of the virtue of that precious balsam, as he did imagine it to be, and so did drink a good draught of the overplus that could not enter into his pot, being a quart or thereabouts; and scarce had he done it when he began to vomit so extremely as he left nothing uncast up in his stomach; and, through the pain and agitation caused by his vomits, he fell into a very abundant and great sweat, and therefore commanded himself to be well covered, and left alone to take his ease. Which was done forthwith, and he slept three hours, and then, awaking, found himself so wonderfully eased and free from all bruising and pain, as he doubted not but that he was thoroughly whole; and therefore did verily persuade himself that he had happened on the right manner of compounding the Balsam of Fierabras; and that, having that medicine, he might boldly from thenceforth undertake any ruins, battles, conflicts, or adventures, how dangerous soever.

Sancho Panza, who likewise attributed the sudden cure of his master to miracle, requested that it would please him to give him leave to sup up the remainder of the balsam which rested in the kettle, and was no small quantity; which Don Quixote granted; and he, lifting it up between both hands, did, with a good faith and better talent, quaff it off all, being little less than his master had drunk. The success, then, of the history is, that poor Sancho's stomach was not so delicate as his lord's, wherefore, before he could cast, he was tormented with so many cruel pangs, loathings, sweats, and dismays, as he



## DON QUIXOTE

did verily persuade himself that his last hour was come; and, perceiving himself to be so afflicted and troubled, he cursed the balsam, and the thief which had given it to him. Don Quixote, seeing of him in that pitiful taking, said: 'I believe, Sancho, all this evil befalleth thee because thou art not dubbed knight; for I persuade myself that this liquor cannot help any one that is not.' 'If your worship knew that,' quoth Sancho,— 'evil befall me and all my lineage!—why did you therefore consent that I should taste it?'

In this time the drench had made his operation, and the poor squire did so swift and vehemently discharge himself by both channels, as neither his mat or canvas covering could serve after to any use. He sweat and sweat again, with such excessive swoonings, as not only himself, but likewise all the beholders, did verily deem that his life was ending. This storm and mishap endured about some two hours, after which he remained not cured as his master, but so weary and indisposed as he was not able to stand.

But Don Quixote, who, as we have said, felt himself eased and cured, would presently depart to seek adventures, it seeming unto him that all the time which he abode there was no other than a depriving both of the world and needful people of his favour and assistance; and more, through the security and confidence that he had in his balsam. And carried thus away by this desire, he himself saddled his horse Rozinante, and did empannel his squire's beast, whom he likewise helped to apparel himself and to mount upon his ass; and presently, getting a-horseback, he rode over to a corner of the inn, and laid hand on a javelin that was there, to make it serve him instead of a lance. All the people that were in the inn stood beholding him, which were above twenty in number.

## THE BALSAM

The innkeeper's daughter did also look upon him, and he did never withdraw his eye from her, and would ever and anon breathe forth so doleful a sigh as if he had plucked it out of the bottom of his heart; which all the beholders took to proceed from the grief of his ribs, but especially such as had seen him plastered the night before. And, being both mounted thus a-horseback, he called the innkeeper, and said unto him, with a grave and staid voice: 'Many and great are the favours, sir constable, which I have received in this your castle, and do remain most obliged to gratify you for them all the days of my life. And if I may pay or recompense them by revenging of you upon any proud miscreant that hath done you any wrongs, know that it is mine office to help the weak, to revenge the wronged, and to chastise traitors. Call therefore to memory, and if you find anything of this kind to commend to my correction, you need not but once to say it; for I do promise you, by the order of knighthood which I have received, to satisfy and apay you according to your own desire.'

The innkeeper answered him again, with like gravity and staidness, saying, 'Sir knight, I shall not need your assistance when any wrong is done to me; for I know very well myself how to take the revenge that I shall think good, when the injury is offered. That only which I require is, that you defray the charges whereat you have been here in the inn this night, as well for the straw and barley given to your two horses, as also for both your beds.' 'This, then, is an inn?' quoth Don Quixote. 'That it is, and an honourable one too,' replied the inn-keeper. 'Then have I hitherto lived in an error,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for, in very good sooth, I took it till now to be a castle, and that no mean one neither. But since that it is no castle, but an inn, that which you may do for the present time

## DON QUIXOTE

is, to forgive me those expenses; for I cannot do aught against the custom of knights-errant; of all which I most certainly know (without ever having read until this present anything to the contrary) that they never paid for their lodging, or other thing, in any inn wheresoever they lay; for, by all law and right, any good entertainment that is given unto them is their due, in recompense of the insupportable travels they endure, seeking of adventures both day and night, in summer and winter, a-foot and a-horseback, with thirst and hunger, in heat and cold, being subject to all the distemperatures of heaven and all the discommodities of the earth.' 'All that concerns me nothing,' replied the innkeeper. 'Pay unto me my due, and leave these tales and knighthoods apart; for I care for nothing else but how I may come by mine own.' 'Thou art a mad and a bad host,' quoth Don Quixote. And, saying so, he spurred Rozinante, and, flourishing with his javelin, he issued out of the inn in despite of them all, and, without looking behind him to see once whether his squire followed, he rode a good way off from it.

The innkeeper, seeing he departed without satisfying him, came to Sancho Panza to get his money of him, who answered that, since his lord would not pay, he would likewise give nothing; for being, as he was, squire to a knight-errant, the very same rule and reason that exempted his master from payments in inns and taverns ought also to serve and be understood as well of him. The innkeeper grew wroth at these words, and threatened him that, if he did not pay him speedily, he would recover it in manner that would grieve him. Sancho replied, swearing by the order of knighthood which his lord had received, that he would not pay one denier, though it cost him his life; for the good and ancient customs of knights-errant

## THE EXPENSES OF KNIGHTS-ERRANT

should never, through his default, be infringed; nor should their squires which are yet to come into the world ever complain on him, or upbraid him for transgressing or breaking so just a duty. But his bad fortune ordained that there were at the very time in the same inn four clothiers of Segovia, and three point-makers of the stews of Cordova, and two neighbours of the market of Seville, all pleasant folk, well-minded, malicious, and playsome; all which, pricked and in a manner moved all at one time, and by the very same spirit, came near to Sancho, and, pulling him down off his ass, one of them ran in for the innkeeper's coverlet, and, casting him into it, they looked up, and, seeing the house was somewhat too low for their intended business, they determined to go into the base-court, which was overhead only limited by heaven; and then, Sancho being laid in the midst of the blanket, they began to toss him aloft and sport themselves with him, in the manner they were wont to use dogs at Shrovetide.

The outcries of the miserable betossed squire were so many and so loud as they arrived at last to his lord's hearing, who, standing awhile to listen attentively what it was, believed that some new adventure did approach, until he perceived at last that he which cried was his squire; wherefore, turning the reins, he made towards the inn with a loathsome gallop, and, finding it shut, he rode all about it to see whether he might enter into it. But scarce was he arrived at the walls of the base-court, which were not very high, when he perceived the foul play that was used toward his squire; for he saw him descend and ascend into the air again, with such grace and agility, that, did his choler permit, I certainly persuade myself, he would have burst for laughter. He assayed to mount the wall from his horse, but he was so bruised and broken as he



Farewell to Maritornes

could not do so much as alight from his back; wherefore, from his back, he used such reproachful and vile language to those which tossed Sancho, as it is impossible to lay them down in writing. And, notwithstanding all his scornful speech, yet did not they cease from their laughter and labour; nor the flying Sancho from his complaints, now and then meddled with

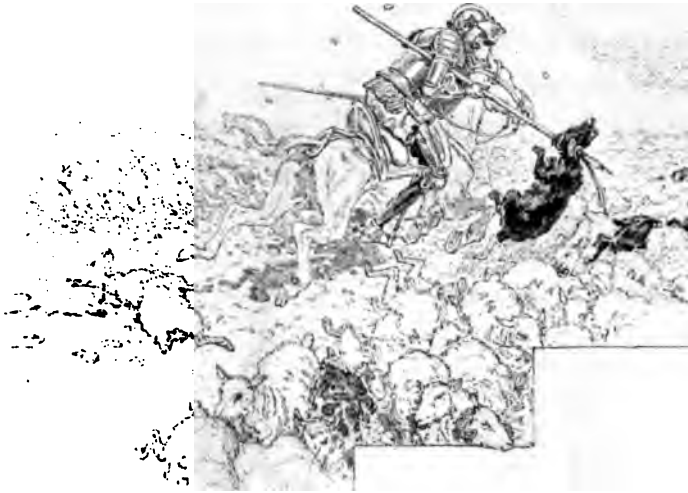
## SANCHO'S BLANKETTING

threats, now and then with entreaties; but availed very little, nor could prevail, until they were constrained by weariness to give him over. Then did they bring him his ass again, and, helping him up upon it, they lapped him in his mantle'; and the compassionate Maritornes, beholding him so afflicted and o'erlaboured, thought it needful to help him to a draught of water, and so brought it him from the well, because the water thereof was coolest. Sancho took the pot, and, laying it to his lips, he abstained from drinking by his lord's persuasion, who cried to him aloud, saying, 'Son Sancho, drink not water; drink it not, son; for it will kill thee. Behold, I have here with me the most holy balsam' (and showed him the oil-pot of the drenches he had compounded); 'for, with only two drops that thou drinkest, thou shalt, without all doubt, remain whole and sound. At those words, Sancho, looking behind him, answered his master, with a louder voice: 'Have you forgotten so soon how that I am no knight, or do you desire that I vomit the remnant of the poor bowels that remain in me since yesternight? Keep your liquor for yourself, in the devil's name, and permit me to live in peace.' And the conclusion of this speech and his beginning to drink was done all in one instant; but, finding at the first draught that it was water, he would not taste it any more, but requested Maritornes that she would give him some wine, which she did straight with a very good will, and likewise paid for it out of her own purse; for in effect it is written of her, that though she followed that trade, yet had she some shadows and lineaments in her of Christianity. As soon as Sancho had drunken, he visited his ass's ribs with his heels twice or thrice; and, the inn being opened, he issued out of it, very glad that he had paid nothing, and gotten his

<sup>1</sup> *Gavay.*

## D O N Q U I X O T E

desire, although it were to the cost of his ordinary sureties, to wit, his shoulders. Yet did the innkeeper remain possessed of his wallets, as a payment for that he owed him; but Sancho was so distracted when he departed as he never missed them. After he departed, the innkeeper thought to have shut up the inn-door again; but the gentlemen-tossers would not permit, being such folk that, if Don Quixote were verily one of the knights of the Round Table, yet would not they esteem him two chips.



## CHAPTER IV

WHEREIN ARE REHEARSED THE DISCOURSES PASSED  
BETWEEN SANCHE PANZA AND HIS LORD, DON  
QUIXOTE, WITH OTHER ADVENTURES  
WORTHY THE RECITAL

**S**ANCHO arrived to his master all wan and dismayed, insomuch as he was scarce able to spur on his beast. When Don Quixote beheld him in that case, he said to him: ‘Now do I wholly persuade myself, friend Sancho, that that castle or inn is doubtless enchanted; for those which made pastime with thee in so cruel manner, what else could they be but spirits, or people of another world? which I do the rather believe, because I saw that, whilst I stood at the barrier of the yard, beholding the acts of thy sad tragedy, I was not in any wise able either to mount it, or alight from Rozinante; for, as I say, I think they held me then enchanted.



## D O N Q U I X O T E

For I vow to thee, by mine honour, that if I could have either mounted or alighted, I would have taken such vengeance on those lewd and treacherous caitiffs as they should remember the jest for ever, though I had therefore adventured to transgress the laws of knighthood ; which, as I have oftentimes said unto thee, permitteth not any knight to lay hands on one that is not knighted, if it be not in defence of his proper life and person, and that in case of great and urgent necessity.' 'So would I also have revenged myself,' quoth Sancho, 'if I might, were they knights or no knights; but I could not: and yet I do infallibly believe that those which took their pleasure with me were neither ghosts nor enchanted men, as you say, but men of flesh and bones as we are; and all of them, as I heard them called whilst they tossed me, had proper names, for one was termed Peter Martinez, and another Tenorio Herriander, and I heard also the innkeeper called John Palameque the deaf; so that, for your inability of not leaping over the barriers of the yard, or alighting off your horse, was only enchantments in you. Whereby I do clearly collect thus much, that these adventures which we go in search of will bring us at last to so many disventures as we shall not be able to know which is our right foot. And that which we might do best, according to my little understanding, were to return us again to our village, now that it is reaping-time, and look to our goods, omitting to leap thus, as they say, out of the frying-pan into the fire.'

'How little dost thou know, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'what appertaineth to chivalry! Peace, and have patience, for a day will come wherein thou shalt see with thine own eyes how honourable it is to follow this exercise. If not, tell me what greater content may there be in this world, or what pleasure can equal that of winning a battle, and of triumphing over

## SANCHO DISHEARTENED

one's enemy? None, without doubt.' 'I think it be so,' quoth Sancho, 'although I do not know it; only this I know, that, since we became knights-errant, or that you are one (for there is no reason why I should count myself in so honourable a number), we never overcame any battle, if it was not that of the Biscaine, and you came even out of the very same with half your ear and beaver less; and ever after that time we have had nothing but cudgels and more cudgels, blows and more blows; I carrying with me besides, of overplus, the tossing in the blanket; and that, by reason it was done to me by enchanted persons, I cannot be revenged, and by consequence shall not know that true gust and delight that is taken by vanquishing mine enemy, whereof you spake even now.' 'That is it which grieves me, as it should thee also, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote. 'But I will procure hereafter to get a sword made with such art, that whosoever shall wear it, no kind of enchantment shall hurt him; and perhaps fortune will present me the very same which belonged to Amadis, when he called himself "the knight of the burning sword," which was one of the best that ever knight had in this world; for besides the virtue that I told, it did also cut like a razor; and no armour, were it ever so strong or enchanted, could stand before it.' 'I am so fortunate,' quoth Sancho, 'that when this befel, and that you found such a sword, it would only serve and be beneficial, and stand in stead, such as are dubbed knights, as doth your balsam, whilst the poor squires are crammed full with sorrows.' 'Fear not that, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for fortune will deal with thee more liberally than so.'

In these discourses Don Quixote and his squire rode; when Don Quixote, perceiving a great and thick dust to arise in the way wherein he travelled, turning to Sancho, said, 'This is,

## D O N Q U I X O T E .

Sancho, the day wherein shall be manifest the good which fortune hath reserved for me. This is the day wherein the force of mine arm must be shown as much as in any other whatsoever; and in it I will do such feats as shall for ever remain recorded in the books of fame. Dost thou see, Sancho, the dust which ariseth there? Know that it is caused by a mighty army, and sundry and innumerable nations, which come marching there.' 'If that be so,' quoth Sancho, 'then must there be two armies; for on this other side is raised as great a dust.' Don Quixote turned back to behold it, and seeing it was so indeed, he was marvellous glad, thinking that they were doubtlessly two armies, which came to fight one with another in the midst of that spacious plain; for he had his fantasy ever replenished with these battles, enchantments, successes, ravings, loves, and challenges which are rehearsed in books of knighthood, and all that ever he spoke, thought, or did, was addressed and applied to the like things. And the dust which he had seen was raised by two great flocks of sheep, that came through the same field by two different ways, and could not be discerned, by reason of the dust, until they were very near. Don Quixote did affirm that they were two armies with so very good earnest as Sancho believed it, and demanded of him, 'Sir, what then shall we two do?' 'What shall we do,' quoth Don Quixote, 'but assist the needful and weaker side? For thou shalt know, Sancho, that he who comes towards us is the great emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the great island of Trapobana; the other, who marcheth at our back, is his enemy, the king of the Garamantes, Pentapolin of the naked arm, so called because he still entereth in battle with his right arm naked.' 'I pray you, good sir,' quoth Sancho, 'to tell me why these two princes hate one another so much?' 'They are enemies,' re-

## ADVENTURE OF THE SHEEP

plied Don Quixote, 'because that this Alifamfaron is a furious pagan, and is enamoured of Pentapolin's daughter, who is a very beautiful and gracious princess, and, moreover, a Christian; and her father refuseth to give her to the pagan king, until first he abandon Mahomet's false sect, and become one of his religion.' 'By my beard,' quoth Sancho, 'Pentapolin hath reason, and I will help him all that I may.' 'By doing so,' quoth Don Quixote, 'thou performest thy duty; for it is not requisite that one be a knight to the end he may enter into such battles.' 'I do apprehend that myself,' quoth Sancho, 'very well; but where shall we leave this ass in the meantime, that we may be sure to find him again after the conflict?—for I think it is not the custom to enter into battle mounted on such a beast.' 'It is true,' quoth Don Quixote; 'that which thou mayst do is to leave him to his adventures, and care not whether he be lost or found; for we shall have so many horses, after coming out of this battle victors, that very Rozinante himself is in danger to be changed for another. But be attentive; for I mean to describe unto thee the principal knights of both the armies; and to the end thou mayst the better see and note all things, let us retire ourselves there to that little hillock, from whence both armies may easily be descried.'

They did so; and, standing on the top of a hill, from whence they might have seen both the flocks, which Don Quixote called an army, very well, if the clouds of dust had not hindered it and blinded their sight; yet, notwithstanding, our knight seeing in conceit that which he really did not see at all, began to say, with a loud voice,—

'That knight which thou seest there with the yellow armour, who bears in his shield a lion, crowned, crouching at a damsel's feet, is the valorous Laurcalio, lord of the silver bridge.

## DON QUIXOTE

The other, whose arms are powdered with flowers of gold, and bears in an azure field three crowns of silver, is the dreaded Micocolembó, great duke of Quirocia. The other, limbed like a giant, that standeth at his right hand, is the undaunted Brandabarbaray of Boliche, lord of the three Arabias, and comes armed with a serpent's skin, bearing for his shield, as is reported, one of the gates of the temple which Samson at his death overthrew to be revenged of his enemies. But turn thine eyes to this other side, and thou shalt see first of all, and in the front of this other army, the ever victor and never vanquished Timonel of Carcajona, prince of New Biscay, who comes armed with arms parted into blue, green, white, and yellow quarters, and bears in his shield, in a field of tawny, a cat of gold, with a letter that says *Miau*,<sup>1</sup> which is the beginning of his lady's name, which is, as the report runs, the peerless Miaulina, daughter to Duke Alfeniquen of Algarve. The other, that burdens and oppresses the back of that mighty courser,<sup>2</sup> whose armour is as white as snow, and also his shield without any device, is a new knight of France, called Pierres Papin, lord of the barony of Utrique. The other, that beats his horse's sides with his armed heels, and bears the arms of pure azure, is the mighty Duke of Nerbia Espartafilardo of the wood, who bears for his device a harrow,<sup>3</sup> with a motto that says, "So trails my fortune."

And thus he proceeded forward, naming many knights of the one and the other squadron, even as he had imagined them, and attributed to each one his arms, his colours, imprese, and mottoes, suddenly borne away by the imagination of his wonderful distraction; and, without stammering, he proceeded, saying,—

<sup>1</sup> Catto.

<sup>2</sup> *Alfana*.

<sup>3</sup> *Esparraguera*.

## ADVENTURE OF THE SHEEP

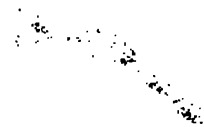
'This first squadron containeth folk of many nations: in it are those which taste the sweet waters of famous Xante; the mountainous men that tread the Masilical fields; those that do sift the most pure and rare gold of Arabia Felix; those that possessed the famous and delightful banks of clear Termodonte; those that let blood, many and sundry ways the golden Pactolus; the Numides, unstedfast in their promise; the Persians, famous for archers; the Parthes and Medes, that fight flying; the Arabs, inconstant in their dwellings; the Scythians, as cruel as white; the Ethiopians, of bored lips; and other infinite nations, whose faces I know and behold, although I have forgotten their denominations. In that other army come those that taste the crystalline streams of the olive-bearing Betis; those that dip and polish their faces with the liquor of the ever-rich and golden Tagus; those that possess the profitable fluent of divine Genil; those that trample the Tartesian fields, so abundant in pasture; those that recreate themselves in the Elysian fields of Xerez; the rich Manchegans, crowned with ruddy ears of corn; those apparelled with iron, the ancient relics of the Gothish blood; those that bathe themselves in Pesverga, renowned for the smoothness of his current; those that feed their flocks in the vast fields of the wreathing Guadiana, so celebrated for his hidden course; those that tremble through the cold of the bushy Pirens, and the lofty<sup>1</sup> Apennines; finally, all those that Europe in itself containeth.'

Good God! how many provinces repeated he at that time! and how many nations did he name, giving to every one of them, with marvellous celerity and briefness, their proper attributes, being swallowed up and engulfed in those things

<sup>1</sup> Or white-crested.

## DON QUIXOTE

which he had read in his lying books! Sancho Panza stood suspended at his speech, and spoke not a word, but only would now and then turn his head, to see whether he could mark those knights and giants which his lord had named; and, by reason he could not discover any, he said, 'Sir, I give to the devil any man, giant, or knight, of all those you said, that appeareth; at least, I cannot discern them. Perhaps all is but enchantment, like that of the ghosts of yesternight.' 'How sayst thou so?' quoth Don Quixote. 'Dost not thou hear the horses neigh, the trumpets sound, and the noise of the drums?' 'I hear nothing else,' said Sancho, 'but the great bleating of many sheep.' And so it was, indeed; for by this time the two flocks did approach them very near. 'The fear that thou conceivest, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'maketh thee that thou canst neither hear nor see aright; for one of the effects of fear is to trouble the senses, and make things appear otherwise than they are; and, seeing thou fearest so much, retire thyself out of the way; for I alone am sufficient to give the victory to that part which I shall assist.' And, having ended his speech, he set spurs to Rozinante, and, setting his lance in the rest, he flung down from the hillock like a thunderbolt. Sancho cried to him as loud as he could, saying, 'Return, good sir Don Quixote! for I vow unto God, that all those which you go to charge are but sheep and muttons; return, I say. Alas that ever I was born! what madness is this? Look; for there is neither giant nor knight, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields parted nor whole, nor pure azures nor devilish. What is it you do? wretch that I am!' For all this Don Quixote did not return, but rather rode, saying with a loud voice, 'On, on, knights! all you that serve and march under the banners of the valorous emperor Pentapolin of the naked arm; follow me, all of





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## THE LOST WALLET

you, and you shall see how easily I will revenge him on his enemy, Alifamfaron of Trapobana.' And, saying so, he entered into the midst of the flock of sheep, and began to lance them with such courage and fury as if he did in good earnest encounter his mortal enemies.

The shepherds that came with the flock, cried to him to leave off; but, seeing their words took no effect, they unloosed their slings, and began to salute his pate with stones as great as one's fist. But Don Quixote made no account of their stones, and did fling up and down among the sheep, saying, 'Where art thou, proud Alifamfaron? where art thou? Come to me; for I am but one knight alone, who desire to prove my force with thee man to man, and deprive thee of thy life, in pain of the wrong thou dost to the valiant Pentapolin, the Garamante.' At that instant a stone gave him such a blow on one of his sides, as did bury two of his ribs in his body. He beholding himself so ill dight, did presently believe that he was either slain or sorely wounded; and, remembering himself of his liquor, he took out his oil-pot, and set it to his mouth to drink; but ere he could take as much as he thought requisite to cure his hurts, there cometh another almond, which struck him so full upon the hand and oil-pot, as it broke it into pieces, and carried away with it besides three or four of his cheek teeth, and did moreover bruise very sorely two of his fingers. Such was the first and the second blow, as the poor knight was constrained to fall down off his horse. And the shepherds arriving, did verily believe they had slain him; and therefore, gathering their flock together with all speed, and carrying away their dead muttons, which were more than seven, they went away without verifying the matter any further.

Sancho remained all this while on the height, beholding his

## DON QUIXOTE

master's follies, pulling the hairs of his beard for very despair, and cursed the hour and the moment wherein he first knew him; but, seeing him overthrown to the earth, and the shepherds fled away, he came down to him, and found him in very bad taking, yet had he not quite lost the use of his senses; to whom he said, 'Did not I bid you, sir knight, return, and told you that you went not to invade an army of men, but a flock of sheep?' 'That thief, the wise man who is mine adversary,' quoth Don Quixote, 'can counterfeit and make men to seem such, or vanish away, as he pleaseth; for, Sancho, thou oughtest to know that it is a very easy thing for those kind of men to make us seem what they please, and this malign that persecuteth me, envying the glory which he saw I was like to acquire in this battle, hath converted the enemy's squadrons into sheep. And if thou wilt not believe me, Sancho, yet do one thing for my sake, that thou mayst remove thine error, and perceive the truth which I affirm: get up on thine ass, and follow them fair and softly aloof, and, thou shalt see that, as soon as they are parted any distance from hence, they will turn to their first form, and, leaving to be sheep, will become men, as right and straight as I painted them to thee at the first. But go not now, for I have need of thy help and assistance; draw nearer to me, and see how many cheek teeth and others I want, for methinks there is not one left in my mouth.' With that, Sancho approached so near that he laid almost his eyes on his master's mouth; and it was just at the time that the balsam had now wrought his effect in Don Quixote his stomach, and at the very season that Sancho went about to look into his mouth, he disgorged all that he had in his stomach, with as great violence as it had been shot out of a musket, just in his compassionate squire's beard. 'O holy Mother Mary!' quoth



Don Quixote sick

Sancho, 'what is this that hath befallen me? The poor man is mortally wounded without doubt; for he vomiteth up blood at his mouth.' But, looking a little nearer to it, he perceived in the colour and smell that it was not blood, but the balsam of his master's oil-bottle; whereat he instantly took such a loathing, that his stomach likewise turned, and he vomited out his very bowels almost, all in his master's face. And so they both remained like pearls. Soon after, Sancho ran to his ass to take somewhat to clear himself, and to cure his lord, out of his wallet, which when he found wanting, ' he was ready to run out of his

<sup>1</sup> Having left it behind him in the inn when he ran away and paid nothing for his lodging.

## DON QUIXOTE

wits. There he began anew to curse himself, and made a firm resolution in mind that he would leave his master and turn to his country again, although he were sure both to lose his wages and the hope of government of the promised island.

By this Don Quixote arose, and, setting his left hand to his mouth, that the rest of his teeth might not fall out, he caught hold on the reins of Rozinante's bridle with the other, who had never stirred from his master (such was his loyalty and good nature), he went towards his squire, that leaned upon his ass, with his hand under his cheek, like one pensative and malcontent. And Don Quixote, seeing of him in that guise, with such signs of sadness, said unto him: 'Know, Sancho, that one man is not more than another, if he do not more than another. All these storms that fall on us are arguments that the time will wax calm very soon, and that things will have better success hereafter; for it is not possible that either good or ill be durable. And hence we may collect that, our misfortunes having lasted so long, our fortune and weal must be likewise near; and therefore thou oughtest not thus to afflict thyself for the disgraces that befall me, seeing no part of them fall to thy lot.' 'How not?' quoth Sancho. 'Was he whom they tossed yesterday in the coverlet by fortune, any other man's son than my father's? and the wallet that I want to-day, with all my provision, was it any other's than mine own?' 'What! dost thou want thy wallet, Sancho?' quoth Don Quixote. 'Ay, that I do,' quoth he. 'In that manner,' replied Don Quixote, 'we have nothing left us to eat to-day.' 'That would be so,' quoth Sancho, 'if we could not find among these fields the herbs which I have heard you say you know, wherewithal such unlucky knights-errant as you are wont to supply like needs.' 'For all that,' quoth Don Quixote, 'I would rather have now

## THE LOST WALLET

a quarter of a loaf, or a cake, and two pilchard's heads, than all the herbs that Dioscorides describeth, although they came glossed by Doctor Laguna himself. But yet, for all that, get upon thy beast, Sancho the good, and follow me; for God, who is the provider for all creatures, will not fail us; and principally, seeing we do a work so greatly to His service as we do, seeing He doth not abandon the little flies of the air, nor the wormlings of the earth, nor the spawnlings of the water; and He is so merciful that He maketh His sun shine on the good and the evil, and rains on sinners and just men.' 'You were much fitter,' quoth Sancho, 'to be a preacher than a knight-errant.' 'Knights-errant knew, and ought to know, somewhat of all things,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for there hath been a knight-errant, in times past, who would make a sermon or discourse in the midst of a camp royal with as good grace as if he were graduated in the university of Paris; by which we may gather that the lance never dulled the pen, nor the pen the lance.' 'Well, then,' quoth Sancho, 'let it be as you have said, and let us depart hence, and procure to find a lodging for this night, where, I pray God, may be no coverlets, and tossers, nor spirits, nor enchanted Moors; for if there be, I'll bestow the flock and the hook on the devil.' 'Demand that of God, son Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'and lead me where thou pleasest; for I will leave the election of our lodging to thy choice for this time. Yet, I pray thee, give me thy hand, and feel how many cheek teeth, or others, I want in this right side of the upper jaw; for there I feel most pain.' Sancho put in his finger, and whilst he felt him, demanded, 'How many cheek teeth were you accustomed to have on this side?' 'Four,' quoth he, 'besides the hindermost; all of them very whole and sound.' 'See well what you say, sir,' quoth Sancho. 'I

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say four,' quoth Don Quixote, 'if they were not five; for I never in my life drew or lost any tooth, nor hath any fallen or been worm-eaten or marred by any rheum.' 'Well, then,' quoth Sancho, 'you have in this nether part but two cheek teeth and a half; and in the upper neither a half, nor any; for all there is as plain as the palm of my hand.' 'Unfortunate I!' quoth Don Quixote, hearing the sorrowful news that his squire told unto him, 'for I had rather lose one of my arms, so it were not that of my sword; for, Sancho, thou must wit, that a mouth without cheek teeth is like a mill without a mill-stone; and a tooth is much more to be esteemed than a diamond. But we which profess the rigorous laws of arms are subject to all these disasters; wherefore mount, gentle friend, and give the way; for I will follow thee what pace thou pleasest.' Sancho obeyed, and rode the way where he thought he might find lodging, without leaving the highway, which was there very much beaten. And, going thus by little and little (for Don Quixote his pain of his jaws did not suffer him rest, or make overmuch haste), Sancho, to entertain him and divert his thought by saying some things, began to aboard him in the form we mean to rehearse in the chapter ensuing.



## CHAPTER V

OF THE DISCREET DISCOURSES PASSED BETWEEN SANCHO  
AND HIS LORD; WITH THE ADVENTURE SUCCEEDING  
OF A DEAD BODY; AND OTHER NOTABLE  
OCCURRENCES

‘**M**ETHINKS, good sir, that all the mishaps that befel us these days past, are, without any doubt, in punishment of the sin you committed against the order of knighthood, by not performing the oath you swore, not to eat bread on table-cloths, nor to sport with the queen, with all the rest which ensueth, and you vowed to accomplish, until you had won the helmet of Malandrino, or I know not how the Moor is called, for I have forgotten his name.’ ‘Thou sayst right, Sancho,’ quoth Don Quixote; ‘but, to tell the truth, indeed I did wholly forget it; and thou mayst likewise think



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certainly, that because thou didst not remember it to me in time, that of the coverlet was inflicted as a punishment on thee. But I will make amends; for we have also manners of reconciliation for all things in the order of knighthood.' 'Why, did I by chance swear anything?' quoth Sancho. 'It little imports,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that thou hast not sworn; let it suffice that I know thou art not very clear from the fault of an accessory; and therefore, at all adventures, it will not be ill to provide a remedy.' 'If it be so,' quoth Sancho, 'beware you do not forget this again, as you did that of the oath; for if you should, perhaps those spirits will take again a fancy to solace themselves with me, and peradventure with you yourself, if they see you obstinate.'

Being in these and other such discourses, the night overtook them in the way, before they could discover any lodgings, and that which was worst of all they were almost famished with hunger; for, by the loss of their wallets, they lost at once both their provision and warder-house; and, to accomplish wholly this disgrace, there succeeded a certain adventure, which certainly happened as we lay it down, without any addition in the world, and was this. The night did shut up with some darkness, yet notwithstanding they travelled on still, Sancho believing that, since that was the highway, there must be within a league or two, in all reason, some inn. Travelling therefore, as I have said, in a dark night, the squire being hungry, and the master having a good stomach, they saw coming towards them in the very way they travelled a great multitude of lights, resembling nothing so well as wandering stars. Sancho, beholding them, was struck into a wonderful amazement, and his lord was not much better. The one drew his ass's halter, the other held his horse, and both of them stood still,

## ADVENTURE OF THE HEARSE

beholding attentively what that might be; and they perceived that the lights drew still nearer unto them, and the more they approached, they appeared the greater. At the sight Sancho did tremble, like one infected by the savour of quicksilver; and Don Quixote's hair stood up like bristles, who, animating himself a little, said: 'Sancho, this must be, questionless, a great and most dangerous adventure, wherein it is requisite that I show all my valour and strength.' 'Unfortunate I!' quoth Sancho; 'if by chance this adventure were of ghosts, as it seemeth to me that it is, where will there be ribs to suffer it?' 'Be they never so great ghosts,' said Don Quixote, 'I will not consent that they touch one hair of thy garments: for if they jested with thee the other time, it was because I could not leap over the walls of the yard; but now we are in plain field, where I may brandish my sword as I please.' 'And if they enchant and benumb you, as they did the other time,' quoth Sancho, 'what will it then avail us to be in open field or no?' 'For all that,' replied Don Quixote, 'I pray thee, Sancho, be of good courage; for experience shall show thee how great my valour is.' 'I will, and please God,' quoth Sancho. And so, departing somewhat out of the way, they began again to view earnestly what that of the travelling lights might be; and after a very little space they espied many white things, whose dreadful visions did in that very instant abate Sancho Panza his courage, and now began to chatter with his teeth like one that had the cold of a quartan; and when they did distinctly perceive what it was, then did his beating and chattering of teeth increase; for they discovered about some twenty, all covered with white, a-horseback, with tapers lighted in their hands; after which followed a litter covered over with black, and then ensued other six a-horseback, attired in mourning,

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and likewise their mules, even to the very ground; for they perceived that they were not horses by the quietness of their pace. The white folk rode murmuring somewhat among themselves, with a low and compassionate voice; which strange vision, at such an hour, and in places not inhabited, was very sufficient to strike fear into Sancho's heart, and even in his master's, if it had been any other than Don Quixote; but Sancho tumbled here and there, being quite overthrown with terror. The contrary happened to his lord, to whom in that same hour his imagination represented unto him most lively, the adventure wherein he was to be such a one as he oftentimes had read in his books of chivalry; for it figured unto him that the litter was a bier, wherein was carried some grievously wounded or dead knight, whose revenge was only reserved for him. And, without making any other discourse, he set his lance in the rest, seated himself surely in his saddle, and put himself in the midst of the way by which the white folk must forcibly pass, with great spirit and courage. And when he saw them draw near, he said, with a loud voice, 'Stand, sir knight, whosoever you be, and render me account what you are, from whence you come, where you go, and what that is which you carry in that bier; for, according as you show, either you have done to others or others to you some injury; and it is convenient and needful that I know it, either to chastise you for the ill you have committed, or else to revenge you of the wrong which you have suffered.' 'We are in haste,' quoth one of the white men, 'and the inn is far off, and therefore cannot expect to give so full a relation as you request'; and with that, spurring his mule, passed forward. Don Quixote, highly disdainful at the answer, took him by the bridle, and held him, saying, 'Stay, proud knight, and be better-mannered another



The torch-bearers put to flight

time, and give me account of that which I demanded ; if not, I defy you all to mortal battle.' The mule whereon the white man rode was somewhat fearful and skittish ; and, being taken thus rudely by the bridle, she took such a fright, that, rising up on her hinder legs, she unhorsed her rider. One of the lackeys that came with them, seeing him fallen, began to revile Don Quixote, who, being by this thoroughly enraged, without any more ado, putting his lance in the rest, ran upon one of the mourners, and threw him to the ground very sore wounded. And, turning upon the rest, it was a thing worthy the noting with what dexterity he did assault, break upon them, and put them all to flight ; and it seemed none other but that Rozinante had gotten then wings, he bestirred himself so nimbly and courageously.

## DON QUIXOTE

All those white men were fearful people, and unarmed, and therefore fled away from the skirmish in a trice, and began to traverse that field with their tapers burning, that they seemed to be maskers that used to run up and down in nights of Jove and recreation. The mourners likewise were so lapped up and muffled by their mourning weeds, as they could scarce stir them; so that Don Quixote did, without any danger of his person, give them all the bastinado, and caused them to forsake their rooms whether they would or no; for all of them did verily think that he was no man, but a devil of hell, that met them to take away the dead body which they carried in the litter. All this did Sancho behold, marvellously admiring at his master's boldness, which made him say to himself, 'My master is infallibly as strong and valiant as he said.'

There lay on the ground by him whom his mule had overthrown, a wax taper still burning, by whose light Don Quixote perceived him, and, coming over to him, he laid the point of his lance upon his face, saying, that he should render himself, or else he would slay him. To which the other answered: 'I am already rendered more than enough, seeing I cannot stir me out of the place, for one of my legs is broken. And if you be a Christian, I desire you not to kill me; for therein you would commit a great sacrilege, I being a licentiate, and have received the first orders.' 'Well, then,' quoth Don Quixote, 'what devil brought thee hither, being a Churchman?' 'Who, sir,' replied the overthrown, 'but my misfortune!' 'Yet doth a greater threaten thee,' said Don Quixote, 'if thou dost not satisfy me in all that which I first demanded of thee.' 'You shall easily be satisfied,' quoth the licentiate, 'and therefore you shall wit that, although first of all I said I was a licentiate, I am none but a bachelor, and am called Alonso Lopez, born

## ADVENTURE OF THE HEARSE

at Alcovendas; and I came from the city of Baeza, with eleven other priests, which are those that fled away with the tapers. We travel towards Segovia, accompanying the dead body that lies in the litter, of a certain gentleman who died in Baeza, and was there deposited for a while, and now, as I say, we carry his bones to his place of burial, which is in Segovia, the place of his birth.' 'And who killed him?' quoth Don Quixote. 'God,' quoth the bachelor, 'with certain pestilential fevers that he took.' 'In that manner,' quoth Don Quixote, 'our Lord hath delivered me from the pains I would have taken to revenge his death, if any other had slain him. He having killed him that did, there is no other remedy but silence, and to lift up the shoulders; for the same I must myself have done, if He were likewise pleased to slay me. And I would have your reverence to understand that I am a knight of the Mancha, called Don Quixote; and mine office and exercise is, to go throughout the world righting of wrongs and undoing of injuries.' 'I cannot understand how that can be, of righting wrongs,' quoth the bachelor, 'seeing you have made me, who was right before, now very crooked by breaking of my leg, which can never be righted again as long as I live; and the injury which you have undone in me, is none other but to leave me so injured as I shall remain injured for ever. And it was very great disventure to have encountered with you that go about to seek adventures.' 'All things,' quoth Don Quixote, 'succeed not of one fashion. The hurt was, Master Bachelor Alonso Lopez, that you travelled thus by night covered with those surplices, with burning tapers, and covered with weeds of dole, so that you appeared most properly some bad thing, and of the other world; and so I could not omit to fulfil my duty by assaulting you, which I would have done although I

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verily knew you to be the satans themselves of hell; for, for such I judged and accounted you ever till now.'

'Then, since my bad fortune hath so disposed it,' quoth the bachelor, 'I desire you, good sir knight-errant (who hath given me so evil an errand) that you will help me to get up from under this mule, who holds still my leg betwixt the stirrup and saddle.' 'I would have stayed talking until to-morrow morning,' quoth Don Quixote, 'and why did you expect so long to declare your grief to me?' He presently called for Sancho Panza to come over; but he had little mind to do, for he was otherwise employed ransacking of a sumpter-mule, which those good folk brought with them, well furnished with belly-ware. Sancho made a bag of his cassock, and, catching all that he might or could contain, he laid it on his beast, and then presently after repaired to his master, and helped to deliver the good bachelor from the oppression of his mule; and, mounting him again on it, he gave him his taper; and Don Quixote bade him to follow his fellows, of whom he should desire pardon, in his name, for the wrong he had done them; for it lay not in his hands to have done the contrary. Sancho said to him also: 'If those gentlemen would by chance know who the valorous knight is that hath used them thus, you may say unto them that he is the famous Don Quixote of Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Ill-favoured Face.'

With this the bachelor departed, and Don Quixote demanded of Sancho what had moved him to call him the Knight of the Ill-favoured Face, more at that time than at any other. 'I will tell you that,' quoth Sancho: 'I stood beholding of you a pretty while by the taper light which that unlucky man carrieth, and truly you have one of the evil-favouredest countenances of late that ever I saw, which either proceedeth of your

## ADVENTURE OF THE HEARSE

being tired after this battle, or else through the loss of your teeth.' 'That is not the reason,' said Don Quixote; 'but rather, it hath seemed fit to the wise man, to whose charge is left the writing of my history, that I take some appellative name, as all the other knights of yore have done; for one called himself the Knight of the Burning Sword; another that of the Unicorn; this, him of the Phoenix; the other, that of the Damsels; another, the Knight of the Griffin; and some other, the Knight of Death; and by these names and devices they were known throughout the compass of the earth. And so I say, that the wise man whom I mentioned set in thy mind and tongue the thought to call me the Knight of the Ill-favoured Face, as I mean to call myself from henceforth; and that the name may become me better, I will, upon the first occasion, cause to be painted in my shield a most ill-favoured countenance.' 'You need not,' quoth Sancho, 'spend so much time and money in having the like countenance painted; but that which you may more easily do is, to discover your own, and look directly on those that behold you; and I will warrant you, that without any more ado, or new painting in your shield, they will call you "him of the ill-favoured face." And let this be said in jest, that hunger and the want of your teeth have given you, as I have said, so evil-favoured a face, as you may well excuse all other heavy portraitures.' Don Quixote laughed at his squire's conceit, and yet, nevertheless, he purposed to call himself by that name as soon as ever he should have commodity to paint his shield and buckler.

And after a pause he said to Sancho: 'I believe I am excommunicated for having laid violent hands upon a consecrated thing, "*Juxta illud, si quis suadente diabolo,*"<sup>1</sup> etc.; although

<sup>1</sup> Canon 72, *Distinct.* 134.



## DON QUIXOTE

I am certain I laid not my hands upon him, but only this javelin; and besides, I did not in any way suspect that I offended priests or Churchmen, which I do respect and honour as a Catholic and faithful Christian; but rather, that they were shadows and spirits of the other world. And if the worst happened, I remember well that which befel the Cid Ruy Diaz, when he broke that other king's ambassador's chair before the pope's holiness, for which he excommunicated him; and yet, for all that, the good Roderick Vivar behaved himself that day like an honourable and valiant knight.'

About this time the bachelor departed, as is said, without speaking a word, and Don Quixote would fain have seen whether the corpse that came in the litter was bones or no; but Sancho would not permit him, saying, 'Sir, you have finished this perilous adventure most with your safety of any one of those I have seen. This people, although overcome and scattered, might perhaps fall in the consideration that he who hath overcome them is but one person alone, and, growing ashamed thereof, would perhaps join and unite themselves, and turn upon us, and give us enough business to do. The ass is in good plight according to my desire, and the mountain at hand, and hunger oppresseth us; therefore, we have nothing else to do at this time but retire ourselves with a good pace, and, as it is said, "To the grave with the dead, and them that live to the bread."' And, pricking on his ass, he requested his master to follow him; who, seeing that Sancho spoke not without reason, he spurred after him without replying; and, having travelled a little way between two small mountains, they found a large and hidden valley, where they alighted; and Sancho lightening his beast, and lying both along upon the green grass, holpen by the sauce of hunger, they broke their fasts, dined,

## A DRY SUPPER

ate their beaver and supper all at one time; satisfying their appetites with more than one dish of cold meat, which the dead gentleman's chaplains (which knew how to make much of themselves) had brought for their provision. But here succeeded another discommodity, which Sancho accounted not as the least, and was, that they had no wine to drink; no, nor as much as a drop of water to rinse their mouths; and, being scorched with drought, Sancho, perceiving the field where they were full of thick and green grass, said that which shall ensue in the chapter following.



## CHAPTER VI

OF A WONDERFUL ADVENTURE, ACHIEVED WITH LESS HAZARD THAN EVER ANY OTHER KNIGHT DID ANY, BY  
THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE OF THE MANCHA

‘IT is not possible, my lord, but that these green herbs do argue that near unto this place must be some fountain or stream that watereth them, and therefore, I pray you, let us go a little farther, and we shall meet that which may mitigate the terrible thirst that afflicts us, which sets us, questionless, in more pain than did our hunger.’ This counsel was allowed by Don Quixote; and therefore, leading Rozinante by the bridle, and Sancho his ass by the halter, after laying

## THE MYSTERIOUS NOISES

up the reversion of their supper, they set on through the plain, only guided by their guess, for the night was so dark as they could not see a jot. And scarce had they travelled two hundred paces, when they heard a great noise of water, as if it fell headlong from some great and steep rock. The noise did cheer them very much, and standing to hear from whence it sounded, they heard unawares another noise, which watered all the content they conceived before, specially in Sancho, who, as I have noted, was naturally very fearful and of little spirit. They heard, I say, certain blows struck with proportion, with a kind of rattling of irons and chains, which, accompanied by the furious sound of the water, might strike terror into any other heart but Don Quixote's.

The night, as we said, was dark, and they happened to enter in among certain tall and lofty trees, whose leaves, moved by a soft gale of wind, made a fearful and still noise; so that the solitude, situation, darkness, and the noise of the water, and trembling of the leaves concurring, did breed horror and affright; but specially seeing that the blows never ceased, the wind slept not, nor the morning approached, whereunto may be added, that they knew not the place where they were. But Don Quixote, accompanied with his valiant heart, leaped on Rozinante, and, embracing his buckler, brandished his lance, and said: 'Friend Sancho, I would have thee know that I was born, by the disposition of Heaven, in this our age of iron, to resuscitate in it that of gold, or the golden world, as it is called. I am he for whom are reserved all dangerous, great, and valorous feats. I say again, that I am he which shall set up again those of the Round Table, the Twelve Peers of France, and the Nine Worthies. I am he who shall cause the acts to be forgotten of those Platires, Tablantes, Oliven-

## DON QUIXOTE

tes, and Tirantes, the Phebuses, Belianises, with all the crew of the famous knights-errant of times past, doing in this wherein I live, such great and wonderful feats of arms as shall obscure the bravest that ever they achieved. Thou notest well, faithful and loyal squire, the darkness of this night, the strange silence, the deaf and confused trembling of these trees, the dreadful noise of that water in whose search we come, which seems to throw itself headlong down from the steep mountains of the moon; the incesable blows which do still wound our ears; all which together, and every one apart, are able to strike terror, fear, and amazement into the very mind of Mars; how much more in his that is not accustomed to the like chances and adventures? Yet all this which I have depainted to thee are inciters and rousers of my mind, which now causeth my heart almost to burst in my breast, with the desire it hath to try this adventure, how difficult soever it shows itself. Wherefore, tie my horse's girths a little straiter; and farewell! Here in this place thou mayst expect me three days and no more. And if I shall not return in that space, thou mayst go back to our village, and from thence (for my sake) to Toboso, where thou shalt say to my incomparable Lady Dulcinea, that her captive knight died by attempting things that might make him worthy to be called hers.'

When Sancho heard his lord speak these words, he began to weep, with the greatest compassion of the world, and say unto him, 'Sir, I see no reason why you should undertake this fearful adventure. It is now night, and nobody can perceive us; we may very well cross the way, and apart from ourselves danger, although we should therefore want drink these three days. And, seeing none behold us, there will be much less any one to take notice of our cowardice; the rather be-

## THE MYSTERIOUS NOISES

cause I heard oftentimes the curate of our village, whom you know very well, preach, "that he which seeks the danger, perisheth therein"; so that it is not good to tempt God, undertaking such a huge affair, out of which you cannot escape but by miracle; and let those which Heaven hath already wrought for you suffice, in delivering you from being tossed in a coverlet, as I was, and bringing you away a victor, free and safe, from among so many enemies as accompanied the dead man. And when all this shall not move or soften your hard heart, let this move it, to think and certainly believe, that scarce shall you depart from this place, when through very fear I shall give up my soul to him that pleaseth to take it. I left my country, wife, and children to come and serve you, hoping thereby to be worth more, and not less; but, as covetousness breaks the sack, so hath it also torn my hopes, seeing when they were most pregnant and lively to obtain that unlucky and accursed island, which you promised me so often, I see that, in exchange and pay thereof, you mean to forsake me here in a desert, out of all frequentation. For God's sake, do not me such a wrong, my lord; and if you will not wholly desist from your purpose, yet defer it at least till the morning; for as my little skill that I learned when I was a shepherd, telleth me, the dawning is not three hours off; for the mouth of the fish is over the head,' and maketh midnight in the line of the left arm.' 'How canst thou, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'see where is the line, or that mouth, or that tail of which thou speakest, seeing the night is so dark that one star alone appeareth not?' 'That is true,' quoth Sancho; 'but fear hath eyes which can see things under the ground, and much more in the skies. And besides, we may gather, by good discourse,

<sup>1</sup> *Porque la boca de la bozina ista lucina de la cabeza*, p. 168.

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that the day is not far off.' 'Let it be as little off as it lists,' quoth Don Quixote, 'it shall never be recorded of me that either tears or prayers could ever dissuade me from performing the duty of a knight; and therefore, good Sancho, hold thy peace; for God, who hath inspired me to attempt this unseen and fearful adventure, will have an eye to my weal, and also to comfort thy sorrow. And that thou hast therefore to do is to make strait my girths, and remain here; for I will return here shortly, either alive or dead.'

Sancho, perceiving his lord's last resolution, and how little his tears, counsels, or prayers could avail, resolved to profit himself a little of his wit, and make him if he could to expect until day; and so, when he did fasten the girths, he softly, without being felt, tied his ass's halter to both Rozinante's legs so fast, that when Don Quixote thought to depart, he could not, for that his horse could not go a step, but leaping. Sancho, seeing the good success of his guile, said, 'Behold, sir, how Heaven, moved by my tears and prayers, hath ordained that Rozinante should not go a step; and if you will be still contending, and spurring, and striking him, you will do nothing but enrage fortune, and, as the proverb says, but "spurn against the prick."' Don Quixote grew wood at this, and yet the more he spurred him he was the less able to go; wherefore, without perceiving the cause of his horse's stay, he resolved at last to be quiet, and expect either till the morning or else till Rozinante would please to depart, believing verily that the impediment came of some other cause, and not from Sancho; and therefore said unto him, 'Since it is so, Sancho, that Rozinante cannot stir him, I am content to tarry till the dawning, although her tardiness cost me some tears.' 'You shall have no cause to weep,' replied Sancho; 'for I will entertain



Sancho binds Rozinante's hind legs

you telling you of histories until it be day, if you will not alight and take a nap upon these green herbs, as knights-errant are wont, that you may be the fresher and better able to-morrow to attempt that monstrous adventure which you expect.' 'What dost thou call alighting, or sleeping?' quoth Don



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Quixote. 'Am I peradventure one of those knights that repose in time of danger? Sleep thou, who wast born to sleep, or do what thou please; for I will do that which I shall see fittest for my pretence.' 'Good sir, be not angry,' quoth Sancho; 'for I did not speak with that intention.' And so, drawing near unto him, he set one of his hands on the pommel of the saddle, and the other hinder in such sort that he rested embracing his lord's left thigh, not daring to depart from thence the breadth of a finger, such was the fear he had of those blows, which all the while did sound without ceasing.

Then Don Quixote commanded him to tell some tale to pass away the time, as he had promised; and Sancho said he would, if the fear of that which he heard would suffer him. 'Yet,' quoth he, 'for all this I will encourage myself to tell you one, whereon, if I can hit aright, and that I be not interrupted, is the best history that ever you heard; and be you attentive, for now I begin. It was that it was, the good that shall befall be for us all, and the harm for him that searches it. And you must be advertised, good sir, that the beginning that ancient men gave to their tales was not of ordinary things, and it was a sentence of Cato, the Roman Conrozin, which says, "And the harm be for him that searches it," which is as fit for this place as a ring for a finger, to the end that you may be quiet, and not to go seek your own harm to any place, but that we turn us another way, for nobody compelleth us to follow this, where so many fears do surprise us.' 'Prosecute this tale, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'and leave the charge of the way we must go to me.' 'I say then,' quoth Sancho, 'that in a village of Estremadura there was a shepherd, I would say a goatherd; and as I say of my tale, this goatherd was called Lope Ruyz, and this Lope Ruyz was enamoured on a shepher-

## SANCHO'S TALE

dess who was called Torralva, the which shepherdess called Torralva was daughter to a rich herdman, and this rich herdman'—'If thou tellest thy tale, Sancho, after that manner,' quoth Don Quixote, 'repeating everything twice that thou sayst, thou wilt not end it these two days: tell it succinctly, and like one of judgment, or else say nothing.' 'Of the very same fashion that I tell are all tales told in my country, and I know not how to tell it any other way, nor is it reason that you should ask of me to make new customs.' 'Tell it as thou pleasest,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for since fortune will not otherwise but that I must hear thee, go forward.' 'So that, my dear sir of my soul,' quoth Sancho, 'that, as I have said already, this shepherd was in love with Torralva the shepherdess, who was a round wench, scornful, and drew somewhat near to a man, for she had mochachoes; for methinks I see her now before my face.' 'Belike, then,' quoth Don Quixote, 'thou knewest her?' 'I did not know her,' quoth Sancho; 'but he that told me the tale said it was so certain and true, that I might, when I told it to any other, very well swear and affirm that I had seen it all myself. So that, days passing and days coming, the devil, who sleeps not, and that troubles all,' wrought in such sort, as the love that the shepherd bore to the shepherdess turned into manslaughter and ill-will; and the cause was, according to bad tongues, a certain quantity of little jealousies that she gave him, such as they passed the line, and came to the forbidden.\* And the shepherd did hate her so much afterward, that he was content to leave all that country, because he would not see her, and go where his eyes should never look upon her. Torralva, that saw herself disdained by Lope, did presently

<sup>1</sup> *Y que todo lo annasca*, page 172.

<sup>2</sup> A Spanish proverb touching their jealousy.

## DON QUIXOTE

love him better than ever she did before.' 'That is a natural condition of women,' quoth Don Quixote, 'to disdain those that love them, and to affect those which hate them. Pass forward, Sancho.' 'It happened,' quoth Sancho, 'that the shepherd set his purpose in execution, and, gathering up his goats, he travelled through the fields of Estremadura, to pass into the kingdom of Portugal. Torralva, which knew it well, followed him afoot and bare-legged, afar off, with a pilgrim's staff in her hand, and a wallet hanging at her neck, where they say that she carried a piece of a looking-glass, and another of a comb, and I know not what little bottle of changes for her face. But let her carry what she carries, for I will not put myself now to verify that; only I'll say, that they say, that the shepherd arrived with his goats to pass over the river Guadiana, which in that season was swollen very much, and overflowed the banks; and at the side where he came there was neither boat nor bark, nor any to pass himself or his goats over the river; for which he was very much grieved, because he saw that Torralva came very near, and she would trouble him very much with her prayers and tears. But he went so long looking up and down, that he spied a fisher, who had so little a boat as it could only hold one man and a goat at once, and for all that he spake and agreed with him to pass himself and three hundred goats that he had over the river. The fisherman entered into the boat, and carried over one goat; he returned, and passed over another, and turned back again, and passed over another. Keep you, sir, good account of the goats that the fisherman ferries over; for if one only be forgotten, the tale will end, and it will not be possible to tell one word more of it. Follow on, then, and I say that the landing-place on the other side was very dirty and slippery, which made the fisherman spend much

## SANCHO'S TALE

time coming to and fro; yet, for all that, he turned for another goat, and another, and another.'

'Make account,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that thou hast passed them all over; for otherwise thou wilt not make an end of passing them in a whole year's space.' 'How many,' said Sancho, 'are already passed over?' 'What a devil know I?' said Don Quixote. 'See there that which I said,' quoth Sancho, 'that you should keep good account. By Jove, the tale is ended, therefore; for there is no passing forward.' 'How can that be?' said Don Quixote. 'Is it so greatly of the essence of this history to know the goats are passed so exactly and distinctly that if one of the number be missed thou canst not follow on with thy tale?' 'No, sir, in no sort,' said Sancho; 'for as soon as I demanded of you to tell me how many goats passed over, and that you answered me you knew not, in that very instant it went from me out of my memory all that was to be told, and in faith it was of great virtue and content.' 'So, then,' quoth Don Quixote, 'the tale is ended?' 'It is as certainly ended as is my mother,' quoth Sancho. 'Surely,' replied Don Quixote, 'thou hast recounted one of the rarest tales or histories that any one of the world could think upon, and that such a manner of telling or finishing a tale was never yet seen, or shall be seen again; although I never expected any other thing from thy good discourse. But I do not greatly marvel, for perhaps those senseless strokes have troubled thine understanding.' 'All that may be,' said Sancho; 'but I know, in the discourse of my tale, there is no more to be said, but that there it ends, where the error of counting the goats that were wafted over the river begins.' 'Let it end in a good hour where it lists,' answered Don Quixote, 'and let us try whether Rozinante can yet stir him-

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self.' Then did he turn again to give him the spurs, and he to leap as he did at the first and rest anew, being unable to do other, he was so well shackled.

It happened about this time, that, either through the cold of the morning, or that Sancho had eaten at supper some lenitive meats, or that it was a thing natural (and that is most credible), he had a desire to do that which others could not do for him; but such was the fear that entered into his heart as he dared not depart from his lord the breadth of a straw, and to think to leave that which he had desired undone was also impossible; therefore, his resolution in that perplexed exigent (be it spoken with pardon) was this: he loosed his right hand, wherewithal he held fast the hinder part of the saddle, and therewithal very softly, and without any noise, he untied the cod-piece point wherewithal his breeches were only supported, which, that being let slip, did presently fall down about his legs like a pair of bolts; after this, lifting up his shirt the best he could, he exposed his buttocks to the air, which were not the least. This being done, which, as he thought, was the chiefest thing requisite to issue out of that terrible anguish and plunge, he was suddenly troubled with a greater, to wit, that he knew not how to disburden himself without making a noise; which to avoid, first he shut his teeth close, lifted up his shoulders, and gathered up his breath as much as he might; yet, notwithstanding all these diligences, he was so unfortunate, that he made a little noise at the end, much different from that which made him so fearful. Don Quixote heard it, and said, 'What noise is that, Sancho?' 'I know it not, sir,' quoth he; 'I think it be some new thing for adventures; or rather, disventures never begin with a little.' Then turned he once again to try his hap, and it suc-

## SANCHO'S DISTRESS

ceeded so well that, without making any rumour or noise but that which he did at the first, he found himself free of the loading that troubled him so much.

But Don Quixote having the sense of smelling as perfect as that of his hearing, and Sancho stood so near, or rather joined to him, as the vapours did ascend upward, almost by a direct line, he could not excuse himself but that some of them must needs touch his nose. And scarce had they arrived, but that he occurred to the usual remedy, and stopped it very well between his fingers, and then said with a snaffling voice, 'Me-thinks, Sancho, that thou art much afraid.' 'I am indeed,' replied Sancho, 'but wherein, I pray you, do you perceive it now more than ever?' 'In that thou smellest now more than ever,' quoth Don Quixote, 'and that not of amber.' 'It may be so,' quoth Sancho; 'yet the fault is not mine, but yours, which bring me, at such unseasonable hours, through so desolate and fearful places.' 'I pray thee, friend, retire thyself two or three steps back,' quoth Don Quixote, holding his fingers still upon his nose, 'and from henceforth have more care of thy person, and of the respect thou owest to mine; for I see the overmuch familiarity that I use with thee hath engendered this contempt.' 'I dare wager,' quoth Sancho, 'that you think I have done somewhat with my person that I ought not.' 'Friend Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'it is the worse to stir it thus.' And thus, in these and such like conversation, the master and the man passed over the night. And Sancho, seeing that the morning approached, he loosed Rozinante very warily, and tied up his hose. Rozinante, feeling himself (although he was not naturally very courageous), he seemed to rejoice, and began to beat the ground with his hoofs; for (by his leave) he could never yet curvet. Don Quixote, seeing that Rozinante

## DON QUIXOTE

could now stir, accounted it to be a good sign, and an encouragement of him to attempt that timorous adventure.

By this Aurora did display her purple mantle over the face of heaven, and everything appeared distinctly, which made Don Quixote perceive that he was among a number of tall chestnut-trees, which commonly make a great shadow. He heard likewise those incessable strokes, but could not espy the cause of them; wherefore, giving Rozinante presently the spur, and turning back again to Sancho, to bid him farewell, he commanded him to stay for him there three days at the longest, and that, if he returned not after that space, he should make full account that Jove was pleased he should end his days in that dangerous adventure. He repeated to him again the embassy and errand he should carry in his behalf to his Lady Dulcinea; and that, touching the reward of his services, he should not fear anything; for he had left his testament, made before he departed from his village, where he should find himself gratified touching all that which pertained to his hire, according to the rate of the time he had served; but if God would bring him off from that adventure safe and sound, and without danger, he might fully account to receive the promised island.

Here Sancho began anew to weep, hearing again the pitiful discourses of his good lord, and determined not to abandon him until the last trance and end of that affair; and out of these tears and honorable resolution of Sancho, the author of this history collects, that it is like he was well born, or at the very least an old Christian, whose grief did move his master a little, but not so much as he should show the least argument of weakness; but rather, dissembling it the best he could, he followed on his way towards the way of the

## THE MYSTERIOUS NOISES

water, and that where the strokes were heard. Sancho followed him afoot, leading, as he was wont, his ass by the halter, who was the inseparable fellow of his prosperous or adverse fortunes.

And having travelled a good space among these chestnut and shady trees, they came out into a little plain that stood at the foot of certain steep rocks, from whose tops did precipitate itself a great fall of water. There were at the foot of those rocks certain houses, so ill made as they rather seemed ruins of buildings than houses; from whence, as they perceived, did issue the fearful rumour and noise of the strokes, which yet continued.

Rozinante at this dreadful noise did start, and being made quiet by his lord, Don Quixote did by little and little draw near to the houses, recommending himself on the way most devoutly to his Lady Dulcinea, and also to Jove, desiring him that he would not forget him. Sancho never departed from his lord's side, and stretched out his neck and eyes as far as he might through Rozinante his legs, to see if he could perceive that which held him so fearful and suspended. And after they had travelled about a hundred paces more, at the doubling of a point of a mountain, they saw the very cause patent and open (for there could be none other) of that so hideous and fearful a noise that had kept them all the night so doubtful and affrighted, and was (O reader! if thou wilt not take it in bad part) six iron maces that fulled cloth, which, with their interchangeable blows, did form that marvellous noise.

When Don Quixote saw what it was, he waxed mute and all ashamed. Sancho beheld him, and saw that he hung his head on his breast with tokens that he was somewhat ashamed. Don Quixote looked also on his squire, and saw his cheeks



## DON QUIXOTE

swollen with laughter, giving withal evident signs that he was in danger to burst if he vented not that passion; whereat all Don Quixote's melancholy little prevailing, he could not, beholding Sancho, but laugh also himself. And when Sancho saw his master begin the play, he let slip the prisoner in such violent manner, to press his sides hardly with both his hands to save himself from bursting. Four times he ended, and other four he renewed his laughter, with as great impulse and force as at the first; whereat Don Quixote was wonderfully enraged, but chiefly hearing him say in gibing manner, 'I would have thee know, friend Sancho, that I was born, by the disposition of Heaven, in this our age of iron, to renew in it that of gold, or the golden world. I am he for whom are reserved all dangerous, great, and valorous feats.' And in this sort he went repeating all or the greatest part of the words Don Quixote had said the first time that they heard the timorous blows. Don Quixote perceiving that Sancho mocked him, grew so ashamed and angry withal, that, lifting up the end of his lance, he gave him two such blows on the back, as if he had received them on his pate, would have freed his master from paying him any wages, if it were not to his heirs. Sancho, seeing that he gained so ill earnest by his jests, fearing that his master should go onward with it, he said unto him, with very great submission, 'Pacify yourself, good sir; for, by Jove, I did but jest.' 'But why dost thou jest? I tell thee I do not jest,' quoth Don Quixote. 'Come here, master merryman; thinkest thou that, as those are iron maces to full cloth, if they were some other dangerous adventure, that I have not shown resolution enough to undertake and finish it? Am I by chance obliged, being, as I am, a knight, to know and distinguish noises, and perceive which are of a fulling-mill, or no?







*The Source of the Mysterious Noises Discovered.*





## SANCHO'S MIRTH

And more it might (as it is true), that I never saw any before, as thou hast done, base villain that thou art! born and brought up among the like: if not, make thou that these six maces be converted into giants, and cast them in my beard one by one, or all together; and when I do not turn all their heels up, then mock me as much as thou pleasest.'

'No more, good sir,' quoth Sancho; 'for I confess I have been somewhat too laughsome; but tell me, I pray you, now that we are in peace, as God shall deliver you out of all adventures that may befall you, as whole and sound as He hath done out of this, hath the not great fear we were in been a good subject of laughter, and a thing worthy the telling?—at least I; for of you I am certain that you do not yet know what fear or terror is.' 'I do not deny,' quoth Don Quixote, 'but that which befel us is worthy of laughter; yet ought it not to be recounted, forasmuch as all persons are not so discreet as to know how to discern one thing from another, and set everything in his right point.' 'You know, at leastwise,' quoth Sancho, 'how to set your javelin in his point when, pointing at my pate, you hit me on the shoulders, thanks be to God, and to the diligence I put in going aside. But farewell it, for all will away in the bucking; and I have heard old folk say "that man loves thee well who makes thee to weep." And besides, great lords are wont, after a bad word which they say to one of their serving-men, to bestow on him presently a pair of hose. But I know not yet what they are wont to give them after blows, if it be not that knights-errant give, after the bastinado, islands, or kingdoms on the continent.' 'The die might run so favourably,' quoth Don Quixote, 'as all thou hast said might come to pass; and therefore pardon what is done, since thou art discreet, and knowest that a man's first motions are not in

## DON QUIXOTE

his hand. And be advertised of one thing from henceforward (to the end to abstain, and carry thyself more respectfully in thy over-much liberty of speech with me), that in as many books of chivalry as I have read, which are infinite, I never found that any squire spoke so much with his lord as thou dost with thine; which, in good sooth, I do attribute to thy great indiscretion and mine; thine, in respecting me so little; mine, in not making myself to be more regarded. Was not Gandalin, Amadis de Gaul's squire, earl of the Firm Island? And yet it is read of him, that he spoke to his lord with his cap in his hand, his head bowed, and his body bended (more Turcesco). What, then, shall we say of Gasabel, Don Galaor's squire, who was so silent, as to declare us the excellency thereof, his name is but once repeated in all that so great and authentic a history? Of all which my words, Sancho, thou must infer, that thou must make difference between the master and the man, the lord and his serving-man, the knight and his squire: so that from this day forward we must proceed with more respect, not letting the clew run so much; for after what way soever I grow angry with thee, it will be bad for the pitcher. The rewards and benefits that I have promised thee will come in their time; and if they do not, thy wages cannot be lost, as I have already said to thee.'

'You say very well,' quoth Sancho; 'but fain would I learn (in case that the time of rewards came not, and that I must of necessity trust to my wages) how much a knight-errant's squire did gain in times past? or if they did agree for months, or by days, as mason's men?' 'I do not think,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that they went by the hire, but only trusted to their lord's courtesy. And if I have assigned wages to thee in my sealed testament, which I left at home, it was to prevent the worst;

## SANCHO'S MIRTH

because I know not yet what success chivalry may have in these our so miserable times, and I would not have my soul suffer in the other world for such a minuity as is thy wages; for thou must understand that in this world there is no state so dangerous as that of knights-errant.' 'That is most true,' replied Sancho, 'seeing the only sound of the maces of a fulling-mill could trouble and disquiet the heart of so valiant a knight as you are. But you may be sure that I will not hereafter once unfold my lips to jest at your doings, but only to honour you as my master and natural lord.' 'By doing so,' replied Don Quixote, 'thou shalt live on the face of the earth; for, next to our parents, we are bound to respect our masters as if they were our fathers.'





## CHAPTER VII

OF THE HIGH ADVENTURE AND RICH WINNING OF THE  
HELMET OF MAMBRINO, WITH OTHER SUCCESSES  
WHICH BEFEL THE INVINCIBLE KNIGHT

**I**T began about this time to rain, and Sancho would fain have entered into the fulling-mills; but Don Quixote had conceived such hate against them for the jest recounted, as he would in no wise come near them; but, turning his way

## THE HELMET OF MAMBRINO

on the right hand, he fell into a highway, as much beaten as that wherein they rode the day before. Within a while after, Don Quixote espied one a-horseback, that bore on his head somewhat that glistered like gold; and scarce had he seen him, when he turned to Sancho, and said, 'Methinks, Sancho, that there's no proverb that is not true; for they are all sentences taken out of experience itself, which is the universal mother of sciences; and specially that proverb that says, "Where one door is shut, another is opened." I say this because, if fortune did shut yesternight the door that we searched, deceiving us in the adventure of the iron maces, it lays us now wide open the door that may address us to a better and more certain adventure, whereon, if I cannot make a good entry, the fall shall be mine, without being able to attribute it to the little knowledge of the fulling-maces, or the darkness of the night; which I affirm because, if I be not deceived, there comes one towards us that wears on his head the helmet of Mambrino, for which I made the oath.' 'See well what you say, sir, and better what you do,' quoth Sancho; 'for I would not wish that this were new maces, to batter us and our understanding.' 'The devil take thee for a man!' replied Don Quixote; 'what difference is there betwixt a helmet and fulling-maces?' 'I know not,' quoth Sancho; 'but if I could speak as much now as I was wont, perhaps I would give you such reasons as you yourself should see how much you are deceived in that you speak.' 'How may I be deceived in that I say, scrupulous traitor?' quoth Don Quixote. 'Tell me, seest thou not that knight which comes riding towards us on a dapple-grey horse, with a helmet of gold on his head?' 'That which I see and find out to be so,' answered Sancho, 'is none other than a man on a grey ass like mine own, and brings on his head somewhat that

## DON QUIXOTE

shines.' 'Why, that is Mambrino's helmet,' quoth Don Quixote. 'Stand aside, and leave me alone with him; thou shalt see how, without speech, to cut off delays, I will conclude this adventure, and remain with the helmet as mine own which I have so much desired.' 'I will have care to stand off; but I turn again to say, that I pray God that it be a purchase of gold, and not fulling-mills.' 'I have already said unto thee that thou do not make any more mention, no, not in thought, of those maces; for if thou dost,' said Don Quixote, 'I vow, I say no more, that I will batter thy soul.' Here Sancho, fearing lest his master would accomplish the vow which he had thrown out as round as a bowl, held his peace.

This, therefore, is the truth of the history of the helmet, horse, and knight, which Don Quixote saw. There was in that commark two villages, the one so little as it had neither shop nor barber, but the greater, that was near unto it, was furnished of one; and he therefore did serve the little village when they had any occasion, as now it befell that therein lay one sick, and must be let blood, and another that desired to trim his beard; for which purpose the barber came, bringing with him a brazen basin. And as he travelled, it by chance began to rain, and therefore clapped his basin on his head to save his hat from staining, because it belike was a new one; and the basin being clean scoured, glistered half a league off. He rode on a grey ass, as Sancho said, and that was the reason why Don Quixote took him to be a dapple-grey steed, a knight, and a helmet of gold; for he did, with all facility, apply everything which he saw to his raving chivalry and ill-errant thoughts. And when he saw that the poor knight drew near, without settling himself to commune with him, he inrested his javelin<sup>1</sup> low

<sup>1</sup> *Lançon.*

## THE HELMET, OF MAMBRINO

on the thigh, and ran with all the force Rozinante might, thinking to strike him through and through; and, drawing near unto him, without stopping his horse, he cried, 'Defend thyself, caitiff! or else render unto me willingly that which is my due by all reason.'

The barber, who so without fearing or surmising any such thing, saw that fantasy and spirit came upon him, had no other remedy, to avoid the blow of the lance, but to fall off his ass to the ground; and scarce had he touched the earth, when rising up again as light as a deer, he ran away so swiftly through the plain as the wind could scarce overtake him, leaving behind him on the ground his basin; wherewithal Don Quixote rested content, and said that pagan which lost it was discreet, and did imitate the castor, who seeing himself hotly pursued by the hunters, which tears and cuts away that with his teeth for which he knows by natural instinct he is followed.

Then he commanded Sancho to take up the helmet; who, lifting it, said, 'The basin is a good one, by God, and is as well worth a real of eight as a marvedi.' And, giving it to his lord, he presently set it on his head, turning about every way to see whether he could get the beaver; and, seeing he could not find it, he said, 'The pagan for whom this famous helmet was first forged had doubtlessly a very great head; and that which grieves me principally is that this helmet wants the one half.'

When Sancho heard him call the basin a helmet, he could not contain his laughter; but presently remembering of his master's choler, he checked it in the midst. 'Why dost thou laugh, Sancho?' quoth Don Quixote. 'I laugh,' said he, 'to think on the great head the pagan owner of this helmet had; for it is for all the world like a barber's basin.' 'Know, Sancho, that I imagine,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that this famous piece

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of this enchanted helmet did fall, by some strange accident, into some one's hands that knew not the worth thereof, and seeing it was of pure gold, without knowing what he did, I think he hath molten the half, to profit himself therewithal, and made of the other half this, which seems a barber's basin, as thou sayst: but be it what it list, to me who knows well what it is, his transmutation makes no matter; for I will dress it in the first town where I shall find a smith, as that which the God of Forges made for the God of War shall not surpass, no, nor come near it; and in the meanwhile I will wear it as I may, for something is better than nothing; and more, seeing it may very well defend me from the blow of a stone.' 'That's true,' quoth Sancho, 'if it be not thrown out of a sling, such as that of the battle of the two armies, when they blessed your worship's cheek teeth, and broke the bottle wherein you carried the most blessed drench which made me vomit up my guts.' 'I do not much care for the loss of it, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for, as thou knowest, I have the recipe in memory.' 'So have I likewise,' quoth Sancho; 'but if ever I make it or taste it again in my life, I pray God that here may be mine end: how much more, I never mean to thrust myself into any occasion wherein I should have need of it; for I mean, with all my five senses, to keep myself from hurting any, or being hurt. Of being once again tossed in a coverlet, I say nothing; for such disgraces can hardly be prevented, and if they befall, there is no other remedy but patience, and to lift up the shoulders, keep in the breath, shut the eyes, and suffer ourselves to be borne where fortune and the coverlet pleaseth.'

'Thou art a bad Christian, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, hearing him say so; 'for thou never forgettest the injuries that are once done to thee: know that it is the duty of noble and gen-

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erous minds not to make any account of toys. What leg hast thou brought away lame, what rib broken, or what head hurt, that thou canst not yet forget that jest? For the thing being well examined, it was none other than a jest or pastime; for if I did not take it to be such, I had returned by this to that place, and done more harm in thy revenge than that which the Greeks did for the rape of Helen: who, if she were in these times, or my Dulcinea in hers, she might be sure she should never have gained so much fame for beauty as she did.' And, saying so, he pierced the sky with a sigh. 'Then,' said Sancho, 'let it pass for a jest, since the revenge cannot pass in earnest; but I know well the quality both of the jest and earnest, and also that they shall never fall out of my memory, as they will never out of my shoulders. But, leaving this apart, what shall we do with this dapple-grey steed, that looks so like a grey ass, which that Martin left behind, whom you overthrew, who, according as he laid feet on the dust and made haste, he minds not to come back for him again; and, by my beard, the grey beast is a good one.' 'I am not accustomed,' quoth Don Quixote, 'to ransack and spoil those whom I overcome; nor is it the practice of chivalry to take their horses and let them go afoot, if that it befall [not] the victor to lose in the conflict his own; for in such a case it is lawful to take that of the vanquished as won in fair war. So that, Sancho, leave that horse, or ass, or what else thou pleasest to call it; for when his owner sees us departed, he will return again for it.' 'God knows,' quoth Sancho, 'whether it will be good or no for me to take him, or at least change for mine own, which, methinks, is not so good. Truly the laws of knighthood are strait, since they extend not themselves to license the exchange of one ass for another. And I would know whether they permit at least to ex-

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change the one harness for another?' 'In that I am not very sure,' quoth Don Quixote; 'and as a case of doubt (until I be better informed), I say that thou exchange them, if by chance thy need be extreme.' 'So extreme,' quoth Sancho, 'that if they were for mine own very person, I could not need them more.' And presently, enabled by the license, he made *mutatio caparum*, and set forth his beast like a hundred holidays.

This being done, they broke their fast with the relics of the spoils they had made in the camp of sumpter-horse, and drank of the mills' streams, without once turning to look on them (so much they abhorred them for the marvellous terror they had stricken them in); and having by their repast cut away all cholerick and melancholic humours, they followed on the way which Rozinante pleased to lead them, who was the depository of his master's will, and also of the ass's, who followed him always wheresoever he went, in good amity and company: for all this, they returned to the highway, wherein they travelled at random, without any certain deliberation which way to go. And as they thus travelled, Sancho said to his lord, 'Sir, will you give me leave to commune a little with you? for, since you have imposed upon me that sharp commandment of silence, more than four things have rotted in my stomach; and one thing that I have now upon the tip of my tongue, I would not wish for anything that it should miscarry.' 'Say it,' quoth Don Quixote, 'and be brief in thy reasons; for none is delightful if it be prolix.' 'I say then,' quoth Sancho, 'that I have been these later days considering how little is gained by following these adventures that you do through these deserts and crossways, where, though you overcome and finish the most dangerous, yet no man sees or knows them, and so they shall remain in perpetual silence, both to your prejudice and that of

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the fame which they deserve. And therefore, methinks, it were better (still expecting your better judgment herein), that we went to serve some emperor or other great prince that maketh war, in whose service you might show the valour of your person, your marvellous force, and wonderful judgment; which being perceived by the lord whom we shall serve, he must perforce reward us, every one according to his deserts; and in such a place will not want one to record your noble acts for a perpetual memory. Of mine I say nothing, seeing they must not transgress the squire-like limits; although I dare avouch that, if any notice be taken in chivalry of the feats of squires, mine shall not fall away betwixt the lines.'

'Sancho, thou sayst not ill,' quoth Don Quixote; 'but before such a thing come to pass, it is requisite to spend some time up and down the world, as in probation, seeking of adventures, to the end that, by achieving some, a man may acquire such fame and renown, as when he goes to the court of any great monarch, he be there already known by his works; and that he shall scarcely be perceived to enter at the gates by the boys of that city, when they all will follow and environ him, crying out aloud, This is the Knight of the Sun, or the Serpent, or of some other device under which he hath achieved strange adventures. "This is he," will they say, "who overcame in single fight the huge giant Brocabruno of the invincible strength; he that disenchanted the great Sophy of Persia, of the large enchantment wherein he had lain almost nine hundred years." So that they will thus go proclaiming his acts from hand to hand; and presently the king of that kingdom, moved by the great bruit of the boys and other people, will stand at the windows of his palace to see what it is; and as soon as he shall eye the knight, knowing him by his arms, or



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by the impresse of his shield, he must necessarily say, “Up! go all of you, my knights, as many of you as are in court, forth, to receive the flower of chivalry, which comes there.” At whose command they all will sally, and he himself will come down to the midst of the stairs, and will embrace him most straitly, and will give him the peace, kissing him on the cheek; and presently will carry him by the hand to the queen’s chamber, where the knight shall find her accompanied by the princess her daughter, which must be one of the fairest and *debonnaire* damsels that can be found throughout the vast compass of the earth. After this will presently and in a trice succeed, that she will cast her eye on the knight, and he on her, and each of them shall seem to the other no human creature, but an angel; and then, without knowing how, or how not, they shall remain captive and entangled in the inextricable amorous net, and with great care in their minds, because they know not how they shall speak to discover their anguish and feeling. From thence the king will carry him, without doubt, to some quarter of his palace richly hanged; where, having taken off his arms, they will bring him a rich mantle of scarlet, furred with ermines, to wear; and if he seemed well before, being armed, he shall now look as well, or better, out of them. The night being come, he shall sup with the king, queen, and princess, where he shall never take his eye off her, beholding unawares of those that stand present, and she will do the like with as much discretion; for, as I have said, she is a very discreet damsel. The tables shall be taken up; there shall enter, unexpectedly, in at the hall, an ill-favoured little dwarf, with a fair lady that comes behind the dwarf between two giants, with a certain adventure, wrought by a most ancient wise man, and that he who shall end it shall be held for the best knight of the world. Presently the king



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*The Fair Lady and the Giants.*

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his departure. He will after get up very early, and will go to take leave of the king, the queen, and princess. They tell him (having taken leave of the first two) that the princess is ill at ease, and that she cannot be visited: the knight thinks that it is for grief of his departure, and the which tidings lanceth him anew to the bottom of his heart, whereby he will be almost constrained to give manifest tokens of his grief. The damsel that is privy to their loves will be present, and must note all that passeth, and go after to tell it to her mistress, who receives her with tears, and says unto her, that one of the greatest afflictions she hath is, that she doth not know who is her knight, or whether he be of blood royal or no. Her damsel will assure her again, that so great bounty, beauty, and valour as is in her knight could not find place but in a great and royal subject. The careful princess will comfort herself with this hope, and labour to be cheerful, lest she should give occasion to her parents to suspect any sinister thing of her; and within two days again she will come out in public. By this the knight is departed: he fights in the war, and overcomes the king's enemy; he wins many cities, and triumphs for many battles; he returns to the court; he visits his lady, and speaks to her at the accustomed place; he agreeth with her to demand her of the king for his wife, in reward of his services; whereunto the king will not consent, because he knows not what he is; but for all this, either by carrying her away, or by some other manner, the princess becomes his wife, and he accounts himself therefore very fortunate, because it was after known that the same knight is son to a very valorous king, of I know not what country; for I believe it is not in all the map. The father dies, and the princess doth inherit the kingdom; and thus, in two words, our knight is become a king. Here in this place

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enters presently the commodity to reward his squire, and all those that helped him to ascend to so high an estate. He marries his squire with one of the princess's damsels, which shall doubtless be the very same that was acquainted with his love, who is some principal duke's daughter.'

'That's it I seek for,' quoth Sancho, 'and all will go right; therefore I will leave to that, for every whit of it which you said will happen to yourself, without missing a jot, calling yourself, the Knight of the Ill-favoured Face.' 'Never doubt it, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for even in the very same manner, and by the same steps that I have recounted here, knights-errant do ascend, and have ascended, to be kings and emperors. This only is expedient, that we inquire what king among the Christians or heathens makes war and hath a fair daughter: but we shall have time enough to bethink that, since, as I have said, we must first acquire fame in other places, before we go to the court. Also I want another thing, that put case that we find a Christian or pagan king that hath wars and a fair daughter, and that I have gained incredible fame throughout the wide world, yet cannot I tell how I might find that I am descended from kings, or that I am at the least cousin-german removed of an emperor; for the king will not give me his daughter until this be first very well proved, though my works deserve it never so much; so that I fear to lose, through this defect, that which mine own hath merited so well. True it is that I am a gentleman of a known house of propriety and possession; and perhaps the wise man that shall write my history will so beautify my kindred and descent, that he will find me to be the fifth or sixth descent from a king. For thou must understand, Sancho, that there are two manners of lineages in the world: some that derive their pedigree from princes and

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monarchs, whom time hath by little and little diminished and consumed, and ended in a point like pyramids; others, that took their beginning from base people, and ascend from degree unto degree, until they become at last great lords. So that all the difference is, that some were that which they are not now, and others are that which they were not; and it might be that I am of those, and, after good examination, my beginning might be found to have been famous and glorious, wherewithal the king, my father-in-law, ought to be content, whosoever he were; and when he were not, yet shall the princess love me in such sort, that she shall, in despite of her father's teeth, admit me for her lord and spouse, although she knew me to be the son of a water-bearer. And if not, here in this place may quader well the carrying of her away perforce, and carrying of her where best I liked; for either time or death must needs end her father's displeasure.'

'Here comes well to pass that,' [said] Sancho, 'which some damned fellows are wont to say, "Seek not to get that with a good will which thou mayst take perforce"; although it were better said, "The leap of a shrub is more worth than good men's entreaties." I say it to this purpose, that if the king, your father-in-law, will not condescend to give unto you the princess, my mistress, then there's no more to be done, but, as you say, to steal her away and carry her to another place; but all the harm is that, in the meanwhile that composition is unmade, and you possess not quietly your kingdom, the poor squire may whistle for any benefit or pleasure you are able to do him, if it be not that the damsel of whom you spoke even now run away with her lady, and that he pass away his misfortunes now and then with her, until Heaven ordain some other thing; for I do think that his lord may give her unto him

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presently, if she please to be his lawful spouse.' 'There's none that can deprive thee of that,' quoth Don Quixote. 'Why, so that this may befall,' quoth Sancho, 'there's no more but to commend ourselves to God, and let fortune run where it may best address us.' 'God bring it so to pass,' quoth Don Quixote, 'as I desire, and thou hast need of, Sancho; and let him be a wretch that accounts himself one.' 'Let him be so,' quoth Sancho; 'for I am an old Christian, and to be an earl there is no more requisite.' 'Ay, and 'tis more than enough,' quoth Don Quixote, 'for that purpose; and though thou wert not, it made not much matter; for I, being a king, may give thee nobility, without either buying of it, or serving me with nothing; for, in creating thee an earl, lo! thereby thou art a gentleman. And, let men say what they please, they must, in good faith, call thee "right honourable," although it grieve them never so much.' 'And think you,' quoth Sancho, 'that I would not authorize my *litado*?' 'Thou must say *dictado*, or dignity,' quoth Don Quixote, 'and not *litado*, for that's a barbarous word.' 'Let it be so,' quoth Sancho Panza. 'I say that I would accommodate all very well; for I was once the warner of a confraternity, and the warner's gown became me so well that every one said I had a presence fit for the provost of the same: then how much more when I shall set on my shoulders the royal robe of a duke, or be apparelled with gold and pearls, after the custom of strange earls? I do verily believe that men will come a hundred leagues to see me.' 'Thou wilt seem very well,' quoth Don Quixote; 'but thou must shave that beard very often; for as thou hast it now, so bushy, knit, and unhandsome, if thou shavest it not with a razor at the least every other day, men will know that thou art as far from gentility as a musket can carry.' 'What more is there to be done,'



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quoth Sancho, 'than to take a barber and keep him hired in my house? yea, and if it be necessary, he shall ride after me, as if he were a master of horse to some nobleman.' 'How knowest thou,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that noblemen have their masters of horses riding after them?' 'Some few years ago I was a month in the court, and there I saw that a young little lord rode by for his pleasure; they said he was a great grandee; there followed him still a-horseback a certain man, turning every way that he went, so as he verily seemed to be his horse's tail. I then demanded the cause why that man did not ride by the other's side, but still did follow him so. They answered me that he was master of his horses, and that the grandees were accustomed to carry such men after them.' 'Thou sayst true,' quoth Don Quixote, 'and thou mayst carry thy barber in that manner after thee; for customs came not all together, nor were not invented at once; and thou mayst be the first earl that carried his barber after him: and I do assure thee that it is an office of more trust to trim a man's beard than to saddle a horse.' 'Let that of the barber rest to my charge,' quoth Sancho, 'and that of procuring to be a king, and of creating me an earl, to yours.' 'It shall be so,' quoth Don Quixote. And thus, lifting up his eyes, he saw that which shall be recounted in the chapter following.



## CHAPTER VIII

OF THE LIBERTY DON QUIXOTE GAVE TO MANY WRETCHES  
WHO WERE A-CARRYING PERFORCE TO A  
PLACE THEY DESIRED NOT

**C**ID Hamet Benengeli, an Arabic and Manchegan author, recounts, in this most grave, lofty, divine, sweet conceited history, that, after these discourses passed between Don Quixote and his squire Sancho Panza, which we have laid down in the last chapter, Don Quixote, lifting up his eyes, saw that there came in the very same way wherein they rode, about some twelve men in a company on foot, inserted like bead-stones in a great chain of iron, that was tied about their necks, and every one of them had manacles besides on their hands. There came to conduct them two on horseback and two others afoot: the horsemen had firelock

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pieces; those that came afoot, darts and swords. And as soon as Sancho saw them, he said: 'This is a chain of galley-slaves, people forced by the king to go to the galleys.' 'How! people forced?' demanded Don Quixote; 'is it possible that the king will force anybody?' 'I say not so,' answered Sancho, 'but that it is people which are condemned, for their offences, to serve the king in the galleys perforce.' 'In resolution,' replied Don Quixote, 'howsoever it be, this folk, although they be conducted, go perforce, and not willingly.' 'That's so,' quoth Sancho. 'Then, if that be so, here falls in justly the execution of my function, to wit, the dissolving of violences and outrages, and the succouring of the afflicted and needful.' 'I pray you, sir,' quoth Sancho, 'to consider that the justice, who represents the king himself, doth wrong or violence to nobody, but only doth chastise them for their committed crimes.'

By this the chain of slaves arrived, and Don Quixote, with very courteous terms, requested those that went in their guard, that they would please to inform him of the cause wherefore they carried that people away in that manner. One of the guardians a-horseback answered that they were slaves condemned by his majesty to the galleys, and there was no more to be said, neither ought he to desire any further knowledge. 'For all that,' replied Don Quixote, 'I would fain learn of every one of them in particular the cause of his disgrace.' And to this did add other such and so courteous words, to move them to tell him what he desired, as the other guardian a-horseback said, 'Although we carry here the register and testimony of the condemnations of every one of these wretches, yet this is no time to hold them here long, or take out the processes to read: draw you nearer, and de-

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mand it of themselves; for they may tell it an they please, and I know they will; for they are men that take delight both in acting and relating knaveries.'

With this license, which Don Quixote himself would have taken although they had not given it him, he came to the chain, and demanded of the first for what offence he went in so ill a guise. He answered that his offence was no other than for being in love; for which cause only he went in that manner. 'For that, and no more?' replied Don Quixote. 'Well, if enamoured folk be cast into the galleys, I might have been rowing there a good many days ago.' 'My love was not such as you conjecture,' quoth the slave; 'for mine was that I loved so much a basket well heaped with fine linen, as I did embrace it so straitly, that if the justice had not taken it away from me by force, I would not have forsaken it to this hour by my good-will. All was done *in flagrante*; there was no leisure to give me torment; the cause was concluded, my shoulders accommodated with a hundred, and, for a supplement, three prizes of garrupes, and the work was ended.' 'What are garrupes?' quoth Don Quixote. 'Garrupes are galleys,' replied the slave, who was a young man of some four-and-twenty years old, and said he was born in Piedrahita.

Don Quixote demanded of the second his cause of offence, who would answer nothing, he went so sad and melancholy. But the first answered for him, and said, 'Sir, this man goes for a canary-bird, I mean for a musician and singer.' 'Is it possible?' quoth Don Quixote, 'that musicians and singers are likewise sent to the galleys?' 'Yes, sir,' quoth the slave; 'for there's nothing worse than to sing in anguish.' 'Rather,' quoth Don Quixote, 'I have heard say that he which sings doth affright and chase away his harms.' 'Here it is quite

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contrary,' quoth the slave; 'for he that sings once weeps all his life after.' 'I do not understand it,' said Don Quixote. But one of the guardians said to him, 'Sir knight, to sing in anguish is said, among this people, *non sancta*, to confess upon the rack. They gave this poor wretch the torture, and he confessed his delight that he was a quartrezo, that is, a stealer of beasts; and because he hath confessed, he is likewise condemned to the galleys for six years, with an amen of two hundred blows, which he bears already with him on his shoulders. And he goes always thus sad and pensative, because the other thieves that remain behind, and also those which go here, do abuse, despise, and scorn him for confessing, and not having a courage to say Non; for, they say, a No hath as many letters as a Yea, and that a delinquent is very fortunate when his life or his death only depends of his own tongue, and not of witnesses or proofs: and, in mine opinion, they have very great reason.' 'I likewise think the same,' quoth Don Quixote.

And, passing to the third, he demanded that which he had done of the rest, who answered him out of hand, and that pleasantly: 'I go to the Lady Garrupes for five years, because I wanted ten ducats.' 'I will give twenty with all my heart to free thee from that misfortune,' quoth Don Quixote. 'That,' quoth the slave, 'would be like one that hath money in the midst of the gulf, and yet dies for hunger because he can get no meat to buy for it. I say this, because if I had those twenty ducats which your worship's liberality offers me, in due season I would have so anointed with them the notary's pen, and whetted my lawyer's wit so well, that I might to-day see myself in the midst of the market of Cocodover of Toledo, and not in this way trailed thus like a greyhound. But God is great; patience, and this is enough.'

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Don Quixote went after to the fourth, who was a man of venerable presence, with a long white beard which reached to his bosom; who, hearing himself demanded the cause why he came there, began to weep, and answered not a word. But the fifth slave lent him a tongue, and said, 'This honest man goes to the galleys for four years, after he had walked the ordinary apparelled in pomp and a-horseback.' 'That is,' quoth Sancho Panza, 'as I take, after he was carried about to the shame and public view of the people.' 'You are in the right,' quoth the slave; 'and the crime for which he is condemned to this pain was, for being a broker of the ear, eye, and of all the body too; for in effect I mean that this gentleman goeth for a bawd, and likewise for having a little smack and entrance in witchcraft.' 'If that smack and insight in witchcraft were not added,' quoth Don Quixote, 'he merited not to go and row in the galleys for being a pure bawd, but rather deserved to govern and be their general; for the office of a bawd is not like every other ordinary office, but rather of great discretion, and most necessary in any commonwealth well governed, and should not be practised but by people well born; and ought, besides, to have a veedor<sup>1</sup> and examiner of them, as are of all other trades, and a certain appointed number of men known, as are of the other brokers of the exchange. And in this manner many harms that are done might be excused, because this trade and office is practised by indiscreet people of little understanding; such as are women of little more or less; young pages and jesters of few years' standing, and of less experience, which in the most urgent occasions, and when they should contrive a thing artificially, the crumbs freeze in their

<sup>1</sup> Veedor is an office in Spain of great trust, set by the king to examine and search the dealing of other under-officers; an overseer or controller.

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mouths and fists, and they know not which is their right hand. Fain would I pass forward and give reasons why it is convenient to make choice of those which ought in the commonwealth to practise this so necessary an office; but the place and season is not fit for it; one day I will say it to those which may provide and remedy it: only I say now, that the assumpt or addition of a witch hath deprived me of the compassion I should otherwise have to see those gray hairs and venerable face in such distress for being a bawd: although I know very well that no sorcery in the world can move or force the will, as some ignorant persons think (for our will is a free power, and there's no herb or charm can constrain it); that which certain simple women or cozening companions make, are some mixtures and poisons, wherewithal they cause men run mad, and in the meanwhile persuade us that they have force to make one love well, being (as I have said) a thing most impossible to constrain the will.' 'That is true,' quoth the old man; 'and I protest, sir, that I am wholly innocent of the imputation of witchcraft. As for being a bawd, I could not deny it; but yet I never thought that I did ill therein; for all mine intention was, that all the world should disport them, and live together in concord and quietness, without griefs or quarrels. But this my good desire availed me but little to hinder my going there, from whence I have no hope ever to return, my years do so burden me, and also the stone, which lets me not rest an instant.' And, saying this, he turned again to his lamentations as at the first; and Sancho took such compassion on him, as, setting his hand into his bosom, he drew out a couple of shillings and gave it him as an alms.

From him Don Quixote passed to another, and demanded his fault; who answered with no less, but with much more

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pleasantness than the former: 'I go here because I have jested somewhat too much with two cousins-german of mine own, and with two other sisters, which were none of mine own; finally, I jested so much with them all, that thence resulted the increase of my kindred so intricately, as there is no casuist that can well resolve it. All was proved by me; I wanted favour, I had no money, and was in danger to lose my head; finally, I was condemned for six years to the galleys. I consented it, as a punishment of my fault; I am young, and let my life but hold out a while longer, and all will go well. And if you, sir knight, carry anything to succour us poor folk, God will reward you it in heaven, and we will have care here on earth to desire God, in our daily prayers for your life and health, that it be as long and as good as your good countenance deserves.' He that said this went in the habit of a student, and one of the guard told him that he was a great talker and a very good Latinist.

After all these came a man of some thirty years old, of very comely personage, save only that when he looked he seemed to thrust the one eye into the other. He was differently tied from the rest, for he carried about his leg so long a chain, that it tired all the rest of his body; and he had besides two iron rings about his neck, the one of the chain, and the other of that kind which are called a 'keep-friend,' or the 'foot of a friend,' from whence descended two irons unto his middle, out of which did stick two manacles, wherein his hands were locked up with a great hanging lock, so as he could neither set his hands to his mouth, nor bend down his head towards his hands. Don Quixote demanded why he was so loaded with iron more than the rest. The guard answered, because he alone had committed more faults than all together, and was



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a more desperate knave; and that, although they carried him tied in that sort, yet went they not sure of him, but feared he would make an escape. 'What faults can he have so grievous,' quoth Don Quixote, 'since he hath only deserved to be sent to the galleys?' 'He goeth,' replied the guard, 'to them for ten years, which is equivalent to a civil death: never strive to know more, but that this man is the notorious Gines of Passamonte, who is otherwise called Ginesilio of Parapilla.' 'Master commissary,' quoth the slave, hearing him say so, 'go fair and softly, and run not thus dilating of names and surnames. I am called Gines, and not Ginesilio; and Passamonte is my surname, and not Parapilla, as you say; and let every one turn about him, and he shall not do little.' 'Speak with less swelling,' quoth the commissary, 'sir thief-of-more-than-the-mark,' if you will not have me to make you hold your peace maugre your teeth.' 'It seems well,' quoth the slave, 'that a man is carried as pleaseth God; but one day somebody shall know whether I be called Ginesilio of Parapilla.' 'Why, do not they call thee so, cozener?' quoth the guard. 'They do,' said Gines; 'but I will make that they shall not call me so, or I will fleece them there where I mutter under my teeth. Sir knight, if you have anything to bestow on us, give it us now, and begone, in the name of God; for you do tire us with your too-curious search of knowing other men's lives: and if you would know mine, you shall understand that I am Gines of Passamonte, whose life is written' (showing his hand) 'by these two fingers.' 'He says true,' quoth the commissary; 'for he himself hath penned his own history so well as there is nothing more to be desired, and leaves the book pawned in the

<sup>1</sup> Mark is a certain length appointed in Spain for swords, which if any transgress he is punished, and the sword forfeited.

## THE GALLEY SLAVES

prison for two hundred reals.' 'And likewise means to redeem it,' quoth Gines, 'though it were in for as many ducats.'

'Is it so good a work?' said Don Quixote. 'It is so good,' replied Gines, 'that it quite puts down Lazarillo de Tormes, and as many others as are written or shall be written of that kind; for that which I dare affirm to you is, that it treats of true accidents, and those so delightful that no like invention can be compared to them.' 'And how is the book entitled?' quoth Don Quixote. 'It is called,' said he, '*The Life of Gines of Passamonte*.' 'And is it yet ended?' said the knight. 'How can it be finished,' replied he, 'my life being not yet ended, since all that is written is from the hour of my birth until that instant that I was sent this last time to the galleys?' 'Why, then, belike you were there once before?' quoth Don Quixote. 'To serve God and the king I have been in there another time four years, and I know already how the biscuit and provant agree with my stomach,' quoth Gines, 'nor doth it grieve me very much to return unto them; for there I shall have leisure to



Gines of  
Passamonte

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finish my book, and I have many things yet to say; and in the galleys of Spain there is more resting-time than is requisite for that business, although I shall not need much time to pen what is yet unwritten; for I can, if need were, say it all by rote.' 'Thou seemest to be ingenious,' quoth Don Quixote. 'And unfortunate withal,' quoth Gines; 'for mishaps do still persecute the best wits.' 'They persecute knaves,' quoth the commissary. 'I have already spoken to master commissary,' quoth Passamonte, 'to go fair and softly; for the lords did not give you that rod to the end you should abuse us wretches that go here, but rather to guide and carry us where his majesty hath commanded; if not, by the life of— 'Tis enough that perhaps one day may come to light the sports that were made in the inn; and let all the world peace and live well, and speak better; for this is now too great a digression.' The commissary held up his rod to strike Passamonte in answer of his threats; but Don Quixote put himself between them, and entreated him not to use him hardly, seeing it was not much that one who carried his hands so tied should have his tongue somewhat free; and then, turning himself towards the slaves, he said:

'I have gathered out of all that which you have said, dear brethren, that although they punish you for your faults, yet that the pains you go to suffer do not very well please you, and that you march toward them with a very ill will, and wholly constrained, and that perhaps the little courage this fellow had on the rack, the want of money that the other had, the small favour that a third enjoyed, and finally, the wretched sentence of the judge, and the not executing that justice that was on your sides, have been cause of your misery. All which doth present itself to my memory in such sort, as it persuadeth,

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yea, and enforceth me, to effect that for you for which Heaven sent me into the world, and made me profess that order of knighthood which I follow, and that vow which I made therein to favour and assist the needful, and those that are oppressed by others more potent. But, forasmuch as I know that it is one of the parts of prudence not to do that by foul means which may be accomplished by fair, I will entreat those gentlemen, your guardians and commissary, they will please to loose and let you depart peaceably; for there will not want others to serve the king in better occasions; for it seems to me a rigorous manner of proceeding to make slaves of them whom God and nature created free. How much more, good sirs of the guard,' added Don Quixote, 'seeing these poor men have never committed any offence against you? Let them answer for their sins in the other world: there is a God in heaven who is not negligent in punishing the evil nor rewarding the good; and it is no wise decent that honourable men should be the executioners of other men, seeing they cannot gain or lose much thereby. I demand this of you in this peaceable, quiet manner, to the end that, if you accomplish my request, I may have occasion to yield you thanks; and if you will not do it willingly, then shall this lance and this sword, guided by the invincible valour of mine arm, force you to it.'

'This is a pleasant doting,' answered the commissary, 'and an excellent jest wherewithal you have finished your large reasoning. Would you, good sir knight, have us leave unto you those the king forceth, as if we had authority to let them go, or you to command us to do it? Go on your way in a good hour, gentle sir, and settle the basin you bear on your head somewhat righter, and search not thus whether the cat hath three feet.' 'Thou art a cat, and a rat, and a knave!'

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quoth Don Quixote. And so, with word and deed at once, he assaulted him so suddenly as, without giving him leisure to defend himself, he struck him down to the earth very sore wounded with a blow of his lance; and as fortune would, this was he that had the firelock piece. The rest of the guard remained astonished at the unexpected accident; but at last returning to themselves, the horsemen set hand to their swords, and the footmen to their darts, and all of them set upon Don Quixote, who expected them very quietly. And doubtlessly he would have been in danger, if the slaves perceiving the occasion offered to be so fit to recover liberty, had not procured it by breaking the chain wherein they were linked. The hurly-burly was such as the guards now began to run to hinder the slaves from untieing themselves, now to offend Don Quixote who assaulted them; so that they could do nothing available to keep their prisoners. Sancho, for his part, helped to loose Gines of Passamonte, who was the first that leaped free into the field without clog, and setting upon the overthrown commissary, he disarmed him of his sword and piece, and now aiming at the one and then at the other with it, without discharging, made all the guards to abandon the field, as well for fear of Passamonte's piece as also to shun the marvellous shower of stones that the slaves, now delivered, poured on them. Sancho grew marvellous sad at this success; for he suspected that those which fled away would go and give notice of the violence committed to the Holy Brotherhood, which would presently issue in troops to search the delinquents; and said as much to his lord, requesting him to depart presently from thence, and embosk himself in the mountain, which was very near. 'All is well,' quoth Don Quixote; 'I know now what is fit to be done.' And so, calling together all the slaves



## D O N

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*The Liberation of the Galley Slaves*



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the clock in the morning; and to demand such a thing of us is as likely as to seek for pears of the elm-tree.' 'I swear by such a one,' quoth Don Quixote, thoroughly enraged, 'sir son of a whore, Don Ginesilio of Parapilla, or howsoever you are called, that thou shalt go thyself alone, with thy tail between thy legs, and bear all the chain in thy neck.' Passamonte, who was by nature very choleric, knowing assuredly that Don Quixote was not very wise (seeing he had attempted such a desperate act as to seek to give them liberty), seeing himself thus abused, winked on his companions, and, going a little aside, they sent such a shower of stones on Don Quixote, as he had no leisure to cover himself with his buckler; and poor Rozinante made no more account of the spur than if his sides were made of brass. Sancho ran behind his ass, and by his means sheltered himself from the cloud and shower of stones that rained upon both. And Don Quixote could not cover himself so well, but that a number of stones struck him in the body with so great force as they overthrew him at last to the ground; and scarce was he fallen when the student leapt upon him and took the basin off his head, and gave him three or four blows with it on the shoulders, and after struck it so oft about the ground as he almost broke it in pieces. They took from him likewise a cassock which he wore upon his armour, and thought also to take away his stockings, but that they were hindered by his greaves. From Sancho they took away his cassock, and left him in his hair; and, dividing all the spoils of the battle among themselves, they departed every one by the way he pleased, troubled with greater care how to escape from the Holy Brotherhood which they feared, than to load themselves with the iron chain, and go and present themselves before the Lady Dulcinea of Toboso. The ass and Ro-

## THE GALLEY SLAVES

zinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, remained alone: the ass stood pensive, with his head hanging downwards, shaking now and then his ears, thinking that the storm of stones was not yet past, but that they still buzzed by his head; Rozinante lay overthrown by his master, who was likewise struck down by another blow of a stone; Sancho, in fear of the bullets of the Holy Brotherhood; and Don Quixote, most discontent to see himself so misused by those very same to whom he had done so much good.



## CHAPTER IX

OF THAT WHICH BEFEL THE FAMOUS DON QUIXOTE IN  
SIERRA MORENA WHICH WAS ONE OF THE MOST  
RARE ADVENTURES THAT IN THIS OR ANY  
OTHER SO AUTHENTIC A HISTORY IS  
RECOUNTED

**D**ON QUIXOTE, seeing himself in so ill plight, said to his squire, 'Sancho, I have heard say ofttimes, that to do good to men unthankful is to cast water into the sea. If I had believed what thou saidst to me, I might well have prevented all this grief; but now that is past, patience, and be wiser another time.' 'You will take warning as much by this,' quoth Sancho, 'as I am a Turk. But since you say that if you had believed me you had avoided this grief, believe me now, and you shall eschew a greater; for you must wit that no knighthood nor chivalry is of any authority with the Holy Brotherhood; for it cares not two farthings for all the

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knights-errant in the world; and know that, methinks, I hear their arrows buzz about mine ears already.' 'Sancho, thou art a natural coward,' quoth Don Quixote; 'but, because thou mayst not say that I am obstinate, and that I never follow thine advice, I will take thy counsel this time, and convey myself from that fury which now thou fearest so much: but it shall be on a condition—that thou never tell, alive nor dying, to any mortal creature, that I retired or withdrew myself out of this danger for fear, but only to satisfy thy requests; for if thou sayest any other thing thou shalt belie me most falsely, and even from this very time till that, and from thence until now, I give thee the lie herein; and I say thou liest, and shalt lie, as oftentimes as thou sayest or dost think the contrary. And do not reply to me, for in only thinking that I withdraw myself out of any peril, but principally this, which seems to carry with it some shadow of fear; I am about to remain and expect here alone, not only for the Holy Brotherhood, which thou namest and fearest, but also for the brethren of the Twelve Tribes, for the seven Maccabees, for Castor and Pollux, and for all the other brothers and brotherhoods in the world.' 'Sir,' answered Sancho, 'to retire is not to fly, and to expect is wisdom, when the danger exceedeth all hope; and it is the part of a wise man to keep himself safe to-day for to-morrow, and not to adventure himself wholly in one day. And know that, although I be but a rude clown, yet do I, for all that, understand somewhat of that which men call good government; and therefore do not repent yourself for following mine advice, but mount on Rozinante if you be able, if not I will help you, and come after me; for my mind gives me that we shall now have more use of legs than hands.'

Don Quixote leaped on his horse without replying a word, and Sancho guiding him on his ass, they both entered into

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that part of Sierra Morena<sup>1</sup> that was near unto them. Sancho had a secret design to cross over it all, and issue at Viso or Almodovar del Campo, and in the meantime to hide themselves for some days among those craggy and intricate rocks, to the end they might not be found by the Holy Brotherhood, if it did make after them. And he was the more encouraged to do this, because he saw their provision, which he carried on his ass, had escaped safely out of the skirmish of the galley-slaves; a thing which he accounted to be a miracle, considering the diligence that the slaves had used to search and carry away all things with them. They arrived that night into the very midst and bowels of the mountain, and there Sancho thought it fittest to spend that night, yea, and some other few days also, at least as long as their victuals endured; and with this resolution they took up their lodging among a number of cork-trees that grew between two rocks. But fatal chance, which, according to the opinion of those that have not the light of faith, guideth, directeth, and compoundeth all as it liketh, ordained that that famous cozener and thief, Gines de Passamonte, who was before delivered out of chains by Don Quixote's force and folly, persuaded through fear he conceived of the Holy Brotherhood (whom he had just cause to fear), resolved to hide himself likewise in that mountain; and his fortune and fears led him just to the place where it had first addressed Don Quixote and his squire, just at such time as he might perceive them, and they both at that instant fallen asleep. And as evil men are evermore ungrateful, and that necessity forceth a man to attempt that which it urgeth, and likewise that the present redress prevents the expectation of a future, Gines, who was neither grateful nor gracious, resolved to steal away Sancho

<sup>1</sup> A great and large mountain of Spain.

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his ass, making no account of Rozinante, as a thing neither saleable nor pawnable. Sancho slept soundly, and so he stole his beast, and was before morning so far off from thence, as he feared not to be found.

Aurora sallied forth at last to refresh the earth, and affright Sancho with a most sorrowful accident, for he presently missed his ass; and so, seeing himself deprived of him, he began the most sad and doleful lamentation of the world, in such sort as he awaked Don Quixote with his outcries, who heard that he said thus: 'O child of my bowels, born in mine own house, the sport of my children, the comfort of my wife, and the envy of my neighbours, the ease of my burdens, and finally, the sustainer of half of my person! for, with six-and-twenty marvedis that I gained daily by thee, I did defray half of mine expenses!' Don Quixote, who heard the plaint, and knew also the cause, did comfort Sancho with the best words he could devise, and desired him to have patience, promising to give a letter of exchange, to the end that they of his house might deliver him three asses of five which he had left at home.

Sancho comforted himself again with this promise, and dried up his tears, moderated his sighs, and gave his lord thanks for so great a favour; and as they entered in farther among those mountains we cannot recount the joy of our knight, to whom those places seemed most accommodate to achieve the adventures he searched for. They reduced to his memory the marvellous accidents that had befallen knights-errant in like solitudes and deserts, and he rode so overwhelmed and transported by these thoughts as he remembered nothing else: nor Sancho had any other care (after he was out of fear to be taken) but how to fill his belly with some of the relics which yet remained of the clerical spoils; and so he followed his lord,

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taking now and then out of a basket (which Rozinante carried for want of the ass) some meat, lining therewithal his paunch; and, whilst he went thus employed, he would not have given a mite to encounter any other adventure, how honourable soever.

But whilst he was thus busied, he espied his master labouring to take up with the point of his javelin some bulk or other that lay on the ground, and went towards him to see whether he needed his help, just at the season that he lifted up a saddle-cushion and a portmanteau fast to it, which were half rotten, or rather wholly rotted, by the weather; yet they weighed so much that Sancho's assistance was requisite to take them up: and straight his lord commanded him to see what was in the wallet. Sancho obeyed with expedition, and although it was shut with a chain and hanging lock, yet by the parts which were torn he saw what was within, to wit, four fine holland shirts, and other linens both curious and clean, and moreover, a handkerchief, wherein was a good quantity of gold; which he perceiving, said, 'Blessed be Heaven, which hath once presented to us a beneficial adventure!' And, searching for more, he found a tablet very costly bound. This Don Quixote took of him, commanding him to keep the gold with himself; for which rich favour Sancho did presently kiss his hands; and, after taking all the linen, he clapped it up in the bag of their victuals.

Don Quixote having noted all these things, said, 'Methinks, Sancho (and it cannot be possible any other), that some traveller having left his way, passed through this mountain, and being encountered by thieves, they slew him, and buried him in this secret place.' 'It cannot be so,' answered Sancho; 'for, if they were thieves, they would not have left this money behind them.' 'Thou sayst true,' quoth Don Quixote; 'and therefore I cannot conjecture what it might be: but stay a

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while, we will see whether there be anything written in these tablets by which we may vent and find out that which I desire.' Then he opened it, and the first thing that he found written in it, as it were a first draft, but done with a very fair character, was a sonnet, which he read aloud, that Sancho might also hear it, and was this which ensues:

'Or Love of understanding quite is void;  
Or he abounds in cruelty, or my pain  
The occasion equals not; for which I bide  
The torments dire he maketh me sustain.

But if Love be a god, I dare maintain  
He nought ignores; and reason aye decides  
Gods should not cruel be: then who ordains  
This pain I worship, which my heart divides?

Filis! I err, if thou I say it is;  
For so great ill and good cannot consist.  
Nor doth this wrack from Heaven befall, but yet,  
That shortly I must die can no way miss:  
For the evil whose cause is hardly well exprest,  
By miracle alone true cure may get.'

'Nothing can be learned by that verse,' quoth Sancho, 'if by that *hilo*, or thread,' which is said there, you gather not where lies the rest of the clue.' 'What *hilo* is here?' quoth Don Quixote. 'Methought,' quoth Sancho, 'that you read *hilo* there.' 'I did not, but Fili,' said Don Quixote, 'which is, without doubt, the name of the lady on whom the author of this sonnet complains, who in good truth seems to be a reasonable good poet, or else I know but little of that art.'

'Why, then,' quoth Sancho, 'belike you do also understand poetry?' 'That I do, and more than thou thinkest,' quoth

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to the Spanish word *bilo*, signifying a thread.



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Don Quixote, 'as thou shalt see when thou shalt carry a letter from me to my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, written in verse from the one end to the other; for I would thou shouldst know, Sancho, that all, or the greater number of knights-errant, in times past, were great versifiers and musicians; for these two qualities, or graces, as I may better term them, are annexed to amorous knights-adventurers. True it is that the verses of the ancient knights are not so adorned with words as they are rich in conceits.'

'I pray you, read more,' quoth Sancho; 'for perhaps you may find somewhat that may satisfy.' Then Don Quixote turned the leaf, and said, 'This is prose, and seems to be a letter.' 'What, sir, a missive letter?' quoth Sancho. 'No; but rather of love, according to the beginning,' quoth Don Quixote. 'I pray you, therefore,' quoth Sancho, 'read it loud enough; for I take great delight in these things of love.' 'I am content,' quoth Don Quixote; and, reading it loudly, as Sancho had requested, it said as ensueth:

'Thy false promise, and my certain misfortune, do carry me to such a place, as from thence thou shalt sooner receive news of my death than reasons of my just complaints. Thou hast disdained me, O ingrate! for one that hath more, but not for one that is worth more than I am; but if virtue were a treasure of estimation, I would not emulate other men's fortunes, nor weep thus for mine own misfortunes. That which thy beauty erected, thy works have overthrown; by it I deemed thee to be an angel, and by these I certainly know thee to be but a woman. Rest in peace, O causer of my war! and let Heaven work so that thy spouse's deceits remain still concealed, to the end thou mayst not repent what thou didst, and I be constrained to take revenge of that I desire not.'

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Having read the letter, Don Quixote said: 'We can collect less by this than by the verses what the author is, other than that he is some disdained lover.' And so, passing over all the book, he found other verses and letters, of which he could read some, others not at all; but the sum of them all were accusations, complaints, and mistrusts, pleasures, griefs, favours, and disdains, some solemnised, others deplored. And whilst Don Quixote passed over the book, Sancho passed over the malet, without leaving a corner of it or the cushion unsearched, or a seam unripped, nor a lock of wool uncarded, to the end that nothing might remain behind for want of diligence, or carelessness—the found gold, which passed a hundred crowns, had stirred in him such a greediness to have more. And though he got no more than that which he found at the first, yet did he account his flights in the coverlet, his vomiting of the drench, the benedictions of the pack-staves, the blows of the carrier, the loss of his wallet, the robbing of his cassock, and all the hunger, thirst, and weariness that he had passed in the service of his good lord and master, for well employed; accounting himself to be more than well paid by the gifts received of the money they found. The Knight of the Ill-favoured Face was the while possessed with a marvellous desire to know who was the owner of the malet, conjecturing, by the sonnet and letter, the gold and linen, that the enamoured was some man of worth, whom the disdain and rigour of his lady had conducted to some desperate terms. But by reason that nobody appeared through that inhabitable and desert place by whom he might be informed, he thought on it no more, but only rode on, without choosing any other way than that which pleased Rozinante to travel (who took the plainest and easiest to pass through), having still an imagination that

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there could not want some strange adventure amidst that forest.

And as he rode on with this conceit, he saw a man on the top of a little mountain that stood just before his face, leap from rock to rock and tuff to tuff with wonderful dexterity; and, as he thought, he was naked; had a black and thick beard, the hairs many and confusedly mingled; his feet and legs bare; his thighs were covered with a pair of hose, which seemed to be of murrey velvet, but were so torn that they discovered his flesh in many places; his head was likewise bare: and although he passed by with the haste we have recounted, yet did the Knight of the Ill-favoured Face note all these particulars; and although he endeavoured, yet could not he follow him; for it was not in Rozinante's power, in that weak state wherein he was, to travel so swiftly among those rocks, chiefly being naturally very slow and phlegmatic.

Don Quixote, after espying him, did instantly imagine him to be the owner of the cushion and malet, and therefore resolved to go on in his search, although he should spend a whole year therein among those mountains; and commanded Sancho to go about the one side of the mountain, and he would go the other. 'And,' quoth he, 'it may befall that, by using this diligence, we may encounter with that man which vanished so suddenly out of our sight.'

'I cannot do so,' quoth Sancho; 'for that, in parting one step from you, fear presently so assaults me with a thousand visions and affrightments; and let this serve you hereafter for a warning, to the end you may not henceforth part me the black of a nail from your presence.' 'It shall be so,' answered the Knight of the Ill-favoured Face; 'and I am very glad that thou dost thus build upon my valour, the which shall never fail thee,

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although thou didst want thy very soul: and, therefore, follow me by little and little, or as thou mayst, and make of thine eyes two lanterns; for we will give a turn about this little rock, and perhaps we may meet with this man whom we saw even now, who doubtlessly can be none other than the owner of our booty.'

To which Sancho replied: 'It were much better not to find him; for if we should meet him, and he were by chance the owner of this money, it is most evident that I must restore it to him; and therefore it is better, without using this unprofitable diligence, to let me possess it *bona fide*, until the true lord shall appear, by some way less curious and diligent; which, perhaps may fall at such a time as it shall be all spent; and in that case I am free from all processes by privilege of the king.'

'Thou deceivest thyself, Sancho, therein,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for, seeing we are fallen already into suspicion of the owner, we are bound to search and restore it to him; and when we would not seek him out, yet the vehement presumption that we have of it hath made us possessors *mala fide*, and renders us as culpable as if he whom we surmise were verily the true lord. So that, friend Sancho, be not grieved to seek him, in respect of the grief whereof thou shalt free me if he be found.' And, saying so, spurred Rozinante; and Sancho followed after afoot, animated by the hope of the young asses his master had promised unto him. And having compassed a part of the mountain, they found a little stream, wherein lay dead, and half devoured by dogs and crows, a mule saddled and bridled, all which confirmed more in them the suspicion that he which fled away was owner of the mule and cushion. And as they looked on it, they heard a whistle much like unto that which shepherds use as they keep their

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flocks; and presently appeared at their left hand a great number of goats, after whom the goatherd that kept them, who was an aged man, followed on the top of the mountain. And Don Quixote cried to him, requesting him to come down to them; who answered them again as loudly, demanding of them who had brought them to those deserts, rarely trodden by any other than goats, wolves, or other savage beasts which frequented those mountains. Sancho answered him, that if he would descend where they were, they would give him account thereof.

With that the shepherd came down, and, arriving to the place where Don Quixote was, he said: 'I dare wager that you look on the hired mule which lies dead there in that bottom; well, in good faith, he hath lain in that very place these six months. Say, I pray you, have not you met in the way with the master thereof?' 'We have encountered nobody but a cushion and a little malet, which we found not very far off from hence.' 'I did likewise find the same,' replied the goatherd, 'but I would never take it up nor approach to it, fearful of some misdemeanour, or that I should be hereafter demanded for it as for a stealth; for the devil is crafty, and now and then something ariseth, even from under a man's feet, wherewith he stumbles and falls, without knowing how or how not.'

'That is the very same I say,' quoth Sancho; 'for I likewise found it, but would not approach it the cast of a stone. There I have left it, and there it remains as it was; for I would not have a dog with a bell.' 'Tell me, good fellow,' quoth Don Quixote, 'dost thou know who is the owner of all these things?'

'That which I can say,' answered the goatherd, 'is that,

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about some six months past, little more or less, there arrived at a certain sheepfold, some three leagues off, a young gentleman of comely personage and presence, mounted on that very mule which lies dead there, and with the same cushion and malet which you say you met but touched not. He demanded of us which was the most hidden and inaccessible part of the mountain. And we told him that this wherein we are now: and it is true; for if you did enter but half a league farther, perhaps you would not find the way out again so readily; and I do greatly marvel how you could find the way hither itself, for there is neither highway nor path that may address any to this place. I say; then, that the young man, as soon as he heard our answer, he turned the bridle, and travelled towards the place we showed to him, leaving us all with very great liking of his comeliness, and marvelled at his demand and speed, wherewith he departed and made towards the mountain; and after that time we did not see him a good many of days, until by chance one of our shepherds came by with our provision of victuals; to whom he drew near, without speaking a word, and spurned and beat him, well-favouredly, and after went to the ass which carried our victuals, and taking away all the bread and cheese that was there, he fled into the mountain with wonderful speed.

‘When we heard of this, some of us goatherds, we went to search for him, and spent therein almost two days in the most solitary places of this mountain, and in the end found him lurking in the hollow part of a very tall and great cork-tree; who, as soon as he perceived us, came forth to meet us with great staidness. His apparel was all torn; his visage disfigured, and toasted with the sun in such manner as we could scarce know him, if it were not that his attire, although rent,

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by the notice we had of it, did give us to understand that he was the man for whom we sought. He saluted us courteously, and in brief and very good reasons, he said, that we ought not to marvel seeing him go in that manner, for that it behoved to do so, that he might accomplish a certain penance enjoined to him, for the many sins he had committed. We prayed him to tell us what he was; but we could never persuade him to do it. We requested him likewise, that whensoever he had any need of meat (without which he could not live) he should tell us where we might find him, and we would bring it to him with great love and diligence; and that if he also did not like of this motion, that he would at leastwise come and ask it, and not take it violently, as he had done before, from our shepherds. He thanked us very much for our offer, and entreated pardon of the assaults passed, and promised to ask it from thenceforward for God's sake, without giving annoyance to any one. And, touching his dwelling or place of abode, he said that he had none other than that where the night overtook him, and ended his discourse with so feeling laments, that we might well be accounted stones which heard him if therein we had not kept him company, considering the state wherein we had seen him first, and that wherein now he was; for, as I said, he was a very comely and gracious young man, and showed, by his courteous and orderly speech, that he was well born, and a court-like person; for, though we were all clowns such as did hear him, his gentility was such as could make itself known, even to rudeness itself. And being in the best of his discourse he stopped and grew silent, fixing his eyes on the ground a good while; wherein we likewise stood still suspended, expecting in what that distraction would end, with no little compassion to behold it; for we easily perceived that some acci-

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dent of madness had surprised him, by his staring and beholding the earth so fixedly, without once moving the eyelid, and other times by the shutting of them, the biting of his lips, and bending of his brows. But very speedily after, he made us certain thereof himself; for, rising from the ground (whereon he had thrown himself a little before) with great fury, he set upon him that sat next unto him, with such courage and rage, that if we had not taken him away he would have slain him with blows and bites; and he did all this, saying, "O treacherous Fernando! here, here thou shalt pay me the injury that thou didst me; these hands shall rend out the heart, in which do harbour and are heaped all evils together, but principally fraud and deceit." And to these he added other words, all addressed to the dispraise of that Fernando, and to attach him of treason and untruth.

'We took from him at last, not without difficulty, our fellow; and he, without saying a word, departed from us, embushing himself presently among the bushes and brambles, leaving us wholly disabled to follow him in those rough and unhaunted places. By this we gathered that his madness comes to him at times, and that some one, called Fernando, had done some ill work of such weight, as the terms show, to which it hath brought him. All which hath after been yet confirmed as often (which were many times) as he came out to the fields, sometimes to demand meat of the shepherds, and other times to take it of them perforce; for when he is taken with this fit of madness, although the shepherds do offer him meat willingly, yet will not he receive, unless he take it with buffets; and when he is in his right sense, he asks it for God's sake, with courtesy and humanity, and renders many thanks, and that not without tears. And in very truth, sirs, I say unto you,' quoth the



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goatherd, 'that I and four others, whereof two are my men, other two my friends, resolved yesterday to search until we found him, and being found, either by force or fair means, we will carry him to the town of Almodovar, which is but eight leagues from hence, and there will we have him cured, if his disease may be holpen; or at least we shall learn what he is, when he turns to his wits, and whether he hath any friends to whom notice of his misfortune may be given. This is, sirs, all that I can say concerning that of which you demand of me; and you shall understand that the owner of those things which you saw in the way, is the very same whom you saw pass by you so naked and nimble';—for Don Quixote had told him by this, that he had seen that man go by, leaping among the rocks.

Don Quixote rested marvellously admired at the goatherd's tale; and, with greater desire to know who that unfortunate madman was, purposed with himself, as he had already resolved, to search him throughout the mountains, without leaving a corner or cave of it unsought until he had gotten him. But fortune disposed the matter better than he expected; for he appeared in that very instant in a cleft of a rock that answered to the place where they stood speaking; who came towards them, murmuring somewhat to himself, which could not be understood near at hand, and much less afar off. His apparel was such as we have delivered, only differing in this, as Don Quixote perceived when he drew nearer, that he wore on him, although torn, a leather jerkin, perfumed with amber; by which he thoroughly collected that the person which wore such attire was not of the least quality.

When the young man came to the place where they discoursed, he saluted them with a hoarse voice, but with great courtesy; and Don Quixote returned him his greetings with

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no less compliment; and, alighting from Rozinante, he advanced to embrace him with very good carriage and countenance, and held him a good while straitly between his arms, as if he had known him of long time. The other, whom we may call the Unfortunate Knight of the Rock as well as Don Quixote the Knight of the Ill-favoured Face, after he had permitted himself to be embraced a while, did step a little off from our knight, and laying his hands on his shoulders, began to behold him earnestly, as one desirous to call to mind whether he had ever seen him before; being, perhaps, no less admired to see Don Quixote's figure, proportion, and arms, than Don Quixote was to view him. In resolution, the first that spoke after the embracing was the ragged knight, and said what we will presently recount.

## CHAPTER X

### WHEREIN IS PROSECUTED THE ADVENTURE OF SIERRA MORENA

THE history affirms that great was the attention wherewithal Don Quixote listened to the Unfortunate Knight of the Rock, who began his speech on this manner: 'Truly, good sir, whatsoever you be (for I know you not), I do with all my heart gratify the signs of affection and courtesy which you have used towards me, and wish heartily that I were in terms to serve with more than my will the good-will you bear towards me, as your courteous entertainment denotes; but my fate is so niggardly as it affords me no other means to repay good works done to me, than only to lend me a good desire sometime to satisfy them.'

'So great is mine affection,' replied Don Quixote, 'to serve you, as I was fully resolved never to depart out of these mountains until I had found you, and known of yourself whether there might be any kind of remedy found for the grief that this your so unusual a kind of life argues doth possess your soul; and, if it were requisite, to search it out with all possible diligence; and when your disasters were known of those which clap their doors in the face of comfort, I intended in that case to bear a

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part in your lamentations, and plain it with the doleful note; for it is a consolation in affliction to have one that condoles in them. And, if this my good intention may merit any acceptance, or be gratified by any courtesy, let me entreat you, sir, by the excess thereof which I see accumulated in your bosom, and jointly I conjure you by that thing which you have, or do presently most affect, that you will please to disclose unto me who you are, and what the cause hath been that persuaded you to come to live and die in these deserts like a brute beast, seeing you live among such, so alienated from yourself, as both your attire and countenance demonstrate. And I do vow,' quoth Don Quixote, 'by the high order of chivalry which I, although unworthy and a sinner, have received, and by the profession of knights-errant, that if you do pleasure me herein, to assist you with as good earnest as my profession doth bind me, either by remedying your disaster, if it can be holpen, or else by assisting you to lament it, if it be so desperate.'

The Knight of the Rock, who heard him of the Ill-favoured Face speak in that manner, did nothing else for a great while but behold him again and again, and re-behold him from top to toe. And, after viewing him well, he said: 'If you have anything to eat, I pray you give it me for God's sake, and after I have eaten I will satisfy your demand thoroughly, to gratify the many courtesies and undeserved proffers you have made unto me.' Sancho, and the goatherd present, the one out of his wallet, the other out of his scrip, took some meat, and gave it to the Knight of the Rock, to allay his hunger; and he did eat so fast, like a distracted man, as he left no intermission between bit and bit, but clapt them up so swiftly, as he rather seemed to swallow than to chew them; and whilst he did eat, neither he nor any of the rest spake a word; and having ended

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his dinner, he made them signs to follow him, as at last they did, unto a little meadow seated hard by that place, at the foot of a mountain, where being arrived, he stretched himself on the grass, which the rest did likewise in his imitation, without speaking a word until that he, after settling himself in his place, began in this manner: 'If, sirs, you please to hear the exceeding greatness of my disasters briefly rehearsed, you must promise me that you will not interrupt the file of my doleful narration with either demand or other thing; for in the very instant that you shall do it, there also must remain that which I say depending.' These words of our ragged knight's called to Don Quixote's remembrance the tale which his squire had told unto him, where he erred in the account of his goats which had passed the river, for which that history remained suspended. But returning to our ragged man, he said: 'This prevention which now I give is to the end that I may compendiously pass over the discourse of my mishaps; for the revoking of them to remembrance only serves me to none other stead than to increase the old by adding of new misfortunes; and by how much the fewer your questions are, by so much the more speedily shall I have finished my pitiful discourse; and yet I mean not to omit the essential point of my woes untouched, that your desires may be herein sufficiently satisfied.' Don Quixote, in his own and his other companions' name, promised to perform his request; whereupon he began his relation on this manner:

'My name is Cardenio, the place of my birth one of the best cities in Andalusia, my lineage noble, my parents rich, and my misfortunes so great as I think my parents have ere this deplored and my kinsfolk condoled them, being very little able with their wealth to redress them; for the goods of fortune are

## CARDENIO'S STORY

but of small virtue to remedy the disasters of heaven. There dwelt in the same city a heaven, wherein love had placed all the glory that I could desire ; so great is the beauty of Lucinda, a damsel as noble and rich as I, but more fortunate, and less constant than my honourable desires expected. I loved, honoured, and adored this Lucinda almost from my very infancy, and she affected me likewise, with all the integrity and goodwill which with her so young years did accord. Our parents knew our mutual amity, for which they were nothing aggrieved, perceiving very well, that although we continued it, yet could it have none other end but that of matrimony: a thing which the equality of our blood and substance did of itself almost invite us to. Our age and affection increased in such sort, as it seemed fit for Lucinda's father, for certain good respects, to deny me the entrance of his house any longer, imitating in a manner therein Thisbe, so much solemnised by the poets, her parents; which hindrance served only to add flame to flame, and desire to desire; for, although it set silence to our tongues, yet would they not impose it to our pens, which are wont to express to whom it pleased, the most hidden secrecies of our souls, with more liberty than the tongue; for the presence of the beloved doth often distract, trouble, and strike dumb the boldest tongue and firmest resolution. O heavens! how many letters have I written unto her! What cheerful and honest answers have I received! How many ditties and amorous verses have I composed, wherein my soul declared and published her passions, declined her inflamed desires, entertained her remembrance, and recreated her will! In effect, perceiving myself to be forced, and that my soul consumed with a perpetual desire to behold her, I resolved to put my desires in execution, and finish in an instant that which I deemed most expedient

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for the better achieving of my desired and deserved reward ; which was (as I did indeed), to demand her of her father for my lawful spouse.'

'To which he made answer, that he did gratify the goodwill which I showed by honouring him, and desire to honour myself with pawns that were his; but, seeing my father yet lived, the motion of that matter properly most concerned him: for, if it were not done with his good liking and pleasure, Lucinda was not a woman to be taken or given by stealth. I rendered him thanks for his good-will, his words seeming unto me very reasonable, as that my father should agree unto them as soon as I should explain the matter; and therefore departed presently to acquaint him with my desires: who, at the time which I entered into a chamber wherein he was, stood with a letter open in his hand; and, espying me, ere I could break my mind unto him, gave it me, saying, "By that letter, Cardenio, you may gather the desire that Duke Ricardo bears to do you any pleasure or favour."

'This Duke Ricardo, as I think you know, sirs, already, is a grandee of Spain, whose dukedom is seated in the best part of all Andalusia. I took the letter and read it, which appeared so urgent, as I myself accounted it would be ill done if my father did not accomplish the contents thereof, which were indeed, that he should presently address me to his court, to the end I might become companion (and not servant) to his eldest son; and that he would incharge himself with the advancing of me to such preferments as might be answerable unto the value and estimation he made of my person. I passed over the whole letter, and was stricken dumb at the reading thereof, but chiefly hearing my father to say, "Cardenio, thou must depart within two days, to accomplish the Duke's desire, and omit not to

## CARDENIO'S STORY

render Almighty God thanks, which doth thus open the way by which thou mayst attain in fine to that which I know thou dost merit." And to these words added certain others of fatherly counsel and direction. The term of my departure arrived, and I spoke to my Lucinda on a certain night, and recounted unto her all that passed, and likewise to her father, entreating him to overslip a few days, and defer the bestowing of his daughter elsewhere, until I went to understand Duke Ricardo his will; which he promised me, and she confirmed it, with a thousand oaths and promises.

' Finally, I came to Duke Ricardo's court, and was so friendly received and entertained by him, as even then very envy began to exercise her accustomed function, being forthwith emulated by the ancient servitors, persuading themselves that the tokens the duke showed to do me favours could not but turn to their prejudice. But he that rejoiced most at mine arrival was a second son of the duke's, called Fernando, who was young, gallant, very comely, liberal, and amorous; who, within a while after my coming, held me so dearly as everyone wondered thereat; and although the elder loved me well, and did me favour, yet was it in no respect comparable to that wherewithal Don Fernando loved and treated me. It therefore befel that, as there is no secrecy amongst friends so great but they will communicate it the one to the other, and the familiarity which I had with Don Fernando was now past the limits of favour and turned into dearest amity, he revealed unto me all his thoughts, but chiefly one of his love, which did not a little molest him; for he was enamoured on a farmer's daughter, that was his father's vassal, whose parents were marvellous rich, and she herself so beautiful, wary, discreet, and honest, as never a one that knew her could absolutely determine



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wherein or in which of all her perfections she did most excel, or was most accomplished. And those good parts of the beautiful country maid reduced Don Fernando his desires to such an exigent, as he resolved, that he might the better gain her good-will and conquer her integrity, to pass her a promise of marriage; for otherwise he should labour to effect that which was impossible, and but strive against the stream. I, as one bound thereunto by our friendship, did thwart and dissuade him from his purpose with the best reasons and most efficacious words I might; and, seeing all could not prevail, I determined to acquaint the Duke Ricardo his father therewithal. But Don Fernando, being very crafty and discreet, suspected and feared as much, because he considered that, in the law of a faithful servant, I was bound not to conceal a thing that would turn so much to the prejudice of the duke, my lord; and therefore, both to divert and deceive me at once, [he said] that he could find no means so good to deface the remembrance of that beauty out of his mind, which held his heart in such subjection, than to absent himself for certain months; and he would likewise have that absence to be this, that both of us should depart together, and come to my father's house, under pretense (as he would inform the duke) that he went to see and cheapen certain great horses that were in the city wherein I was born, a place of breeding the best horses in the world.

'Scarce had I heard him say this, when (borne away by the natural propension each one hath to his country, and my love joined) although his designment had not been so good, yet would I have ratified it, as one of the most expedient that could be imagined, because I saw occasion and opportunity so fairly offered, to return and see again my Lucinda; and therefore, set on by this thought and desire, I approved his opin-

## AN INTERRUPTION

ion, and did quicken his purpose, persuading him to prosecute it with all possible speed; for absence would in the end work her effect in despite of the most forcible and urgent thoughts. And when he said this to me, he had already, under the title of a husband (as it was afterward known) reaped the fruits of his longing desires from his beautiful country maid, and did only await an opportunity to reveal it without his own detriment, fearful of the duke his father's indignation when he should understand his error.

'It afterwards happened that, as love in young men is not for the most part love, but lust, the which (as [that which] it ever proposeth to itself as his last end and period is delight) so as soon as it obtaineth the same, it likewise decayeth and maketh forcibly to retire that which was termed love; for it cannot transgress the limits which Nature hath assigned it, which boundings or measures Nature hath in no wise allotted to true and sincere affection,—I would say that, as soon as Don Fernando had enjoyed his country lass, his desires weakened, and his importunities waxed cold; and if at the first he feigned an excuse to absent himself, that he might with more facility compass them, he did now in very good earnest procure to depart, to the end he might not put them in execution. The duke gave him licence to depart, and commanded me to accompany him. We came to my city, where my father entertained him according to his calling. I saw Lucinda, and then again were revived (although, indeed, they were neither dead nor mortified) my desires, and I acquainted Don Fernando (alas! to my total ruin) with them, because I thought it was not lawful, by the law of amity, to keep anything concealed from him. There I dilated to him on the beauty, wit, and discretion of Lucinda, in so ample a manner as my praise stirred in him a

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desire to view a damsel so greatly adorned, and enriched with so rare endowments. And this his desire I (through my misfortune) satisfied, showing her unto him by the light of a candle, at a window where we two were wont to parley together; where he beheld her to be such as was sufficient to blot out of his memory all the beauties which ever he had viewed before. He stood mute, beside himself, and ravished; and, moreover, rested so greatly enamoured, as you may perceive in the discourse of this my doleful narration. And, to inflame his desires the more (a thing which I fearfully avoided, and only discovered to Heaven), fortune so disposed that he found after me one of her letters, wherein she requested that I would demand her of her father for wife, which was so discreet, honest, and amorously penned, as he said, after reading it, that in Lucinda alone were included all the graces of beauty and understanding jointly, which were divided and separate in all the other women of the world.

‘Yet, in good sooth, I will here confess the truth, that although I saw clearly how deservedly Lucinda was thus extolled by Don Fernando, yet did not her praises please me so much pronounced by him; and therefore began to fear and suspect him, because he let no moment overslip us without making some mention of Lucinda, and would still himself begin the discourse, were the occasion never so far-fetched: a thing which roused in me I cannot tell what jealousy; not that I did fear any traverse in Lucinda’s loyalty, but yet, for all, my fates made me the very thing which they most assured me. And Don Fernando procured to read all the papers I sent to Lucinda, or she to me, under pretext that he took extraordinary delight to note the witty conceits of us both. It therefore fell out, that Lucinda, having demanded of me a book of chivalry to read,

## AN INTERRUPTION

wherein she took marvellous delight, and was that of Amadis de Gaul'—

Scarce had Don Quixote well heard him make mention of books of knighthood when he replied to him: 'If you had, good sir, but once told me at the beginning of your historical narration that your Lady Lucinda was affected to the reading of knightly adventures, you needed not to have used any amplification to endear or make plain unto me the eminency of her wit, which certainly could not in any wise be so excellent and perspicuous as you have figured it if she wanted the propension and feeling you have rehearsed to the perusing of so pleasing discourses; so that henceforth, with me, you need not spend any more words to explain and manifest the height of her beauty, worth, and understanding; for by this only notice I have received of her devotion to books of knighthood, I do confirm her for the most fair and accomplished woman for all perfections in the world; and I would to God, good sir, that you had also sent her, together with Amadis, the histories of the good Don Rugel of Grecia; for I am certain the Lady Lucinda would have taken great delight in Darayda and Garaya, and in the witty conceits of the shepherd Darinel, and in those admirable verses of his Bucolics, sung and rehearsed by him with such grace, discretion, and liberty. But a time may come wherein this fault may be recompensed, if it shall please you to come with me to my village; for there I may give you three hundred books, which are my soul's greatest contentment, and the entertainment of my life,—although I do now verily believe that none of them are left, thanks be to the malice of evil and envious enchanter. And I beseech you to pardon me this transgression of our agreement at the first promised, not to interrupt your discourses; for when I hear any mo-

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tion made of chivalry or knights-errant, it is no more in my power to omit to speak of them than in the sunbeams to leave off warming, or in the moon to render things humid. And therefore I entreat pardon, and that you will prosecute your history, as that which most imports us.'

Whilst Don Quixote spoke those words, Cardenio hung his head on his breast, giving manifest tokens that he was exceeding sad. And although Don Quixote requested him twice to follow on with his discourse, yet neither did he lift up his head or answer a word, till at last, after he had stood a good while musing, he held up his head and said: 'It cannot be taken out of my mind, nor is there any one in the world can deprive me of the conceit, or make me believe the contrary, and he were a bottlehead that would think or believe otherwise, than that the great villain, Master Elisabat the barber, kept Queen Madasima as his leman.'

'That is not so, I vow by such and such!' quoth Don Quixote, in great choler (and as he was wont, rapped out three or four round oaths); 'it is great malice, or rather villany, to say such a thing; for Queen Madasima was a very noble lady, and it ought not to be presumed that so high a princess would fall in love with a quack-salver; and whosoever thinks the contrary lies like an arrant villain, as I will make him understand, a-horseback or afoot, armed or disarmed, by night or by day, or as he best liketh.' Cardenio stood beholding him very earnestly as he spoke these words, whom the accident of his madness had by this possessed, and was not in plight to prosecute his history; nor would Don Quixote give ear to it, he was so mightily disgusted to hear Queen Madasima detracted.

A marvellous accident! for he took her defence as earnestly as if she were verily his true and natural princess, his wicked





## CARDENIO'S RAGE

books had so much distracted him. And Cardenio being by this furiously mad, hearing himself answered with the lie, and the denomination of a villain, with other the like outrages, he took the rest in ill part, and, lifting up a stone that was near unto him, gave Don Quixote such a blow therewithal as he overthrew him to the ground on his back. Sancho Panza, seeing his master so roughly handled, set upon the fool with his fist shut; and the ragged man received his assault in such manner, as he likewise overthrew him at his feet with one fist, and, mounting afterward upon him, did work him with his feet like a piece of dough; and the goatherd, who thought to succour him, was like to incur the same danger. And after he had overthrown and beaten them all very well, he departed from them, and entered into the wood very quietly. Sancho arose; and with rage to see himself so belaboured without desert, he ran upon the goatherd to be revenged on him, saying that he was in the fault, who had not premonished them how that man's raving fits did take him so at times; for, had they been advertised thereof, they might have stood all the while on their guard.

The goatherd answered that he had already advised them thereof, and if he had not been attentive thereunto, yet he was therefore nothing the more culpable.

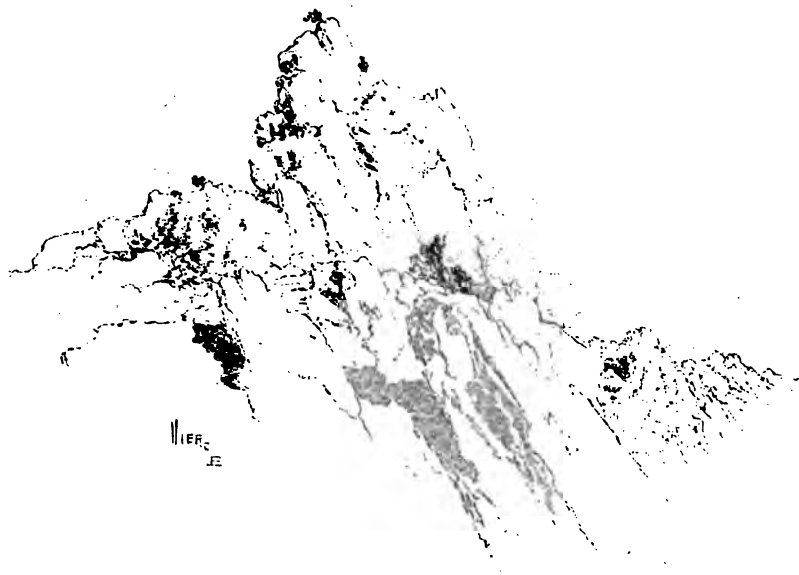
Sancho Panza replied, and the goatherd made a rejoinder thereunto; but their disputation ended at last in the catching hold of one another's beards, and befisting themselves so uncompassionately, as if Don Quixote had not pacified them, they would have torn one another to pieces. Sancho, holding still the goatherd fast, said unto his lord, 'Let me alone, sir Knight of the Ill-favoured Face; for on this man, who is a clown as I am myself, and no dubbed knight, I may safely satisfy my-



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self of the wrong he hath done me, by fighting with him hand to hand, like an honourable man.' 'It is true,' quoth Don Quixote; 'but I know well that he is in no wise culpable of that which hath happened.' And, saying so, appeased them, and turned again to demand of the goatherd whether it were possible to meet again with Cardenio; for he remained possessed with an exceeding desire to know the end of his history.

The goatherd turned again to repeat what he had said at the first, to wit, that he knew not any certain place of his abode; but if he haunted that commark any while, he would some time meet with him, either in his mad or modest humour.



## CHAPTER XI

WHICH TREATS OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURES THAT  
HAPPENED TO THE KNIGHT OF THE MANCHA IN  
SIERRA MORENA; AND OF THE PENANCE  
HE DID THERE, IN IMITATION OF  
BELTENEHBROS

**D**ON QUIXOTE took leave of the goatherd, and, mounting once again on Rozinante, he commanded Sancho to follow him, who obeyed but with a very ill will: and thus they travelled by little and little, entering into the thickest and roughest part of all the mountain; and Sancho went almost burst with a desire to reason with his master, and therefore wished in mind that he would once begin, that he might not transgress his commandment of silence imposed on him, but growing at last wholly impotent to contain himself speechless

## DON QUIXOTE

any longer: 'Good sir Don Quixote, I pray you give me your blessing and licence; for I mean to depart from this place, and return to my house, my wife and children, with whom I shall be, at least, admitted to reason and speak my pleasure; for that you would desire to have me keep you company through these deserts night and day, and that I may not speak when I please, is but to bury me alive. Yet, if fortune had so happily disposed our affairs as that beasts could speak, as they did in Guisopete's time, the harm had been less; for then would I discourse a while with Rozinante (seeing my niggardly fortune hath not consented I might do it with mine ass) what I thought good, and in this sort would I waive my mishaps; for it is a stubborn thing, and that cannot be borne with patience, to travel all the days of our life, and not to encounter any other thing than tramplings under feet, tossings in coverlets, blows of stones and buffets, and be besides all this forced to sew up our mouths, a man daring not to break his mind, but to stand mute like a post.' 'Sancho, I understand thee now,' quoth Don Quixote; 'thou diest with longing to speak that which I have forbidden thee to speak; account, therefore, that commandment revoked, and say what thou pleasest, on condition that this revocation be only available and of force whilst we dwell in these mountains, and no longer.'

'So be it,' quoth Sancho; 'let me speak now, for what may after befall, God only knows.' And then, beginning to take the benefit of his licence, he said, 'I pray you, tell me what benefit could you reap by taking Queen Magimasa's part? or what was it to the purpose that that abbot was her friend or no? For, if you had let it slip, seeing you were not his judge, I verily believe that the fool had prosecuted his tale, and we should have escaped the blow of the stone, the trampling under

## SANCHO REBELS

feet, and spurnings; yea, and more than five or six good buffets.' 'In faith, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'if thou knewest as well as I did how honourable and principal a lady was Queen Madasima, thou wouldst rather say that I had great patience, seeing I did not strike him on the mouth out of which such blasphemies issued; for it is a very great dishonour to aver or think that any queen would fall in love with a barber. For the truth of the history is, that Master Elisabat, of whom the madman spoke, was very prudent, and a man of a sound judgment, and served the queen as her tutor and physician; but to think that she was his leman is a madness worthy the severest punishment: and to the end thou mayst see that Cardenio knew not what he said, thou must understand that when he spoke it he then was wholly beside himself.'

'That's it which I say,' quoth Sancho, 'that you ought not to make account of words spoken by a fool; for if fortune had not assisted you, but addressed the stone to your head, as it did to your breast, we should have remained in good plight, for having turned so earnestly in that my lady's defence, whom God confound. And think you that Cardenio would not escape the dangers of the law, by reason of his madness?' 'Any knight-errant,' answered Don Quixote, 'is bound to turn for the honour of women, of what quality soever, against mad or unmad men; how much more for queens of so high degree and worth as was Queen Madasima, to whom I bear particular affections for her good parts? For, besides her being marvellous beautiful, she was, moreover, very prudent and patient in her calamities, which were very many; and the company and counsels of Master Elisabat proved very beneficial and necessary, to induce her to bear her mishaps with prudence and

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patience: and hence the ignorant and ill-meaning vulgar took occasion to suspect and affirm that she was his friend. But I say again they lie, and all those that do either think or say it, do lie a thousand times.'

'Why,' quoth Sancho, 'I neither say it nor think it. Let those affirm any such thing, eat that lie and swallow it with their bread; and if they of whom you speak lived lightly, they have given account to God thereof by this. I come from my vineyard; I know nothing. I am not afraid to know other men's lives; for he that buys and lies shall feel it in his purse. How much more, seeing I was born naked, and am now naked, I can neither win nor lose! A man is but a man, though he have a hose on his head; but howsoever, what is that to me? And many think there is a sheep where there is no fleece. But who shall bridle a man's understanding, when men are profane?' 'Good God!' quoth Don Quixote, 'how many follies hast thou inserted here! and how wide from our purpose are those proverbs which thou hast recited! Honest Sancho, hold thy peace; and from henceforth endeavour to serve thy master, and do not meddle with things which concern thee nothing; and understand, with all thy five senses, that whatsoever I have done, do, or shall do, is wholly guided by reason, and conformable to the rules of knighthood, which I know better than all the other knights that ever professed them in the world.' 'Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'and is it a good rule of chivalry that we go wandering and lost among these mountains in this sort, without path or way, in the search of a madman, to whom peradventure, after he is found, will return a desire to finish what he began, not of his tale, but of your head and my ribs, by endeavouring to break them soundly and thoroughly?'

'Peace, I say, Sancho, once again,' quoth Don Quixote;

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‘for thou must wit that the desire of finding the madman alone brings me not into these parts so much, as that which I have in my mind to achieve a certain adventure, by which I shall acquire eternal renown and fame throughout the universal face of the earth; and I shall therewithal seal all that which may render a knight-errant complete and famous.’ ‘And is the adventure very dangerous?’ quoth Sancho Panza. ‘No,’ answered the Knight of the Ill-favoured Face, ‘although the die might run in such sort as we might cast a hazard instead of an encounter; but all consists in thy diligence.’ ‘In mine?’ quoth Sancho. ‘Yes,’ quoth Don Quixote; ‘for if thou returnest speedily from the place whereunto I mean to send thee, my pain will also end shortly, and my glory commence very soon after. And because I will not hold thee long suspended, awaiting to hear the effect of my words, I would have thee to know that the famous Amadis de Gaul was one of the most accomplished knights-errant,—I do not say well saying he was one; for he was the only, the first, and prime lord of as many as lived in his age. An evil year and a worse month for Don Belianis, or any other that shall dare presume to compare with him; for I swear that they all are, questionless, deceived. I also say, that when a painter would become rare and excellent in his art, he procures to imitate the patterns of the most singular masters of his science; and this very rule runs current throughout all other trades and exercises of account which serve to adorn a well-disposed commonwealth; and so ought and doth he that means to obtain the name of a prudent and patient man, by imitating Ulysses, in whose person and dangers doth Homer delineate unto us the true portraiture of patience and sufferance; as likewise Virgil demonstrates, under the person of Aeneas, the duty and valour of a pious

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son, and the sagacity of a hardy and expert captain, not showing them such as indeed they were, but as they should be, to remain as an example of virtue to ensuing posterities. And in this very manner was Amadis the north star and the sun of valorous and amorous knights, whom all we ought to imitate which march under the ensigns of love and chivalry. And this being so manifest as it is, I find, friend Sancho, that the knight-errant who shall imitate him most shall likewise be nearest to attain the perfection of arms. And that wherein this knight bewrayed most his prudence, valour, courage, patience, constancy, and love, was when he retired himself to do penance, being disdained by his lady Oriana, to the Poor Rock, changing his name unto that of Beltenebros: a name certainly most significative and proper for the life which he had at that time willingly chosen. And I may more easily imitate him herein than in cleaving of giants, beheading of serpents, killing of monsters, overthrowing of armies, putting navies to flight, and finishing of enchantments. And seeing that this mountain is so fit for that purpose, there is no reason why I should overslip the occasion, which doth so commodiously proffer me her locks.'

'In effect,' quoth Sancho, 'what is it you mean to do in these remote places?' 'Have not I told thee already?' said Don Quixote, 'that I mean to follow Amadis, by playing here the despaired, wood, and furious man? To imitate likewise the valiant Orlando, where he found the tokens by a fountain that Angelica the fair had abused herself with Medozo; for grief whereof he ran mad, and plucked up trees by their roots, troubled the waters of clear fountains, slew shepherds, destroyed their flocks, fired the sheepfolds, overthrew houses, trailed mares after him, and committed a hundred thousand

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other insolences, worthy of eternal fame and memory. And although I mean not to imitate Roldan, or Orlando, or Rowland (for he had all these names), exactly in every mad prank that he played, yet will I do it the best I can in those things which shall seem unto me most essential. And perhaps I may rest contented with the only imitation of Amadis, who, without endamaging, and by his ravings, and only using these of feeling laments, [arrived] to as great fame thereby as anyone whatsoever.'

'I believe,' replied Sancho, 'that the knights which performed the like penances were moved by some reasons to do the like austerities and follies; but, good sir, what occasion hath been offered unto you to become mad? What lady hath disdained you? Or what arguments have you found that the Lady Dulcinea of Toboso hath ever dallied with Moor or Christian?' 'There is the point,' answered our knight, 'and therein consists the perfection of mine affairs; for that a knight-errant do run mad upon any just occasion deserves neither praise nor thanks; the wit is in waxing mad without cause, whereby my mistress may understand, that if dry I could do this, what would I have done being watered? How much more, seeing I have a just motive, through the prolix absence that I have made from my ever supremest Lady Dulcinea of Toboso? For, as thou mightest have heard read in Marias Ambrosio his Shepherd,—

"To him that absent is,  
All things succeed amiss."

So that, friend Sancho, I would not have thee lavish time longer in advising to let slip so rare, so happy, and singular an imitation. I am mad, and will be mad, until thou return again with answer upon a letter, which I mean to send with



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thee to my Lady Dulcinea ; and if it be such as my loyalty deserves, my madness and penance shall end ; but if the contrary, I shall run mad in good earnest, and be in that state that I shall apprehend nor feel anything. So that, howsoever I be answered, I shall issue out of the conflict and pain wherein thou leavest me, by joying the good thou shalt bring me, as wise ; or not feeling the evil thou shalt denounce, as mad. But tell me, Sancho, keepest thou charily yet the helmet of Mambrino, which I saw thee take up from the ground the other day, when that ungrateful fellow thought to have broken it into pieces, but could not, by which may be collected the excellent temper thereof.

Sancho answered to this demand, saying, ‘I cannot suffer or bear longer, Sir Knight of the Ill-favoured Face, nor take patiently many things which you say ; and I begin to suspect, by your words, that all that which you have said to me of chivalry, and of gaining kingdoms and empires, of bestowing islands and other gifts and great things, as knights-errant are wont, are all matters of air and lies, all cozenage or cozening, or how else you please to term it ; for he that shall hear you name a barber’s basin Mambrino’s helmet, and that you will not abandon that error in more than four days, what other can he think but that he who affirms such a thing doth want wit and discretion ? I carry the basin in my bag, all battered and bored, and will have it mended, and dress my beard in it at home, if God shall do me the favour that I may one day see my wife and bairns.’

‘Behold, Sancho,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘I do likewise swear that thou hast the shallowest pate that ever any squire had or hath in the world. Is it possible that, in all the time thou hast gone with me, thou couldst not perceive that all the adven-

## DON QUIXOTE'S RESOLVE

tures of knights-errant do appear chimeras, follies, and desperate things, being quite contrary? Not that they are indeed such; but rather, by reason that we are still haunted by a crew of enchanters, which change and transform our acts, making them seem what they please, according as they like to favour or annoy us; and so this, which seems to thee a barber's basin, is in my conceit Mambrino his helmet, and to another will appear in some other shape. And it is doubtlessly done by the profound science of the wise man my friend, to make that seem a basin which, really and truly, is Mambrino's helmet; because that, in being so precious a jewel, all the world would pursue me to deprive me of it; but now, seeing that it is so like a barber's basin, they endeavour not to gain it, as was clearly showed in him that thought to break it the other day, and would not carry it with him, but left it lying behind him on the ground; for, in faith, he had never left it did he know the worthiness thereof. Keep it, friend; for I need it not at this present, wherein I must rather disarm myself of the arms I wear, and remain as naked as I was at the hour of my birth, if I shall take the humour rather to imitate Orlando in doing of my penance than Amadis.'

While thus he discoursed, he arrived to the foot of a lofty mountain, which stood like a hewn rock divided from all the rest, by the skirt whereof glided a smooth river, hemmed in on every side by a green and flourishing meadow, whose verdure did marvellously delight the greedy beholding eye; there were in it also many wild trees, and some plants and flowers, which rendered the place much more pleasing. The Knight of the Ill-Favoured Face made choice of this place to accomplish therein his penance; and therefore, as soon as he had viewed it, he began to say, with a loud voice, like a distracted

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man, these words ensuing: 'This is the place where the humour of mine eyes shall increase the liquid veins of this crystal current, and my continual and deep sighs shall give perpetual motion to the leaves of these mountainy trees, in testimony of the pain which my oppressed heart doth suffer. O you, whosoever you be, rustical gods! which have your mansion in this inhabitable place, give ear to the complaints of this unfortunate lover, whom a long absence and a few imagined suspicions have conducted to deplore his state among these deserts, and make him exclaim on the rough condition of that ingrate and fair, who is the top, the sun, the period, term, and end of all human beauty. O ye Napeas and Dryads! which do wontedly inhabit the thickets and groves, so may the nimble and lascivious satyrs, by whom (although in vain) you are beloved, never have power to interrupt your sweet rest, as you shall assist me to lament my disasters, or at least attend them, whilst I dolefully breathe them. O Dulcinea of Toboso! the day of my night, the glory of my pain, north of my travels, and star of my fortunes! so Heaven enrich thee with the highest, whensoever thou shalt demand it, as thou wilt consider the place and pass unto which thine absence hath conducted me, and answer my faith and desires in compassionate and gracious manner. O solitary trees (which shall from henceforward keep company with my solitude), give tokens, with the soft motion of your boughs, that my presence doth not dislike you. O thou my squire, and grateful companion in all prosperous and adverse successes! bear well away what thou shalt see me do here, to the end that thou mayst after promptly recount it as the total cause of my ruin.' And, saying so, he alighted from Rozinante, and, taking off in a trice his bridle and saddle, he struck him on the buttock, say-

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ing, 'He gives thee liberty that wants it himself, O horse! as famous for thy works as thou art unfortunate by thy fates. Go where thou plearest; for thou bearest written in thy forehead, how that neither the Hippogriff of Astolpho, nor the renowned Frontino, which cost Bradamante so dearly, could compare with thee for swiftness.'

When Sancho had viewed and heard his lord speak thus, he likewise said, 'Good betide him that freed us from the pains of unpannelling the gray ass; for if he were here, in faith, he should also have two or three claps on the buttocks, and a short oration in his praise. Yet if he were here, I would not permit any other to unpanel him, seeing there was no occasion why; for he, good beast, was nothing subject to the passions of love or despair, no more than I, who was his master when it pleased God. And, in good sooth, sir Knight of the Ill-favoured Face, if my departure and your madness be in good earnest, it will be needful to saddle Rozinante again, that he may supply the want of mine ass; for it will shorten the time of my departure and return again. And if I make my voyage afoot, I know not when I shall arrive there, or return here back unto you; for, in good earnest, I am a very ill footman.'

'Let it be as thou likest,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for thy design displeaseth me nothing; and therefore I resolve that thou shalt depart from hence after three days; for in the mean space thou shalt behold what I will do and say for my lady's sake, to the end thou mayst tell it to her.' 'Why,' quoth Sancho, 'what more can I view than that which I have seen already?' 'Thou art altogether wide of the matter,' answered Don Quixote; 'for I must yet tear mine apparel, throw away mine armour, and beat my head about these rocks, with many other

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things of that kind that will strike thee into admiration.' 'Let me beseech you,' quoth Sancho, 'see well how you give yourself those knocks about the rocks; for you might happen upon some one so ungracious a rock, as at the first rap would dissolve all the whole *machina* of your adventures and penance; and, therefore, I would be of opinion, seeing that you do hold it necessary that some knocks be given with the head, and that this enterprise cannot be accomplished without them, that you content yourself, seeing that all is but feigned, counterfeited, and a jest,—that you should, I say, content yourself with striking it on the water, or on some other soft thing, as cotton or wool, and leave to my charge the exaggeration thereof; for I will tell to my lady that you strike your head against the point of a rock which was harder than a diamond.'

'I thank thee, Sancho, for thy good will,' quoth Don Quixote; 'but I can assure thee that all these things which I do are no jests, but very serious earnest; for otherwise we should transgress the statutes of chivalry, which command us not to avouch any untruth, on pain of relapse; and to do one thing for another is as much as to lie. So that my head-knocks must be true, firm, and sound ones, without any sophistical or fantastical shadow: and it will be requisite that you leave me some lint to cure me, seeing that fortune hath deprived us of the balsam which we lost.' 'It was worse to have lost the ass,' quoth Sancho, 'seeing that at once, with him, we have lost our lint and all our other provision; and I entreat you most earnestly not to name again that accursed drink; for in only hearing it mentioned, you not only turn my guts in me, but also my soul. And I request you, moreover, to make account that the term of three days is already expired, wherein you would have me take notice of your follies; for I declare them

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already for seen, and will tell wonders to my lady: wherefore, go write your letter, and despatch me with all haste; for I long already to return, and take you out of this purgatory wherein I leave you.'

'Dost thou call it a purgatory, Sancho?' quoth Don Quixote. 'Thou hadst done better hadst thou called it hell; or rather worse, if there be anything worse than that.' 'I call it so,' quoth Sancho; "'*Quia in inferno nulla est retentio*," as I have heard say.'

'I understand not,' said Don Quixote, 'what *retentio* meaneth.' '*Retentio*,' quoth Sancho, 'is that, whosoever is in hell, never comes, nor can come, out of it. Which shall fall out contrary in your person, or my feet shall go ill, if I may carry spurs to quicken Rozinante, and that I may safely arrive before my Lady Dulcinea in Toboso; for I will recount unto her such strange things of your follies and madness (for they be all one) that you have, and do daily, as I will make her as soft as a glove, although I found her at the first harder than a cork-tree; with whose sweet and honey answer I will return in the air as speedily as a witch, and take you out of this purgatory, which is no hell, although it seems one, seeing there is hope to escape from it; which, as I have said, they want which are in hell; and I believe you will not contradict me herein.'

'Thou hast reason,' answered the Knight of the Ill-favoured Face; 'but how shall I write the letter?' 'And the warrant for the receipt of the colts also?' added Sancho. 'All shall be inserted together,' quoth Don Quixote; 'and seeing we have no paper, we may do well, imitating the ancient men of times past, to write our mind in the leaves of trees or wax; yet wax is as hard to be found here as paper. But, now that I remember myself, I know where we may write our mind well,

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and more than well, to wit, in Cardenio's tablets, and thou shalt have care to cause the letters to be written out again fairly, in the first village wherein thou shalt find a school-master; or, if such a one be wanting, by the clerk of the church; and beware in any sort that thou give it not to a notary or court-clerk to be copied, for they write such an entangling, confounded process letter, as Satan himself would scarce be able to read it.' 'And how shall we do for want of your name and subscription?' quoth Sancho. 'Why,' answered Don Quixote, 'Amadis was never wont to subscribe to his letters.' 'Ay, but the warrant to receive the three asses must forcibly be subsigned; and if it should afterward be copied, they would say the former is false, and so I shall rest without my colts.' 'The warrant shall be written and firmed with my hand in the tablets, which, as soon as my niece shall see, she shall make no difficulty to deliver thee them. And as concerning the love-letter, thou shalt put this subscription to it, "Yours until death, the Knight of the Ill-favoured Face." And it makes no matter though it be written by any stranger; forasmuch as I can remember Dulcinea can neither write nor read, nor hath she seen any letter, no, not so much as a character of my writing all the days of her life; for my love and hers have been ever Platonical, never extending themselves further than to an honest regard and view the one of the other, and even this same so rarely, as I dare boldly swear, that in these dozen years which I love her more dearly than the light of these mine eyes, which the earth shall one day devour, I have not seen her four times, and perhaps of those same four times she hath scarce perceived once that I beheld her—such is the care and closeness wherewithal her parents, Lorenzo Corcueto and her mother Aldonza Nogales, have brought her

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up.' 'Ta, ta,' quoth Sancho, 'that the Lady Dulcinea of Toboso is Lorenzo Corcuelo his daughter, called by another name Aldonza Lorenzo?' 'The same is she,' quoth Don Quixote, 'and it is she that merits to be empress of the vast universe.' 'I know her very well,' replied Sancho, 'and I dare say that she can throw an iron bar as well as any the strongest lad in our parish. I vow, by the giver, that 'tis a wench of the mark, tall and stout, and so sturdy withal, that she will bring her chin out of the mire, in despite of any knight-errant, or that shall err, that shall honour her as his lady. Out upon her! what a strength and voice she hath! I saw her on a day stand on the top of the church-steeple, to call certain servants of her father's, that laboured in a fallow field; and although they were half a league from thence, they heard her as well as if they were at the foot of the steeple. And the best that is in her is that she is nothing coy; for she hath a very great smack of courtship, and plays with every one, and gibes and jests at them all. And now I affirm, sir Knight of the Ill-favoured Face, that not only you may and ought to commit raving follies for her sake, but eke you may, with just title, also despair and hang yourself; for none shall hear thereof but will say you did very well, although the devil carried you away. And fain would I be gone, if it were for nothing else but to see her; for it is many a day since I saw her, and I am sure she is changed by this; for women's beauty is much impaired by going always to the field, exposed to the sun and weather. And I will now, sir Don Quixote, confess a truth unto you, that I have lived until now in a marvellous error, thinking well and faithfully that the Lady Dulcinea was some great princess, on whom you were enamoured, or such a person as merited those rich presents which you bestowed on



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her, as well of the Biscaine as of the slaves, and many others, that ought to be, as I suppose, correspondent to the many victories which you have gained, both now and in the time that I was not your squire. But, pondering well the matter, I cannot conceive why the Lady Aldonza Lorenzo—I mean the Lady Dulcinea of Toboso, of these should care whether these vanquished men which you send, or shall send, do go and kneel before her; for it may befall that she, at the very time of their arrival, be combing of flax or threshing in the barn, whereat they would be ashamed, and she likewise laugh, and be somewhat displeased at the present.'

'I have oft told thee, Sancho, many times, that thou art too great a prattler,' quoth Don Quixote, 'and although thou hast but a gross wit, yet now and then thy frumps nip; but, to the end thou mayst perceive the faultiness of thy brain, and my discretion, I will tell thee a short history, which is this: There was once a widow, fair, young, free, rich, and withal very pleasant and jocund, that fell in love with a certain round and well-set servant of a college. His regent came to understand it, and therefore said on a day to the widow, by the way of fraternal correction, "Mistress, I do greatly marvel, and not without occasion, that a woman so principal, so beautiful, so rich, and specially so witty, could make so ill a choice, as to wax enamoured on so foul, so base, and foolish a man as such a one, we having in this house so many masters of art, graduates, and divines, amongst whom you might have made choice as among pears, saying, I will take this, and I will not have that." But she answered him thus, with a very pleasant and good grace: "You are, sir, greatly deceived, if you deem that I have made an ill choice in such a one, let him seem never so great a fool; for, to the purpose that I mean

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to use him, he knows as much or rather more philosophy than Aristotle." And so, Sancho, is likewise Dulcinea of Toboso as much worth as the highest princess of the world, for the effect I mean to use her. For all the poets which celebrate certain ladies at pleasure, thinkest thou that they all had mistresses? No. Dost thou believe that the Amaryllises, the Phyllises, Silvias, Dianas, Galateas, Alcidas, and others such like, wherewithal the books, ditties, barbers' shops, and theatres are filled, were truly ladies of flesh and bones, and their mistresses which have and do celebrate them thus? No, certainly; but were for the greater part feigned, to serve as a subject of their verses, to the end the authors might be accounted amorous, and men of courage enough to be such. And thus it is also sufficient for me to believe and think that the good Aldonza Lorenzo is fair and honest. As for her parentage, it matters but little; for none will send to take information thereof, to give to her an habit; and I make account of her as of the greatest princess in the world. For thou oughtest to know, Sancho, if thou knowest it not already, that two things alone incite men to love more than all things else, and those be, surpassing beauty and a good name. And both these things are found in Dulcinea in her prime; for none can equal her in fairness, and few come near her for a good report. And, for a final conclusion, I imagine that all that which I say is really so, without adding or taking aught away. And I do imagine her, in my fantasy, to be such as I could wish her as well in beauty as principality, and neither can Helen approach, nor Lucrece come near her; no, nor any of those other famous women, Greek, Barbarous, or Latin, of foregoing ages. And let every one say what he pleaseth; for though I should be reprehended for this by the ignorant, yet

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shall I not, therefore, be chastised by the more observant and rigorous sort of men.'

'I avouch,' quoth Sancho, 'that you have great reason in all that you say, and that I am myself a very ass—but, alas! why do I name an ass with my mouth, seeing one should not mention a rope in one's house that was hanged? But give me the letter, and farewell; for I will change.' With that, Don Quixote drew out his tablets, and, going aside, began to indite his letter with great gravity; which ended, he called Sancho to read it to him, to the end he might bear it away in memory, lest by chance he did lose the tablets on the way; for such were his cross fortunes, as made him fear every event. To which Sancho answered, saying, 'Write it there twice or thrice in the book, and give me it after; for I will carry it safely, by God's grace. For to think that I will be able ever to take it by rote is a great folly; for my memory is so short as I do many times forget mine own name. But yet, for all that, read it to me, good sir; for I would be glad to hear it, as a thing which I suppose to be as excellent as if it were cast in a mould.' 'Hear it, then,' said Don Quixote; 'for thus it says:

### 'THE LETTER OF DON QUIXOTE TO DULCINEA OF TOBOSO

'SOVEREIGN LADY,—The wounded by the point of absence, and the hurt by the darts of thy heart, sweetest Dulcinea of Toboso! doth send thee that health which he wanteth himself. If thy beauty disdain me, if thy valour turn not to my benefit, if thy disdains convert themselves to my harm, maugre all my patience, I shall be ill able to sustain this care; which, besides that it is violent, is also too durable. My good squire

## THE LETTER TO DULCINEA

Sancho will give thee certain relation, O beautiful ingrate, and my dearest beloved enemy! of the state wherein I remain for thy sake. If thou please to favour me, I am thine; and if not, do what thou likest: for, by ending of my life, I shall both satisfy thy cruelty and my desires.—Thine until death,

‘THE KNIGHT OF THE ILL-FAVOURED FACE.’

‘By my father’s life,’ quoth Sancho, when he heard the letter, ‘it is the highest thing that ever I heard. Good God! how well do you say everything in it! and how excellently have you applied the subscription of “The Knight of the Ill-favoured Face!” I say again, in good earnest, that you are the devil himself, and there’s nothing but you know it.’ ‘All is necessary,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘for the office that I profess.’ ‘Put, then,’ quoth Sancho, ‘in the other side of that leaf, the warrant of three colts, and firm it with a legible letter that they may know it at the first sight.’ ‘I am pleased,’ said Don Quixote. And so, writing it, he read it after to Sancho; and it said thus:

‘You shall please, good niece, for this first of colts, to deliver unto my squire Sancho Panza, three of the five that I left at home, and are in your charge; the which three colts I command to be delivered to him, for as many others counted and received here; for with this, and his acquittance, they shall be justly delivered. Given in the bowels of Sierra Morena, the two-and-twentieth of August, of this present year —.’

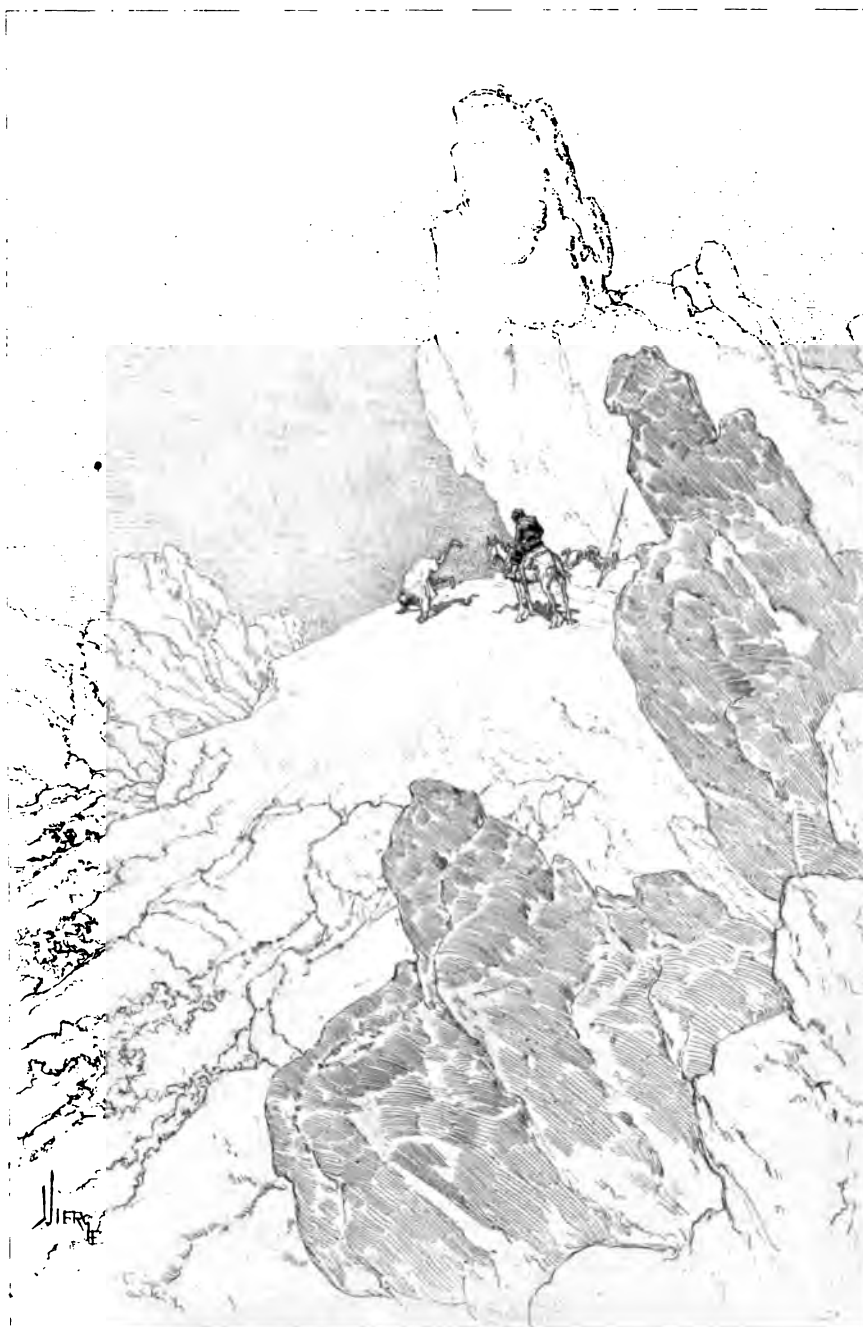
‘It goes very well,’ quoth Sancho; ‘subsign it, therefore, I pray you.’ ‘It needs no seal,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘but only my rubric, which is as valuable as if it were subscribed not

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only for three asses, but also for three hundred.' 'My trust is in you,' answered Sancho; 'permit me, for I will go saddle Rozinante, and prepare yourself to give me your blessing; for I purpose presently to depart, before I see any mad prank of yours; for I will say that I saw you play so many, as no more can be desired.' 'I will have thee stay, Sancho (and that because it is requisite), at least to see me stark naked, playing a dozen or two of raving tricks; for I will despatch them in less than half an hour; because that thou, having viewed them with thine own eyes, mayst safely swear all the rest that thou pleasest to add; and I assure thee that thou canst not tell so many as I mean to perform.' 'Let me entreat you, good sir, that I may not see you naked; for it will turn my stomach, and I shall not be able to keep myself from weeping; and my head is yet so sore since yesternight, through my lamentations for the loss of the grey beast, as I am not strong enough yet to endure new complaints. But, if your pleasure be such as I must necessarily see some follies, do them, in Jove's name, in your clothes briefly, and such as are most necessary; chiefly, seeing none of these things are requisite for me. And, as I have said, we might excuse time (that shall now be lavished in these trifles) to return speedily with the news you desire and deserve so much. And if not, let the Lady Dulcinea provide herself well; for if she answer not according to reason, I make a solemn vow to him that I may, that I'll make her disgorge out of her stomach a good answer, with very kicks and fists; for how can it be suffered that so famous a knight-errant as yourself should thus run out of his wits, without, nor for what, for one——Let not the gentlewoman constrain me to say the rest; for I will out with it, and venture all upon twelve, although it never were sold.'







*Don Quixote Turns Gymnast.*





## SANCHO DEPARTS

‘In good faith,’ Sancho,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘I think thou art grown as mad as myself.’ ‘I am not so mad,’ replied Sancho, ‘but I am more choleric. But, setting that aside, say, what will you eat until my return? Do you mean to do as Cardenio, and take by the highway’s side perforce from the shepherds?’ ‘Care thou not for that,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘for although I had it, yet would I not eat any other thing than the herbs and fruits that this field and trees do yield; for the perfection of mine affair consists in fasting, and the exercise of other castigations.’ To this Sancho replied: ‘Do you know what I fear? that I shall not find the way to you again here where I leave you, it is so difficult and obscure.’ ‘Take well the marks, and I will endeavour to keep here about,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘until thou come back again; and will, moreover, about the time of thy return, mount to the tops of these high rocks, to see whether thou appearest. But thou shouldst do best of all, to the end thou mayst not stay and miss me, to cut down here and there certain boughs, and strew them on the way as thou goest, until thou beest out in the plains, and those may after serve thee as bounds and marks, by which thou mayst again find me when thou returnest, in imitation of the clue of Theseus’s labyrinth.’

‘I will do so,’ quoth Sancho; and then, cutting down certain boughs, he demanded his lord’s blessing, and departed, not without tears on both sides. And mounting upon Rozinante, whom Don Quixote commended very seriously to his care, that he should tend him as he would his own person, he made on towards the plains, strewing here and there on the way his branches, as his master had advised him; and with that departed, although his lord importuned him to behold two or three follies ere he went away. But scarce had he gone

## DON QUIXOTE

a hundred paces, when he returned and said, 'I say, sir, that you said well that, to the end I might swear with a safe conscience that I have seen you play these mad tricks, it were necessary that at least I see you do one, although that of your abode here is one great enough.'

'Did not I tell thee so?' quoth Don Quixote. 'Stay, Sancho, for I will do it in the space of a creed.' And, taking off with all haste his hose, he remained the half of him naked, and did instantly give two or three jerks in the air, and two tumbles over and over on the ground, with his head downward, and his legs aloft, where he discovered such things, as Sancho, because he would not see them again, turned the bridle and rode away, resting contented and satisfied that he might swear that his lord was mad. And so we will leave him travelling on his way, until his return, which was very soon after.



## CHAPTER XII

WHEREIN ARE PROSECUTED THE PRANKS PLAYED BY  
DON QUIXOTE IN HIS AMOROUS HUMOURS, IN  
THE MOUNTAINS OF SIERRA MORENA

AND, turning to recount what the knight of the ill-favoured face did when he was all alone, the history says that, after Don Quixote had ended his frisks and leaps, naked from the girdle downward, and from that upward apparelled, seeing that his squire Sancho was gone, and would behold no more of his mad pranks, he ascended to the top of a high rock, and began there to think on that whereon he had thought oftentimes before, without ever making a

## DON QUIXOTE

full resolution therein, to wit, whether were it better to imitate Orlando in his unmeasurable furies, than Amadis in his melancholy moods: and, speaking to himself, would say, ‘ If Orlando was so valorous and good a knight as men say, what wonder, seeing in fine he was enchanted, and could not be slain, if it were not by clapping a pin to the sole of his foot, and therefore did wear shoes still that had seven folds of iron in the soles? although these his draughts stood him in no stead at Roncesvalles against Bernardo del Carpio, which, understanding them, pressed him to death between his arms. But, leaving his valour apart, let us come to the losing of his wits, which it is certain he lost through the signs he found in the forest, and by the news that the shepherd gave unto him, that Angelica had slept more than two noontides with the little Moor, Medoro of the curled locks, him that was page to King Argamante. And if he understood this, and knew his lady had played beside the cushion, what wonder was it that he should run mad. But how can I imitate him in his furies, if I cannot imitate him in their occasion? for I dare swear for my Dulcinea of Toboso, that all the days of her life she hath not seen one Moor, even in his own attire as he is, and she is now right as her mother bore her; and I should do her a manifest wrong, if, upon any false suspicion, I should turn mad of that kind of folly that did distract furious Orlando. On the other side, I see that Amadis de Gaul, without losing his wits, or using any other raving trick, gained as great fame of being amorous as any one else whatsoever. For that which his history recites was none other than that, seeing himself disdained by his lady Oriana, who had commanded him to withdraw himself from her presence, and not appear again in it until she pleased, he retired himself, in

## AMADIS OR ORLANDO?

the company of a certain hermit, to the Poor Rock, and there crammed himself with weeping, until that Heaven assisted him in the midst of his greatest cares and necessity. And this being true, as it is, why should I take now the pains to strip myself all naked, and offend these trees, which never yet did me any harm? Nor have I any reason to trouble the clear waters of these brooks, which must give me drink when I am thirsty. Let the remembrance of Amadis live, and be imitated in everything as much as may be, by Don Quixote of the Mancha; of whom may be said what was said of the other, that though he achieved not great things, yet did he die in their pursuit. And though I am not contemned or disdained by my Dulcinea, yet it is sufficient, as I have said already, that I be absent from her; therefore, hands to your task; and, ye famous actions of Amadis, occur to my remembrance, and instruct me where I may best begin to imitate you. Yet I know already, that the greatest thing he did use was prayer, and so will I.' And, saying so, he made him a pair of beads of great galls, and was very much vexed in mind for want of an Eremit, who might hear his confession and comfort him in his afflictions; and therefore did entertain himself walking up and down the little green field, writing and graving in the rinds of trees, and on the smooth sands, many verses, all accommodated to his sadness, and some of them in the praise of Dulcinea; but those that were found thoroughly finished, and were legible after his own finding again in that place, were only these ensuing:

' O ye plants, ye herbs, and ye trees,  
That flourish in this pleasant site,  
In lofty and verdant degrees,  
If my harms do you not delight,

## DON QUIXOTE

Hear my holy plaints, which are these.  
And let not my grief you molest,  
Though it ever so feelingly went,  
Since here for to pay your rest,  
Don Quixote his tears hath addrest,  
Dulcinea's want to lament  
Of Toboso.

' In this very place was first spied  
The loyallest lover and true,  
Who himself from his lady did hide;  
But yet felt his sorrows anew,  
Not knowing whence they might proceed.  
Love doth him cruelly wrest  
With a passion of evil descent  
Which robb'd Don Quixote of rest,  
Till a pipe with tears was full prest,  
Dulcinea's want to lament  
Of Toboso.

' He, searching adventures, blind,  
Among these dearn woods and rocks,  
Still curseth on pitiless mind;  
For a wretch amidst bushy locks  
And crags may misfortunes find.  
Love, with his whip, wounded his breast,  
And not with soft hands him pent,  
And when he his noddle had prest,  
Don Quixote his tears did forth wrest,  
Dulcinea's want to lament  
Of Toboso.'

The addition of Toboso to the name of Dulcinea did not cause small laughter in those which found the verses recited; because they imagined that Don Quixote conceived that if, in the naming of Dulcinea, he did not also add that of Toboso, the rime could not be understood; and in truth it was so, as he himself did afterward confess. He composed many others; but, as we have related, none could be well copied or found

## SANCHO'S EMBASSAGE

entire, but these three stanzas. In this, and in sighing, and invoking the fauns and sylvens of these woods, and the nymphs of the adjoining streams, with the dolorous and hollow echo, that it would answer and they comfort and listen unto him, and in the search of some herbs to sustain his languishing forces, he entertained himself all the time of Sancho his absence; who, had he stayed three weeks away, as he did but three days, the Knight of the Ill-favoured Face should have remained so disfigured as the very mother that bore him would not have known him.

But now it is congruent that, leaving him swallowed in the gulfs of sorrow and versifying, we turn and recount what happened to Sancho Panza in his embassy; which was that, issuing out to the highway, he presently took that which led towards Toboso, and arrived the next day following to the inn where the disgrace of the coverlet befel him; and scarce had he well espied it, but presently he imagined that he was once again flying in the air; and therefore would not enter into it, although his arrival was at such an hour as he both might and ought to have stayed, being dinner-time, and he himself likewise possessed with a marvellous longing to taste some warm meat—for many days past he had fed altogether on cold viands. This desire enforced him to approach to the inn, remaining still doubtful, notwithstanding, whether he should enter into it or no. And as he stood thus suspended, there issued out of the inn two persons which presently knew him, and the one said to the other, 'Tell me, master licentiate, is not that horseman that rides there Sancho Panza, he whom our adventurer's old woman said departed with her master for his squire?' 'It is,' quoth the licentiate, 'and that is our Don Quixote his horse.' And they knew him so well, as



## DON QUIXOTE

those that were the curate and barber of his own village, and were those that made the search and formal process against the books of chivalry; and therefore, as soon as they had taken full notice of Sancho Panza and Rozinante, desirous to learn news of Don Quixote, they drew near unto him; and the curate called him by his name, saying, 'Friend Sancho Panza, where is your master?' Sancho Panza knew them instantly, and, desirous to conceal the place and manner wherein his lord remained, did answer them, that his master was in a certain place, withheld by affairs for a few days, that were of great consequence, and concerned him very much, and that he durst not, for both his eyes, discover the place to them. 'No, no,' quoth the barber, 'Sancho Panza, if thou dost not tell us where he sojourneth, we must imagine (as we do already) that thou hast robbed and slain him, specially seeing thou comest thus on his horse; and therefore thou must, in good faith, get us the horse's owner, or else stand to thine answer.' 'Your threats-fear me nothing,' quoth Sancho; 'for I am not a man that robs or murders any one. Every man is slain by his destiny, or by God that made him. My lord remains doing of penance in the midst of this mountain, with very great pleasure.' And then he presently recounted unto them, from the beginning to the end, the fashion wherein he had left him, the adventures which had befallen, and how he carried a letter to the Lady Dulcinea of Toboso, who was Lorenzo Corcuelo his daughter, of whom his lord was enamoured up to the livers.

Both of them stood greatly admired at Sancho's relation; and although they knew Don Quixote's madness already, and the kind thereof, yet as often as they heard speak thereof, they rested newly amazed. They requested Sancho to show

## THE LOST TABLETS

them the letter that he carried to the Lady Dulcinea of Toboso. He told them that it was written in tablets, and that he had express order from his lord to have it fairly copied out in paper, at the first village whereunto he should arrive. To which the curate answered, bidding show it unto him, and he would write out the copy very fairly.

Then Sancho thrust his hand into his bosom, and searched the little book, but could not find it, nor should not, though he had searched till Doomsday; for it was in Don Quixote's power, who gave it not to him, nor did he ever remember to demand it. When Sancho perceived that the book was lost, he waxed as wan and pale as a dead man, and, turning again very speedily to feel all the parts of his body, he saw clearly that it could not be found; and therefore, without making any more ado, he laid hold on his own beard with both his fists, and drew almost the one half of the hair away, and afterward bestowed on his face and nose, in a memento, half a dozen such cuffs as he bathed them all in blood; which the curate and barber beholding, they asked him what had befallen him, that he entreated himself so ill. 'What should befall me,' answered Sancho, 'but that I have lost at one hand, and in an instant, three colts, whereof the least was like a castle?' 'How so?' quoth the barber. 'Marry,' said Sancho, 'I have lost the tablets wherein were written Dulcinea's letter, and a schedule of my lord's, addressed to his niece, wherein he commanded her to deliver unto me three colts, of four or five that remained in his house.' And, saying so, he recounted the loss of his grey ass. The curate comforted him, and said that, as soon as his lord were found, he would deal with him to renew his grant, and write it in paper, according to the common use and practice, forasmuch as those which were written in tablets

## DON QUIXOTE

were of no value, and would never be accepted nor accomplished.

With this Sancho took courage, and said, if that was so, he cared not much for the loss of Dulcinea's letter; for he knew it almost all by rote. 'Say it, then, Sancho,' quoth the barber, 'and we will after write it.' Then Sancho stood still and began to scratch his head, to call the letter to memory; and now would he stand upon one leg, and now upon another. Sometimes he looked on the earth, other whiles upon heaven; and after he had gnawed off almost the half of one of his nails, and held them all the while suspended, expecting his recital thereof, he said, after a long pause: 'On my soul, master licentiate, I give to the devil anything that I can remember of that letter, although the beginning was thus: "High and unsavoury lady."' 'I warrant you,' quoth the barber, 'he said not but "superhuman" or "sovereign lady."'

'It is so,' quoth Sancho, 'and presently followed, if I well remember: "He that is wounded and wants sleep, and the hurt man doth kiss your worship's hands, ingrate and very scornful fair"; and thus he went roving until he ended in, "Yours until death, the Knight of the Ill-favoured Face."' Both of them took great delight to see Sancho's good memory, and praised it to him very much, and requested him to repeat the letter once or twice more to them, that they might also bear it in memory, to write it at the due season. Sancho turned to recite it again and again, and at every repetition said other three thousand errors. And after this he told other things of his lord, but spoke not a word of his own tossing in a coverlet, which had befallen him in that inn into which he refused to enter. He added besides, how his lord, in bringing him a good despatch from his Lady Dulcinea of Toboso, would

## SANCHO AND THE CURATE

forthwith set out to endeavour how he might become an emperor, or at the least a monarch; for they had so agreed between themselves both, and it was a very easy matter for him to become one, such was the valour of his person and strength of his arm; and that when he were one, he would procure him a good marriage; for by that time he should be a widower at the least; and he would give him one of the emperor's ladies to wife, that were an inheritrix of some great and rich state on the firm land, for now he would have no more islands. And all this was related so seriously by Sancho, and so in his perfect sense, he scratching his nose ever and anon as he spoke, so as the two were stricken into a new amazement, pondering the vehemence of Don Quixote's frenzy, which carried quite away with it in that sort the judgment of that poor man, but would not labour to dispossess him of that error, because it seemed to them that, since it did not hurt his conscience, it was better to leave him in it, that the recital of his follies might turn to their greater recreation; and therefore exhorted him to pray for the health of his lord; for it was a very possible and contingent thing to arrive in the process of time to the dignity of an emperor, as he said, or at least to that of an archbishop, or other calling equivalent to it.

Then Sancho demanded of them, 'Sirs, if fortune should turn our affairs to another course, in such sort as my lord, abandoning the purpose to purchase an empire, would take in his head that of becoming a cardinal, I would fain learn of you here, what cardinals-errant are wont to give to their squires?' 'They are wont to give them,' quoth the curate, 'some simple benefice, or some parsonage, or to make them clerks or sextons, or vergers of some church, whose living amounts to a good penny-rent, beside the profit of the altar,

## DON QUIXOTE

which is oftentimes as much more.' 'For that it is requisite,' quoth Sancho, 'that the squire be not married, and that he know how to help mass at least; and if that be so, unfortunate I! that both am married, and knows not besides the first letter of the A B C, what will then become of me, if my master take the humour to be an archbishop, and not an emperor, as is the custom and use of knights-errant?' 'Do not afflict thy mind for that, friend Sancho,' quoth the barber; 'for we will deal with thy lord here, and we will counsel him, yea, we will urge it to him as a matter of conscience, that he become an emperor, and not an archbishop; for it will be more easy for him to be such a one, by reason that he is more valorous than learned.'

'So methinks,' quoth Sancho, 'although I know he hath ability enough for all. That which I mean to do for my part is, I will pray unto our Lord to conduct him to that place wherein he may serve Him best, and give me greatest rewards.' 'Thou speakest like a discreet man,' quoth the curate, 'and thou shalt do therein the duty of a good Christian. But that which we must endeavour now is, to devise how we may win thy lord from prosecuting that unprofitable penance he hath in hand, as thou sayest; and to the end we may think on the manner how, and eat our dinner withal, seeing it is time, let us all enter into the inn.' Sancho bade them go in, and he would stay for them at the door, and that he would after tell them the reason why he had no mind to enter, neither was it in any sort convenient that he should; but he entreated them to bring him somewhat forth to eat that were warm, and some provand for Rozinante. With that they departed into the lodging, and within a while after the barber brought forth unto him some meat. And the curate and the barber,

## SANCHO AND THE CURATE

after having pondered well with themselves what course they were to take to attain their design, the curate fell on a device very fit both for Don Quixote's humour, and also to bring their purpose to pass; and was, as he told the barber, that he had bethought him to apparel himself like a lady adventurous, and that he therefore should do the best that he could to fit himself like a squire, and that they would go in that habit to the place where Don Quixote sojourned, feigning that she was an afflicted and distressed damsel, and would demand a boon of him, which he, as a valorous knight-errant, would in no wise deny her; and that the gift which he meant to desire, was to entreat him to follow her where she would carry him, to right a wrong which a naughty knight had done unto her; and that she would besides pray him not to command her to unmask herself, or inquire anything of her estate, until he had done her right against that bad knight. And by this means he certainly hoped that Don Quixote would grant all that he requested in this manner. And in this sort they would fetch him from thence and bring him to his village, where they would labour with all their power to see whether his extravagant frenzy could be recovered by any remedy.



### CHAPTER XIII

HOW THE CURATE AND THE BARBER PUT THEIR DESIGN IN  
PRACTICE, WITH MANY OTHER THINGS WORTHY  
TO BE RECORDED IN THIS FAMOUS HISTORY

**T**HE curate's invention disliked not the barber, but rather pleased him so well as they presently put it in execution. They borrowed, therefore, of the innkeeper's wife a gown and a kerchief, leaving her in pawn thereof a fair new cassock of the curate's. The barber made him a great beard of a pied ox's tail, wherein the innkeeper was wont to

## SANCHO RETURNS

hang his horse's comb. The hostess demanded of them the occasion why they would use these things. The curate recounted in brief, reasons of Don Quixote's madness, and how that disguisement was requisite to bring him away from the mountain wherein at that present he made his abode.

Presently the innkeeper and his wife remembered themselves how he had been their guest, and of his balsam, and was the tossed squire's lord; and then they rehearsed again to the curate all that had passed between him and them in that inn, without omitting the accident that had befallen Sancho himself; and in conclusion the hostess tricked up the curate so handsomely as there could be no more desired; for she attired him in a gown of broadcloth, laid over with guards of black velvet, each being a span breadth, full of gashes and cuts; the bodice and sleeves of green velvet, welted with white satin; which gown and doublet, as I suspect, were both made in the time of King Bamba. The curate would not permit them to veil and bekerchief him, but set on his head a white quilted linen nightcap, which he carried for the night, and girded his forehead with a black taffeta garter, and with the other he masked his face, wherewithal he covered his beard and visage very neatly; then did he encasque his pate in his hat, which was so broad, as it might serve him excellently for a *quitasoll*; and lapping himself up handsomely in his long cloak, he went to horse, and rode as women use. Then mounted the barber likewise on his mule, with his beard hanging down to the girdle, half red and half white, as that which, as we have said, was made of the tail of a pied-coloured ox; then taking leave of them all, and of the good Maritornes, who promised (although a sinner) to say a rosary to their intention, to the end that God might give them good success in so Christian and dif-



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ficult an adventure as that which they undertook. But scarce were they gone out of the inn, when the curate began to dread a little that he had done ill in apparelling himself in that wise, accounting it a very indecent thing that a priest should dight himself so, although the matter concerned him never so much. And acquainting the barber with his surmise, he entreated him that they might change attires, seeing it was much more just that he, because a layman, should feign the oppressed lady, and himself would become his squire, for so his dignity would be less profaned; to which, if he would not condescend, he resolved to pass on no farther, although the devil should carry therefore Don Quixote away. Sancho came over to them about this season, and seeing them in that habit, he could not contain his laughter. The barber (to be brief) did all that which the curate pleased, and making thus an exchange of inventions, the curate instructed him how he should behave himself, and what words he should use to Don Quixote to press and move him to come away with him, and forsake the propension and love of that place which he had chosen to perform his vain penance.

The barber answered, that he would set everything in his due point and perfection, though he had never lessoned him, but would not set on the array until they came near to the place where Don Quixote abode; and therefore folded up his clothes, and master parson his beard, and forthwith went on their way; Sancho Panza playing the guide, who recounted at large to them all that had happened with the madman whom they found in the mountain; concealing, notwithstanding, the booty of the malet, with the other things found therein; for, although otherwise most simple, yet was our young man an ordinary vice of fools, and had a spice of covetousness.

## SANCHO RETURNS

They arrived the next day following to the place where Sancho had left the tokens of boughs, to find that wherein his master sojourned; and having taken notice thereof, he said unto them that that was the entry, and therefore they might do well to apparel themselves, if by change that might be a mean to procure his lord's liberty; for they had told him already, that on their going and apparelling in that manner consisted wholly the hope of freeing his lord out of that wretched life he had chosen; and therefore did charge him, on his life, not to reveal to his lord in any case what they were, nor seem in any sort to know them; and that if he demanded (as they were sure he would) whether he had delivered his letter to Dulcinea, he should say he did, and that by reason she could not read, she answered him by word of mouth, saying that she commanded, under pain of her indignation, that presently abandoning so austere a life, he would come and see her; for this was most requisite, to the end that moved therewithal, and by what they meant likewise to say unto him, they made certain account to reduce him to a better life, and would besides persuade him to that course instantly, which might set him in the way to become an emperor or monarch; for as concerning the being an archbishop, he needed not to fear it at all.

Sancho listened to all the talk and instruction, and bore them away well in memory, and gave them great thanks for the intention they had to counsel his lord to become an emperor, and not an archbishop; for, as he said, he imagined in his simple judgment, that an emperor was of more ability to reward his squire than an archbishop-errant. He likewise added, that he thought it were necessary he went somewhat before them to search him, and deliver his lady's answer; for perhaps it alone would be sufficient to fetch him out of that

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place, without putting them to any further pains. They liked of Sancho Panza's device, and therefore determined to expect him until his return with the news of finding his master. With that Sancho entered in by the clefts of the rocks (leaving them both behind together), by which ran a little smooth stream, to which other rocks, and some trees that grew near unto it, made a fresh and pleasing shadow. The heats, and the day wherein they arrived there, was one of those of the month of August, when in those places the heat is intolerable; the hour, about three in the afternoon: all which did render the place more grateful, and invited them to remain therein until Sancho's return. Both, therefore, resting there quietly under the shadow, there arrived to their hearing the sound of a voice, which, without being accompanied by any instrument, did resound so sweet and melodiously, as they remained greatly admired, because they esteemed not that to be a place wherein any so good a musician might make his abode; for, although it is usually said that in the woods and fields are found shepherds of excellent voices, yet is this rather a poetical endearment than an approved truth; and most of all when they perceived that the verses they heard him singing were not of rustic composition, but rather of delicate and courtly invention. The truth whereof is confirmed by the verses, which were these:

‘ Who doth my weal diminish thus and stain?  
Disdain.  
And say by whom my woes augmented be?  
By jealousy.  
And who my patience doth by trial wrong?  
An absence long.  
If that be so, then for my grievous wrong,  
No remedy at all I may obtain,  
Since my best hopes I cruelly find slain  
By disdain, jealousy, and absence long.

## A HIDDEN SINGER

'Who in my mind those dolours still doth move?  
Dire love.  
And who my glory's ebb doth most importune?  
Fortune.  
And to my plaints by whom increase is giv'n?  
By Heav'n.  
If that be so, then my mistrust jumps ev'n,  
That of my wondrous evil I needs must die;  
Since in my harm join'd and united be,  
Love, wavering fortune, and a rigorous Heaven.

'Who better hap can unto me bequeath?  
Death.  
From whom his favors doth not love estrange?  
From change.  
And his too serious harms, who cureth wholly?  
Folly.  
If that be so, it is no wisdom truly,  
To think by human means to cure that care,  
Where the only antidotes and med'cines are  
Desired death, light change, and endless folly.'

The hour, the time, the solitariness of the place, voice, and art of him that sung, struck wonder and delight in the hearers' minds, which remained still quiet, listening whether they might hear anything else; but, perceiving that the silence continued a pretty while, they agreed to issue and seek out the musician that sung so harmoniously; and being ready to put their resolution in practice, they were again arrested by the same voice, the which touched their ears anew with this sonnet:

## A SONNET

'Holy Amity! which, with nimble wings,  
Thy semblance leaving here on earth behind,  
Among the blessed souls of heaven, up-flings,  
To those imperial rooms to cheer thy mind:  
And thence to us, is (when thou lik'st) assign'd  
Just Peace, whom shady veil so covered brings;

## DON QUIXOTE

As oft, instead of her, Deceit we find  
Clad in the weeds of good and virtuous things.  
Leave heaven, O Amity! do not permit  
Foul Fraud thus openly thy robes to invest;  
With which, sincere intents destroy does it:  
For if thy likeness from it thou dost not wrest,  
The world will turn to the first conflict soon,  
Of discord, chaos, and confusion.'

The song was concluded with a profound sigh, and both the others lent attentive ear to hear if he would sing any more; but perceiving that the music was converted into throbs and doleful plaints, they resolved to go and learn who was the wretch, as excellent for his voice as dolorous in his sighs. And after they had gone a little, at the doubling of the point of a crag, they perceived one of the very same form and fashion that Sancho had painted unto them when he told them the history of Cardenio; which man espying them likewise, showed no semblance of fear, but stood still with his head hanging on his breast like a malcontent, not once lifting up his eyes to behold them from the first time when they unexpectedly arrived.

The curate, who was a man very well spoken (as one that had already intelligence of his misfortune; for he knew him by his signs), drew nearer to him, and prayed and persuaded him, with short but very forcible reasons, to forsake that miserable life, lest he should there eternally lose it, which of all miseries would prove the most miserable. Cardenio at this season was in his right sense, free from the furious accident that distracted him so often; and therefore, viewing them both attired in so strange and unusual a fashion from that which was used among those deserts, he rested somewhat admired, but chiefly hearing them speak in his affair, as in a matter known (for so much he gathered out of the curate's speeches);

## CARDENIO AND THE CURATE

and therefore answered in this manner : ‘ I perceive well, good sirs (whosoever you be), that Heaven, which hath always care to succour good men ; yea, even, and the wicked many times, hath, without any desert, addressed unto me by these deserts and places so remote from vulgar haunt, persons which, laying before mine eyes with quick and pregnant reasons the little I have to lead this kind of life, do labour to remove me from this place to a better ; and by reason they know not as much as I do, and that after escaping this harm I shall fall into a far greater, they account me perhaps for a man of weak discourse, and what is worse, for one wholly devoid of judgment. And were it so, yet is it no marvel ; for it seems to me that the force of the imagination of my disasters is so bent and powerful in my destruction, that I, without being able to make it any resistance, do become like a stone, void of all good feeling and knowledge. And I come to know the certainty of this truth when some men do recount and show unto me tokens of the things I have done whilst this terrible accident overrules me ; and after I can do no more than be grieved, though in vain, and curse, without benefit, my too froward fortune, and render as an excuse of my madness the relation of the cause thereof to as many as please to hear it ; for wise men perceiving the cause will not wonder at the effects, and though they give me no remedy, yet at least will not condemn me ; for it will convert the anger they conceive at my misrules into compassion of my disgraces. And, sirs, if by chance it be so that you come with the same intention that others did, I request you, ere you enlarge further your discreet persuasions, that you will give ear awhile to the relation of my mishaps ; for perhaps, when you have understood it, you may save the labour that you would take, comforting an evil wholly incapable of consolation.’

## DON QUIXOTE

Both of them, which desired nothing so much [as] to understand from his own mouth the occasion of his harms, did entreat him to relate it, promising to do nothing else in his remedy or comfort but what himself pleased. And with this the sorrowful gentleman began his doleful history, with the very same words almost that he had rehearsed it to Don Quixote and the goatherd a few days past, when, by occasion of Master Elisabat and Don Quixote's curiosity in observing the decorum of chivalry, the tale remained imperfect, as our history left it above. But now good fortune so disposed things, that his foolish fit came not upon him, but gave him leisure to continue his story to the end; and so arriving to the passage that spoke of the letter Don Fernando found in the book of Amadis de Gaul, Cardenio said that he had it very well in memory, and the sense was this:

### “LUCINDA TO CARDENIO.

“I discover daily in thee worths that oblige and enforce me to hold thee dear; and therefore, if thou desirest to have me discharge this debt, without serving a writ on my honour, thou mayst easily do it. I have a father that knows thee, and loves me likewise well, who, without forcing my will, will accomplish that which justly thou oughtest to have, if it be so that thou esteemest me as much as thou sayst, and I do believe.”

‘This letter moved me to demand Lucinda of her father for my wife, as I have already recounted; and by it also Lucinda remained in Don Fernando's opinion crowned for one of the most discreet women of her time. And this billet letter was that which first put him in mind to destroy me ere I could effect my desires. I told to Don Fernando wherein consisted all

## CARDENIO'S STORY

the difficulty of her father's protracting of the marriage, to wit, in that my father should first demand her; the which I dared not to mention unto him, fearing lest he would not willingly consent thereunto; not for that the quality, bounty, virtue, and beauty of Lucinda were to him unknown, or that she had not parts in her able to ennoble and adorn any other lineage of Spain whatsoever, but because I understood by him, that he desired not to marry me until he had seen what Duke Ricardo would do for me. Finally, I told him that I dared not reveal it to my father, as well for that inconvenience, as for many others that made me so afraid, without knowing what they were, as methought my desires would never take effect.

'To all this Don Fernando made me answer, that he would take upon him to speak to my father, and persuade him to treat of that affair also with Lucinda's. O ambitious Marius! O cruel Catiline! O facinorous Sylla! O treacherous Galalon! O traitorous Vellido! O revengeful Julian! O covetous Judas! Traitor, cruel, revengeful, and cozening, what indeserts did this wench commit, who with such complaints discovered to thee the secrets and delights of her heart? What offence committed I against thee? What words did I speak, or counsel did I give, that were not all addressed to the increasing of thine honour and profit? But on what do I (the worst of all wretches!) complain? seeing that when the current of the stars doth bring with it mishaps, by reason they come down precipitately from above, there is no earthly force can withhold, or human industry prevent or evacuate them. Who would have imagined that Don Fernando, a noble gentleman, discreet, obliged by my deserts, and powerful to obtain whatsoever the amorous desire

<sup>1</sup> One who, for the rape of his daughter, committed by Roderick, king of Spain, brought in the Moors, and destroyed all the country.



## DON QUIXOTE

would exact of him, where and whensoever it seized on his heart, would (as they say) become so corrupt as to deprive me of one only sheep, which yet I did not possess? But let these considerations be laid apart as unprofitable, that we may knit up again the broken thread of my unfortunate history. And therefore I say that, Don Fernando believing that my presence was a hindrance to put his treacherous and wicked design in execution, he resolved to send me to his eldest brother, under pretext to get some money of him for to buy six great horses, that he had of purpose, and only to the end I might absent myself, bought the very same day that he offered to speak himself to my father, and would have me go for the money, because he might bring his treacherous intent the better to pass. Could I prevent this treason? Or could I perhaps but once imagine it? No, truly; but rather, glad for the good merchandise he had made, did make proffer of myself to depart for the money very willingly. I spoke that night to Lucinda, and acquainted her with the agreement passed between me and Don Fernando, bidding her to hope firmly that our good just desires would sort a wished and happy end. She answered me again (as little suspecting Don Fernando's treason as myself), bidding me to return with all speed, because she believed that the conclusion of our affections should be no longer deferred than my father deferred to speak unto hers. And what was the cause I know not, but as soon as she had said this unto me, her eyes were filled with tears, and somewhat thwarting her throat, hindered her from saying many other things, which methought she strived to speak.

'I rested admired at this new accident, until that time never seen in her; for always, as many times as my good fortune and diligence granted it, we conversed with all sport

## CARDENIO'S STORY

and delight, without ever intermeddling in our discourses any tears, sighs, complaints, suspicions, or fears. All my speech was to advance my fortune for having received her from Heaven as my lady and mistress; then would I amplify her beauty, admire her worth, and praise her discretion. She, on the other side, would return me the exchange, extolling in me what she, as one enamoured, accounted worthy of laud and commendation. After this we would recount a hundred thousand toys and chances befallen our neighbours and acquaintance; and that to which my presumption dared furthest to extend itself, was sometimes to take her beautiful and ivory hands perforce, and kiss them as well as I might, through the rigorous strictness of a niggardly iron grate which divided us. But the precedent night to the day of my sad departure, she wept, sobbed, and sighed, and departed, leaving me full of confusion and inward assaults, amazed to behold such new and doleful tokens of sorrow and feeling in Lucinda. But because I would not murder my hopes, I did attribute all these things to the force of her affection towards me, and to the grief which absence is wont to stir in those that love one another dearly. To be brief, I departed from thence sorrowful and pensive, my soul being full of imaginations and suspicions, and yet knew not what I suspected or imagined: clear tokens, foretelling the sad success and misfortune which attended me. I arrived to the place where I was sent, and delivered my letter to Don Fernando's brother, and was well entertained, but not well despatched; for he commanded me to expect (a thing to me most displeasing) eight days, and that out of the duke his father's presence, because his brother had written unto him to send him certain moneys unknown to his father. And all this was but false Don Fernando's invention; for his

## DON QUIXOTE

brother wanted not money wherewithal to have despatched me presently, had not he written the contrary.

‘This was so displeasing a commandment and order, as almost it brought me to terms of disobeying it, because it seemed to me a thing most impossible to sustain my life so many days in the absence of my Lucinda, and specially having left her so sorrowful as I have recounted; yet, notwithstanding, I did obey like a good servant, although I knew it would be with the cost of my health. But on the fourth day after I had arrived, there came a man in my search with a letter, which he delivered unto me, and by the endorsement I knew it to be Lucinda’s; for the hand was like hers. I opened it (not without fear and assailment of my senses), knowing that it must have been some serious occasion which could move her to write unto me, being absent, seeing she did it so rarely even when I was present. I demanded of the bearer, before I read, who had delivered it to him, and what time he had spent in the way. He answered me, “that passing by chance at midday through a street of the city, a very beautiful lady did call him from a certain window. Her eyes were all beblubbered with tears, and said unto him very hastily, ‘Brother, if thou beest a Christian, as thou appearest to be one, I pray thee, for God’s sake, that thou do forthwith address this letter to the place and person that the superscription assigneth (for they be well known), and therein thou shalt do our Lord great service; and because thou mayst not want means to do it, take what thou shalt find wrapped in that handkerchief.’ And, saying so, she threw out of the window a handkerchief, wherein were lapped up a hundred reals, this ring of gold which I carry here, and that letter which I delivered unto you; and presently, without expecting mine answer, she de-

## CARDENIO'S STORY

parted, but first saw me take up the handkerchief and letter, and then I made her signs that I would accomplish herein her command. And after, perceiving the pains I might take in bringing you it so well considered, and seeing by the endorsement that you were the man to whom it was addressed,—for, sir, I know you very well,—and also obliged to do it by the tears of that beautiful lady, I determined not to trust any other with it, but to come and bring it you myself in person; and in sixteen hours since it was given unto me, I have travelled the journey you know, which is at least eighteen leagues long.” Whilst the thankful new messenger spake thus unto me, I remained in a manner hanging on his words, and my thighs did tremble in such manner as I could very hardly sustain myself on foot; yet, taking courage, at last I opened the letter, whereof these were the contents:

““The word that Don Fernando hath passed unto you to speak to your father, that he might speak to mine, he hath accomplished more to his own pleasure than to your profit. For, sir, you shall understand that he hath demanded me for his wife; and my father (borne away by the advantage of worths which he supposes to be in Don Fernando more than in you) hath agreed to his demand in so good earnest, as the espousals shall be celebrated within these two days, and that so secretly and alone as only the heavens and some folk of the house shall be witnesses. How I remain, imagine, and whether it be convenient you should return, you may consider; and the success of this affair shall let you to perceive whether I love you well or no. I beseech Almighty God that this may arrive unto your hands before mine shall be in danger to join itself with his, which keepeth his promised faith so ill.”

## DON QUIXOTE

‘These were, in sum, the contents of the letter, and the motives that persuaded me presently to depart, without attending any other answer or other moneys; for then I conceived clearly that it was not the buyal of the horses, but that of his delights, which had moved Don Fernando to send me to his brother. The rage which I conceived against him, joined with the fear to lose the jewel which I had gained by so many years’ service and desires, did set wings on me, for I arrived as I had flown next day at mine own city, in the hour and moment fit to go speak to Lucinda. I entered secretly, and left my mule whereon I rode in the honest man’s house that had brought me the letter, and my fortune purposing then to be favourable to me, disposed so mine affairs, that I found Lucinda sitting at that iron gate which was the sole witness of our loves. Lucinda knew me straight and I her, but not as we ought to know one another. But who is he in the world that can truly vaunt that he hath penetrated and thoroughly exhausted the confused thoughts and mutable nature of women? Truly none. I say then, to proceed with my tale, that as soon as Lucinda perceived me, she said, “Cardenio, I am attired with my wedding garments, and in the hall doth wait for me the traitor Don Fernando, and my covetous father, with other witnesses, which shall rather be such of my death than of mine espousals. Be not troubled, dear friend, but procure to be present at this sacrifice, the which if I cannot hinder by my persuasions and reasons, I carry hidden about me a poniard secretly, which may hinder more resolute forces by giving end to my life, and a beginning to thee, to know certain the affection which I have ever borne and do bear unto thee.” I answered her troubled and hastily, fearing I should not have the leisure to reply unto her, saying, “Sweet

## CARDENIO'S STORY

lady, let thy works verify thy words; for if thou carriest a poniard to defend thy credit, I do here likewise bear a sword wherewithal I will defend thee, or kill myself, if fortune prove adverse and contrary." I believe that she could not hear all my words, by reason she was called hastily away, as I perceived, for that the bridegroom expected her coming. By this the night of my sorrows did thoroughly fall, and the sun of my gladness was set, and I remained without light in mine eyes or discourse in my understanding. I could not find the way into her house, nor could I move myself to any part; yet, considering at last how important my presence was for that which might befall in that adventure, I animated myself the best I could, and entered into the house; and as one that knew very well all the entries and passages thereof, and specially by reason of the trouble and business that was then in hand, I went in unperceived of any. And thus, without being seen, I had the opportunity to place myself in the hollow room of a window of the same hall, which was covered by the ends of two encountering pieces of tapestry, from whence I could see all that was done in the hall, remaining myself unviewed of any. Who could now describe the assaults and surprisals of my heart while I there abode? the thoughts which encountered my mind? the considerations which I had? which were so many and such, as they can neither be said, nor is it reason they should. Let it suffice you to know that the bridegroom entered into the hall without any ornament, wearing the ordinary array he was wont, and was accompanied by a cousin-german of Lucinda's and in all the hall there was no stranger present, nor any other than the household servants. Within a while after, Lucinda came out of the parlour, accompanied by her mother and two waiting-maids of her own, as richly at-

## DON QUIXOTE

tired and decked as her calling and beauty deserved, and the perfection of courtly pomp and bravery could afford. My distraction and trouble of mind lent me no time to note particularly the apparel she wore, and therefore did only mark the colours, which were carnation and white; and the splendour which the precious stones and jewels of her tires and all the rest of her garments yielded; yet did the singular beauty of her fair and golden tresses surpass them so much, as being in competency with the precious stones, and flame of four links that lighted in the hall, yet did the splendour thereof seem far more bright and glorious to mine eyes. O memory! the mortal enemy of mine ease, to what end serves it now to represent unto me the incomparable beauty of that my adored enemy? Were it not better, cruel memory! to remember and represent that which she did then, that, being moved by so manifest a wrong, I may at least endeavour to lose my life, since I cannot procure a revenge? Tire not, good sirs, to hear the digressions I make; for my grief is not of that kind that may be rehearsed succinctly and speedily, seeing that in mine opinion every passage of it is worthy of a large discourse.'

To this the curate answered, that not only they were not tired or wearied hearing of him, but rather they received marvellous delight to hear him recount each minuity and circumstance, because they were such as deserved not to be passed over in silence, but rather merited as much attention as the principal parts of the history.

'You shall then wit,' quoth Cardenio, 'that as they thus stood in the hall, the curate of the parish entered, and, taking them both by the hand to do that which in such an act is required at the saying of, "Will you, Lady Lucinda, take the Lord Don Fernando, who is here present, for your lawful

## CARDENIO'S STORY

spouse, according as our holy mother of the Church commands?" I thrust out all my head and neck out of the tapestry, and, with most attentive ears and a troubled mind, settled myself to hear what Lucinda answered, expecting by it the sentence of my death or the confirmation of my life. Oh, if one had dared to sally out at that time, and cry with a loud voice, "O Lucinda! Lucinda! see well what thou doest; consider withal what thou owest me! Behold how thou art mine, and that thou canst not be any other's! Note that thy saying of Yea and the end of my life shall be both in one instant. O traitor, Don Fernando! robber of my glory! death of my life! what is this thou pretendest? what wilt thou do? Consider that thou canst not, Christian-like, achieve thine intention, seeing Lucinda is my spouse, and I am her husband." O foolish man! now that I am absent, and far from the danger, I say what I should have done, and not what I did. Now, after that I have permitted my dear jewel to be robbed, I exclaim on the thief, on whom I might have revenged myself, had I had as much heart to do it as I have to complain. In fine, since I was then a coward and a fool, it is no matter though I now die ashamed, sorry, and frantic. The curate stood expecting Lucinda's answer a good while ere she gave it; and in the end, when I hoped that she would take out the poniard to stab herself, or would unloose her tongue to say some truth, or use some reason or persuasion that might redound to my benefit, I heard her instead thereof answer, with a dismayed and languishing voice, the word, "I will." And then Don Fernando said the same; and, giving her the ring, they remained tied with an indissoluble knot. Then the bridegroom coming to kiss his spouse, she set her hand upon her heart, and fell in a trance between her mother's arms.



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‘Now only remains untold the case wherein I was, seeing in that Yea, which I had heard, my hopes deluded, Lucinda’s words and promises falsified, and myself wholly disabled to recover in any time the good which I lost in that instant. I rested void of counsel, abandoned (in mine opinion) by Heaven, proclaimed an enemy to the earth which upheld me, the air denying breath enough for my sighs, and the water humour sufficient to mine eyes; only the fire increased in such manner as I burned thoroughly with rage and jealousy. All the house was in a tumult for this sudden amazement of Lucinda; and as her mother unclasped her bosom to give her the air, there appeared in it a paper, folded up, which Don Fernando presently seized on, and went aside to read it by the light of a torch; and after he had read it, he sat down in a chair, laying his hands on his cheek, with manifest signs of melancholy discontent, without bethinking himself of the remedies that were applied to his spouse to bring her again to herself. I, seeing all the folk of the house thus in an uproar, did adventure myself to issue, not weighing much whether I were seen or no, bearing withal a resolution (if I were perceived) to play such a rash part, as all the world should understand the just indignation of my breast, by the revenge I would take on false Don Fernando and the mutable and dismayed traitress. But my destiny, which hath reserved me for greater evils (if possibly there be any greater than mine own), ordained that instant my wit should abound, whereof ever since I have so great want; and therefore, without will to take revenge of my greatest enemies (of whom I might have taken it with all facility, by reason they suspected so little my being there), I determined to take it on myself, and execute in myself the pain which they deserved, and that perhaps with more rigour than

## CARDENIO'S STORY

I would have used toward them if I had slain them at that time, seeing that the sudden death finisheth presently the pain; but that which doth lingeringly torment, kills always, without ending the life.

‘To be short, I went out of the house, and came to the other where I had left my mule, which I caused to be saddled; and, without bidding mine host adieu, I mounted on her, and rode out of the city, without daring, like another Lot, to turn back and behold it; and then, seeing myself alone in the fields, and that the darkness of the night did cover me, and the silence thereof invite me to complain, without respect or fear to be heard or known, I did let slip my voice, and untied my tongue with so many curses of Lucinda and Don Fernando, as if thereby I might satisfy the wrong they had done me. I gave her the title of cruel, ungrateful, false, and scornful, but especially of covetous, seeing the riches of mine enemy had shut up the eyes of her affection, to deprive me thereof, and render it to him with whom fortune had dealt more frankly and liberally; and in the midst of this tune of maledictions and scorns, I did excuse her, saying, That it was no marvel that a maiden kept close in her parents’ house, made and accustomed always to obey them, should at last condescend to their will, specially seeing they bestowed upon her for husband so noble, so rich, and proper a gentleman, as to refuse him would be reputed in her to proceed either from want of judgment, or from having bestowed her affections elsewhere, which things must of force greatly prejudice her good opinion and renown. Presently would I turn again to say, that though she had told them that I was her spouse, they might easily perceive that in choosing me she had not made so ill an election that she might not be excused, seeing that before Don Fernando offered him-

## DON QUIXOTE

self, they themselves could not happen to desire, if their wishes were guided by reason, so fit a match for their daughter as myself; and she might easily have said, before she put herself in that last and forcible pass of giving her hand, that I had already given her mine, which I would come out to confess, and confirm all that she could any way feign in this case; and concluded in the end, that little love, less judgment, much ambition, and desire of greatness caused her to forget the words wherewithal she had deceived, entertained, and sustained me in my firm hopes and honest desires.

‘Using these words, and feeling this inquietness in my breast, I travelled all the rest of the night, and struck about dawn into one of the entries of these mountains, through which I travelled three days at random, without following or finding any path or way, until I arrived at last to certain meadows and fields, that lie I know not in which part of these mountains; and finding there certain herds, I demanded of them which way lay the most craggy and inaccessible places of these rocks, and they directed me hither; and presently I travelled towards it, with purpose here to end my life; and, entering in among those deserts, my mule, through weariness and hunger, fell dead under me, or rather, as I may better suppose, to disburden himself of so vile and unprofitable a burden as he carried of me. I remained afoot, overcome by nature, and pierced through and through by hunger, without having any help, or knowing who might succour me, and remained after that manner I know not how long, prostrate on the ground, and then I rose again without any hunger, and I found near unto me certain goatherds, who were those doubtlessly that fed me in my hunger; for they told me in what manner they found me, and how I spake so many foolish and



Cardenio found by the goatherds

mad words as gave certain argument that I was devoid of judgment; and I have felt in myself since that time that I enjoy not my wits perfectly, but rather perceive them to be so weakened and impaired, as I commit a hundred follies, tearing mine apparel, crying loudly through these deserts, cursing my fates, and idly repeating the abhorred name of mine enemy, without having any other intent or discourse at that time than to endeavour to finish my life ere long; and when I turn to myself, I am so broken and tired as I am scarce able to stir me. My most ordinary mansion-place is in the hollowness of a cork-tree, sufficiently able to cover this wretched carcase. The cowherds and the goatherds that feed their cattle here in

## DON QUIXOTE

these mountains, moved by charity, gave me sustenance, leaving meat for me by the ways and on the rocks which they suppose I frequent, and where they think I may find it; and so, although I do then want the use of reason, yet doth natural necessity induce me to know my meat, and stirreth my appetite to covet, and my will to take it. They tell me, when they meet me in my wits, that I do other times come out to the highways and take it from them violently, even when they themselves do offer it unto me willingly. After this manner do I pass my miserable life, until Heaven shall be pleased to conduct it to the last period, or so change my memory as I may no more remember the beauty and treachery of Lucinda or the injury done by Don Fernando; for, if it do me this favour, without depriving my life, then will I convert my thoughts to better discourses; if not, there is no other remedy but to pray God to receive my soul into His mercy, for I neither find valour nor strength in myself to rid my body out of the straits wherein for my pleasure I did at first willingly intrude it.

‘This is, sirs, the bitter relation of my disasters; wherefore judge if it be such as may be celebrated with less feeling and compassion than that which you may by this time have perceived in myself; and do not in vain labour to persuade or counsel me that which reason should afford you may be good for my remedy, for it will work no other effect in me than a medicine prescribed by a skilful physician to a patient that will in no sort receive it. I will have no health without Lucinda; and since she pleaseth to alienate herself, being or seeing she ought to be mine, so do I also take delight to be of the retinue of mishap, although I might be a retainer to good fortune. She hath ordained that her changing shall establish my perdition; and I will labour, by procuring mine own loss,

## CARDENIO'S STORY

to please and satisfy her will. And it shall be an example to ensuing ages, that I alone wanted that wherewith all other wretches abounded, to whom the impossibility of receiving comfort proved sometimes a cure; but in me it is an occasion of greater feeling and harm, because I am persuaded that my harms cannot end even with very death itself.'

Here Cardenio finished his large discourse and unfortunate and amorous history; and just about the time that the curate was bethinking himself of some comfortable reasons to answer and persuade him, he was suspended by a voice arrived to his hearing, which with pitiful accents said what shall be recounted in the Fourth Part of this narration; for in this very point the wise and most absolute historiographer, Cid Hamet Benengeli, finished the Third Book of this history.













DON  
QUIXOTE

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